BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 09915 969 9

No. 256577

THE TRUSTEES OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OMNIVM
LVX
CIVIVM
OF THE CITY OF
BOSTON
1852 1878

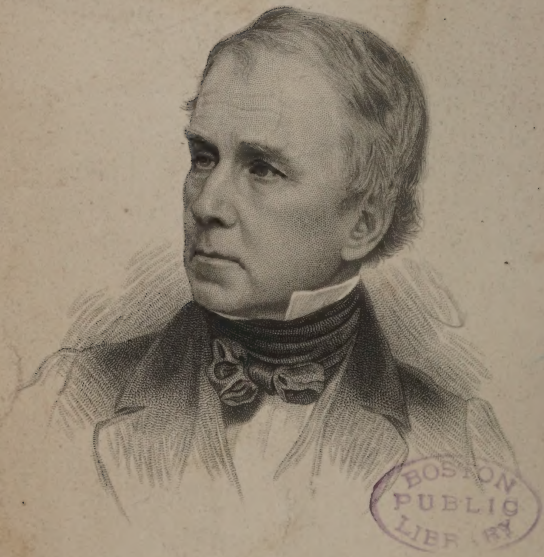
Boston Public Library

Do not write in this book or mark it with pen or pencil. Penalties for so doing are imposed by the Revised Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

This book was issued to the borrower on the date last stamped below.

SEP 21		
92478		
MAY 1		
92478		

FORM NO. 609: 6-12-33: 57EM


PUBLIC LIBRARY
BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

ENGLISH SONGS,

AND

OTHER SMALL POEMS.

BY

BARRY CORNWALL.

A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LI.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
1000.
CHARLESTOWN
2665.77
CHARLESTOWN
PUBLIC LIBRARY
BOSTON, MASS.
6281

2565777

962

Trans. to Central
Feb. 1908

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY,
PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

The American publishers of Mr. Procter's Poems have taken the liberty to retain in this edition the forty Songs which the author has omitted in the latest English copy, counting them, as he says, of an "inferior quality." Among them were so many pieces which had long ago become favorites in this country, it was thought desirable to include them all in this new collection, the most complete one yet published. The present edition contains seventy new Poems in rhyme, and a considerable quantity of Dramatic Verse not before printed.

Boston, May, 1851.

"Barry Cornwall, with the exception of Coleridge, is the most genuine poet of love who has, for a long period, appeared among us. There is an intense and passionate beauty, a depth of affection, in his little dramatic poems, which appear even in the affectionate triflings of his gentle characters. He illustrates that holiest of human emotions, which, while it will twine itself with the frailest twig, or dally with the most evanescent shadow of creation, wasting its excess of kindliness on all around it, is yet able to 'look on tempests and be never shaken.' Love is gently omnipotent in his poems; accident and death itself are but passing clouds, which scarcely vex and which cannot harm it. The lover seems to breathe out his life in the arms of his mistress, as calmly as the infant sinks into its softest slumber. The fair blossoms of his genius, though light and trembling at the breeze, spring from a wide, and deep, and robust stock, which will sustain far taller branches without being exhausted."

INTRODUCTION

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

England is singularly barren of Song-writers. There is no English writer of any rank, in my recollection, whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry. The little lyrics which are scattered, like stars, over the surface of our old dramas, are sometimes minute, trifling, and undefined in their object; but they are often eminently fine,—in fact, the finest things of the kind which our language possesses. There is more inspiration, more air and lyrical quality about them, than in songs of ten times their pretensions. And this, perhaps, arises from the dramatic faculty of the writers; who, being accustomed, in other things, to shape their verse so as to suit the characters and different purposes of the drama, naturally extend this care to the fashion of the songs themselves. In cases where a writer speaks in his own person, he expends all his egotism upon his lyrics; and requires that a critic should be near to curtail his misdeeds. When he writes as a dramatist, he is, or ought to be, the critic himself. He is not, so to speak, at all implicated in what is going forward in the poem; but deals

out the dialogue, like an indifferent by-stander, seeking only to adjust it to the necessities of the actors. He is above the struggle and turmoil of the battle below, and

"Sees, as from a tower, the end of all."

It is, in fact, this power of forgetting himself, and of imagining and fashioning characters different from his own, which constitutes the dramatic quality. A man who can set aside his own idiosyncrasy is half a dramatist.

It may be thought paradoxical to assert that the songs which occur in dramas are more natural than those which proceed from the author in person: yet such is generally the case. If, indeed, a poet wrote purely and seasonably only, — that is to say, if his poetry sprung always from the passion or humor of the moment, — the fact might be otherwise. But it may easily be seen, that many rhymes are produced out of season; and are often nothing more than the result of ingenuity taxed to the uttermost; or otherwise, are simply the indiscretions of "gentlemen at ease," who have nothing, or nothing better, to do. Now Poetry is not to be thus constrained; nor is it ever the offspring of ennui or languor. It demands not only the "faculty divine," (so called,) but also, that it should be left to its own impulses. The intellectual faculties are in no one always in a state of tension, or capable of projecting those thoughts which, in happier moments, are cast forth with perfect ease, — and which, when thrown out by the Imagination or the Fancy, constitute the charm, and indeed form the essence, of poetry.

Much of what I have said applies to verse in general; but it applies more especially to songs and small pieces of verse, — those *nugæ canoræ*, — which, at the time that they plead their "want of pretension," take due care, but too often, to justify their professed defects. When a writer commences a

poem of serious length, he throws all his strength into it: he selects the happiest hour; he condenses, and amends, and rejects; and, in short, does his best to produce something good. But in a song, or "a trifle in verse," he feels no responsibility. He professes nothing, and, unfortunately, does little more.

It may be said that a song is necessarily a trifling matter; but, if good, it is a trifle, of at least a different sort. And to make even a trifle perfect or agreeable, should satisfy a moderate ambition. It demands some talent. Where poetry is concerned, it requires even more: for it requires that this talent should be of a peculiar order, and should be exerted at a happy time. I am by no means forward to imagine that these two requisites have at *any* time concurred in my case. But I hope that I have, in a few instances, so far succeeded as to allure other writers, (having more leisure than I possess,) to direct their powers to this species of verse. It has been too much disdained. Poets have in general preferred exhibiting their tediousness in long compositions, and have neglected the song. But the brevity, which is the "soul" of song, as well as of wit, is not necessarily allied to insignificance. The battle-songs of Mr. Campbell are a triumphant proof of the contrary. So also are many of the songs and ballads of Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Moore, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Hogg, my friend Allan Cunningham, and, finally, the charming songs of Burns. To my thinking, the *sentiment* in some of Burns's songs is as fine and as true as any thing in Shakspeare himself. I do not speak of his imagination, or of his general power, (both which in the Scottish poet are immeasurably inferior,) but of the mere sentiment or feeling, — that fine natural eloquence which a warm heart taught him, and which he poured out so profusely in song. There is an earnestness

and directness of purpose in Burns, which, if attended to, would, I think, strengthen the poetry of the present day. As an instance of his going at once to the sentiment, without any parade of words, or preliminary flourish, one may refer to the lines, —

> *"Although thou maun never be mine,*
> *Although even hope is denied,*
> *'T is sweeter for thee despairing,*
> *Than aught in the world beside, — Jessy!"*

in which the sentiment is exquisitely tender and beautiful. We do not, I think, deal thus fairly with our thoughts at present. We accumulate multitudes of words around them; as though the idea were unable to support itself. Our verbiage is the Corinthian capital, which has succeeded the finer Ionic. One might almost suspect that "the Schoolmaster," who is everywhere abroad, has generated rather a facility of spreading common thoughts, than a power of originating new ones. At all events, the verbiage which I have alluded to is a manifestation of weakness rather than of strength, and indicates, (if one may judge from analogies,) a declension, at least as much as a refinement, in taste. Feeling this, — and feeling also that I myself am far from exempted from this defect, — I have occasionally introduced some poems in this volume, which are bald enough in expression; and which, in fact, have little beyond the mere sentiment to recommend them. But this ought to be sufficient. If it be not sufficient in my case, (for it *is* so, frequently, in Mr. Wordsworth's poems,) I can plead nothing beyond a good intention; and must throw myself on the charity of the reader.

It cannot be very flattering to our self-love, to observe, that all the song-writers, except Mr. Moore, (and, I ought to have added, Dibdin,) are *Scottish* poets. In *our* songs,

however, we differ — not only in merit, but frequently also in character — from the songs which have proceeded from Scotland. The latter approach more nearly to the ballad, which comprises *a story*. A song — (adopting the English model as the fit one) — may be considered as the expression of *a sentiment*, varying according to the humor of the poet. It should be fitted for music; and, in fact, should become *better* for the accompaniment of music; otherwise it can scarcely be deemed, *essentially*, a song.

The character of Poetry has always fluctuated with the times; and Songs, as well as the epic poem and the drama, have partaken of each successive change. In early ages, they were spontaneous and necessarily rude productions: in refined times they became artificial. Neither of these two periods are, I apprehend, the most favorable to poetry. The mind of the poet requires to be somewhat cultivated and enlarged by reading; but it should not be perplexed by too many critical distinctions, nor weakened by excessive refinement. The age of poetry precedes that of criticism; as the act precedes the law, which is made to control it. It is *then*, — in the youth and first manhood of literature, — that all imaginative writings are the best. If they exhibit not the fastidiousness and superfluous accuracy of later ages, (which, in many cases, is little better than the "ridiculous excess,") they make amends for such deficiencies by the freshness and beauty, the originality and undaunted vigor, of their images. In effect, it is a species of paradox in criticism, to insist upon minute and mathematical niceties, in things which deal mainly with the passions.

In our country, (and I believe in most others,) the ballad preceded the song. The achievements of the warrior were reflected in the magnifying verse of the minstrel. There scarcely ever was an age so dark, or a people so barbarous,

as not to have possessed bards who sang the praises of their heroes. These two seem, in fact, to have been almost necessary to each other; and to have gone, hand in hand, together, illustrating the soul and sinews of the times. The soldier would have lacked one strong incentive, had a minstrel been found wanting to shout forth his deeds; and, without a hero, the minstrel would have had little or no subject for his song. For all the subtleties of thought, which writers in more advanced ages pour out so profusely, are beyond the range of an uneducated poet. He knows, and sings only, what he sees and hears. The sheep and their pastures, the struggles and bloody feuds of his province, form the staple of his verse. His heroes are renowned, like the racer, for blood, and bone, and sinew. All else is beyond his limit, — beyond his power. It is the educated poet only who subdues abstract ideas to the purposes of his verse, and lets loose his Imagination into daring and subtle speculations. There is no one, with whose works I am acquainted, who falsifies this position; saving perhaps Shakspeare, — who is an exception to all things!

The ballad-writers of our country were men of great talent; but they did not go beyond their age. They roared out Bacchanalian songs, over sack and the "blood-red wine"; they bruited about the deeds of their favorite heroes, till the heroism of the verse bore the same proportion to the original actions that vapor does to water. In return for this, — they were paid — in bed and board; in wine, and mead, and broadcloth; and in huge quantities of praise! Occasionally, indeed, when some rich and puissant baron was transformed into a god, or his dame or daughter was exhibited in flattering comparison with the foam-born Venus, by the false glamour of poetry, the minstrel became master of a jewel or an ounce of gold. Subsequently to all this, our ballad-

makers and players wandered about to fairs and revels. Private beneficence was often found wanting; (perhaps it was sometimes taxed too heavily;) and the men who had wares for all tastes, wisely left the individual for the multitude. And hence began the patronage of "the Public."

The competition for public favor, however, was not long confined to professed minstrels. The arts of reading and writing opened a new prospect of ambition to our noble ancestors. The spirit of chivalry, which had previously manifested itself in hard blows alone, sought opportunities for exhibiting its gentler qualities in song. Love, Devotion, Constancy, Generosity, and the various other Virtues, (which do not consist merely in the muscles, or spring from the sheer insensibility of the animal man,) found historians. Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of others, form part of this early class of poets. Their style and gallantry (with such small gradual change as is always occurring in literature) remained till the death of Charles the First. Upon that occasion the belles lettres, as well as monarchy, were overturned for a time; but returned, — the former in a new guise and thoroughly degenerated, — with the courtiers of his son. From that period, till the time of Thomson and Collins, (for I refer Milton to the earlier period,) all our songs, and most of our poems, were evidently written by the celebrated "Lady of Quality." * I recollect scarcely a single *English song* of high character, which has been ten years before the public. And yet, Burns and other Scottish poets

* Dryden, and Pope, and a few others, form of course illustrious exceptions to this censure.

* * * Since the foregoing Introduction was written, I have submitted it to the perusal of a friend, whose opinion I respect; and he tells me that I have not done justice to the song-writers who have flourished since the Restoration. Perhaps I have relied too much on my old impressions, instead of examining the facts again.

have, for almost half a century, been scattering among us the seeds of a better taste. Let us hope, that, in an agreeable (although not very important) department of literature, we are destined to some improvement.

For the following poems, (about one third of which may be called Songs,) I do not insist very strongly on the admiration of the reader. They are intended somewhat in the shape of a farewell offering, from a person who has met with much kindness from the Public, and is neither able — nor inclined — to forget it.

CONTENTS.

PART THE FIRST.

	PAGE
The Sea	1
The Home of the Absentee	3
Indian Love	4
King Death	5
Past Times	6
A Serenade	7
To my Lyre	8
The Onset: — A Battle Song	9
Song for Twilight	10
The Hunter's Song	11
The Recall	12
The Exile's Farewell	13
On a Mother and Child sleeping	14
The Sea-King	15
The Wild Cherry-Tree	16
The Common Lot	17
The Little Voice	18
A Bacchanalian Song	19
Dark-eyed Beauty of the South	20
The Poet's Song to his Wife	21
She was not fair nor full of Grace	22
A Song for the Seasons	23
The Quadroon	24
The Bloodhound	25

PAGE

Is my Lover on the Sea? 26
The Mistletoe 27
Constancy 28
The Nights 29
To a Nightingale, at Mid-day 30
The Stormy Petrel 31
Earth and Air 32
Song of the Soldier to his Sword 33
The Happy Hours 34
Hurrah for Merry England 35
Why doth the Bottle stand? 36
Count Balthazar 37
When Friends look dark and cold 39
The Night is closing round, Mother 40
Peace! What do Tears avail? 41
The Wood-Thrush 42
Midnight Rhymes 43
A Love Song 44
The Stranger 45
Song in Praise of Spring 46
The Night before the Bridal 47
A deep and a mighty Shadow 48
Belshazzar 49
The Heart-Broken 50
A Phantasy 51
Life 52

PART THE SECOND.

The Return of the Admiral 55
Home 58
The Vintage-Song 59
The Evening Star 60
The Weaver's Song 61
Sleep on 62

PAGE

Love and Mirth 63
Song over a Child 64
The Landsman's Song 65
Perdita 66
Love the Poet, pretty One 67
Lucy 68
The Wooing Song 69
Hermione 70
The Owl 71
Marian 72
The Humber Ferry 73
A Repose 74
The Lake has burst 75
Sing, Maiden, sing! 76
Maureen 77
Unequal Love 78
Wine 79
Sing! Who mingles with my Lays? 80
I love my Love, because he loves me 81
Talk not to me of Love 82
Miriam 83
Babylon 85
Her large, dark, luminous Eyes are on me 86
The Remonstrance 87
Kill the Love that winds around thee 88
What say the Clouds on the Hill and Plain? 89
A Dilemma 90
The Beggar's Song 91
To Sophie 92
Build up a Column to Bolivar 93
The Farewell of the Soldier 94
The Nightshade 95
True Love 96
Song of the Outcast 97
To a Flower 98
Forbidden Love 99

PAGE

A Bridal Dirge 100
The Convict's Farewell 101
The Rhine 105
Sweet Friend, where sleeps thy Song? 106
The Hirlas Horn 107
Come! Let us go to the Land 108
The Leveller 109
The Secret of Singing 110

PART THE THIRD.

The Fight of Ravenna 113
The Fire-Fly 122
The Blood Horse 123
Hidden Thoughts 124
An Epistle to Charles Lamb 125
Sit down, sad Soul 129
A Chamber Scene 130
Courage 131
The Fisherman 132
The Pauper's Jubilee 133
The Falcon 136
The Past 137
Song of Wood-Nymphs 139
The Song of a Felon's Wife 140
To the Singer Pasta 141
Fuller's Bird 143
The Sea, — in Calm 144
A Hymn of Evil Spirits 145
Softly woo away her Breath 146
A Thought on a Rivulet 147
I loved her when she looked from me 148
A Storm 149
Parents' Love 151
The Vain Regret 152

PAGE

The Violet 153
Beauty 154
Sybilla 155
A Midsummer Fancy 156
Past and Present 157
Wilt thou go? 158
On some Human Bones, found on a Headland in the Bay of Panama 159
An Irish Song 160
'T is better we laugh than weep 161
A Drinking Song 162
River of the Morn 163
Song should breathe 164
Song for our Father-land 165
Thou hast Love within thine Eyes 166
To the Snow-drop 167
Wilt thou leave me? 168
In Commemoration of Haydn 169
On the Portrait of a Child 170
Inscriptions. — *More Græcum* 171
Napoleon 173
Golden-tressed Adelaide 174
Love flying 175
A Dreamer's Song 176
A Poet's Thought 177
To a Lady attiring herself 177
Wilt thou remember me? 178
I go, and she doth miss me not 178
A Parting Song 179
I die for thy sweet Love 179
What Use is all the Love I bear thee? 180
A Farewell 180
She sate by the River Springs 181
A Reproach 182
A Conceit 182
A Night Song 183

PAGE

To Adelaide 184
A Prayer in Sickness 185
To a Voyager 186
His Love is hidden 186
Song. — From a Play 187
Sister, I cannot read to-day 187
Sea-shore Stanzas 188
On the Death of a Child 189
To a Poetess 190
A Petition to Time 191
A Question and Reply 191
Wishes 192
An Epitaph 192

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

A Song for the New Year 195
London 197
My old Arm-Chair 199
Il Penseroso and L'Allegro 202
Within and Without 204
A Panegyric on Ale 206
The Pearl-Wearer 210
A Farewell to Home 212
The Rake's Progress 214
Thirteen Years ago 217
A Dirge 220
The Fate of the Oak 221
The History of a Life 222
On a Stranger's Grave near Venice 223
Music 223
To the Eyes of a Young Actress 226
An Invocation to Music 227
To a Friend in Autumn 228

PAGE

Lowly Pleasures 229
To our Neighbor's Health 230
To a Poet abandoning his Art 232
Ignorance is Bliss 233
Mens Divinior 234
Henri Quatre 235
A Catalogue of Common-places 236
An Extravaganza 237
Love and Light 237
The Twin-Born 238
A Common Thought 239
A Phantasy 240
On a Lady slandered 242
To a Sleeper 243
A Dirge 244
A Lament 245
Stanzas 246
Song, after Labor 247
The Sailor's Lament for the Sea 248
The Poet and the Fisher 249
To D. Maclise, R. A. 250
Song 252
For Music 252
Song 253
A Love Song 253
Song 254
Song 255
A Song on an Old Subject 256
Song 257
Question and Reply 257
To the South Wind 259
Song 260
The Poor-House 261
Pastoral 264
The Pale Queen 264
The Stars 266

PAGE

The last Stave 267
The Rising of the North 268
The Sea Fight 272
The Wreck 274
The Time of Charlemagne 276
The Approach of Winter 278
A Christmas Reminiscence 280
A Farewell to December 281
The Modern Cymon 284
The Poor Scholar's Song 289
Rind and Fruit 290
The Prophet 291
Sit near! Sit near! 293
The Mother's last Song 294

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

PART THE FIRST.

Introduction to a Drama (1821) 297
The Valley of Ladies 302
An Utilitarian 303
The Uses of Courage 303
Life everywhere 304
Fame the Offspring of Fortune 304
Love independent of Reason 305
A Jester; from the antique 305
A Case of Witchcraft 307
Mésalliance 307
Resolution 308
Ascending Visions 308
The New Year 309
Life and Death 309
Autumn 310

PAGE

The Sorrow of an Heir 310
Unborn Flowers 311
A Mother pleads to see her Children 311
A Superstition 312
A Page untranslatable 314
Twilight 314
Exiles 314
Friends in Death 316
A New Alcestis 316
Old Romance 319
An Agrarian Law 320
Aggrandizement by the Passions 321
Advice on Marriage 321
Death in Youth 322
Hopefulness of Love 322
Good in every Heart 322
A Lover's Memory 323
Polyphemus 323
Parents' Love: Value of Reproof 324
Goodness comes without Parade 324
Evening Music 324
Fancy thrives in Darkness 326
Children 326
Pride of Birth 327
A Discovery. Confidential Talk 327
Constancy in Crime 330
Popular Commotions 331
Battles 331
Animal Love 332
Wisdom, a Problem 333
Comfort in Nature 334
Mute Confession 334
A Lily 334
Uninspired Music 335
Fellowship 335
The Rise of a Favorite 336

PAGE

Fate of the Daring 337
A Father's Anger 337
Good never ceases 338
The Limit of a Hero 338
A Prophet 339
A Sceptic in Happiness 340
False Worship 340
The Test of Love 341
A Truism 341
Silence 342
A Conqueror's Account of Himself 342
Parish Law-givers 343
Kindness is Power 344
Soldier's Love 344
A Poet's Reply 345

PART THE SECOND.

A Murderer reproaches his Employer; — the Retort . 349
A Man without Repentance 351
A Jew's Use for Riches 352
Consolation in Poverty 353
The same subject 353
The Exultation of an Heir 354
Love 354
Revenge 355
A Blush 356
A Butt 356
Specimen of Courtiers 356
Account of a Boaster 357
A Bridal Couple 358
A Mature Taste 358
The Schoolmaster abroad 359
Nothing perfect 359
Remonstrance 360

PAGE

The Intellect strengthened by Study 360
Taste in Vice 360
A Rich Man 361
Sadness avoided by the Wealthy 361
Loss of Strength 361
Questions to one restored from Death 362
The Grave 362
Knowledge 363
A Poor Man 363
A Constant Soldier 364
The Heathen Deities 364
Might and Right 365
Unions dangerous 366
Death stationary 366
A Lover's Likeness 366
Another 367
Music 367
The Town 367
Specimen of a Cavalier 368
A Publican and his Customers 368
A New Petruchio 369
Death 370
Night Thoughts 370
Mute Sorrow the most powerful 371
Flowers 371
A Lover's Irresolution 372
Useless Fear 372
A transient Thought 373
Reproof to one who has no ear 373
Grief fantastical 374
Dreams 374
Age double-sighted 374
Philosophers human 375
Kings 375
Revenge 375
Picture of a Hypochondriac 376

PAGE

Infirmity lies in the Mind 376
An Ancient Pile 376
The Exaggeration of Grief 377
A Princess's Dishonor 377
A Desperate Man 377
Suitable Music 378
A Tender Voice 378
A Fancy 378
A Young Man's Opinion of Age 379
A Sceptic in Virtue 379
Slander of Women 380
No Love to be despised 381
A Lover of Sentiment 381
A Protégé 382
The General Law 383
A Bold Man 383
A Brother 383
An Epitaph 384
We love one different from ourselves 385
Satisfaction in a Blow 386
A Lady drowned 386

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

*** The Writer of the following Poems has, for some years past, abandoned verse-writing, for graver, and (to him) more important occupations. He has, however, — influenced by motives with which he need not trouble the reader, — allowed some of the MSS. remaining in his portfolio to be printed. The time is not very favorable to productions of this sort; but — "*Le Printemps reviendra!*" the days for relishing poetry can never be utterly at an end. We may as well hope to extinguish the Imagination and the Fancy themselves, as to put a final stop to the love which poetry (their offspring) has so long excited. When "the spring shall return," the Author hopes that a few of these verses will find favor with the public; upon whose kindness and courtesy he throws himself, as a writer of verse, for — he believes — the last time!

It is proper to state that several of the following Songs, which have obtained considerable popularity, are indebted for it mainly, if not solely, to the music of the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm; — a composer of the very first order.

SONGS, &c.

PART THE FIRST.

II. — THE HOME OF THE ABSENTEE.

The weed mourns on the castle wall,
The grass lies on the chamber floor,
And on the hearth, and in the hall,
Where merry music danced of yore!
And the blood-red wine no longer
Runs, — (how it used to run!)
And the shadows within, grown stronger,
Look black on the midday sun!
All is gone; save a Voice
That never did yet rejoice:
'T is sweet and low; 't is sad and lone;
And it biddeth us love the thing that 's flown.

The Gardens feed no fruits nor flowers,
But childless seem, and in decay;
The traitor clock forsakes the hours,
And points to times, — O, far away!
And the steed no longer neigheth,
Nor paws the startled ground;
And the dun hound no longer bayeth;
But death is in all around!
All is gone; save a Voice
That never did yet rejoice:
'T is sweet and low; 't is sad and lone;
And it biddeth us love the thing that 's flown.

The Lord of all the lone domain,
An undeserving master, flies,
And leaves a land where he might reign,
For alien hearts and stranger skies :
And the peasant disdains the story
He loved to recount of yore ;
And the Name, that was once a glory,
Is heard in the land no more !
All is gone ; save a Voice
That never did yet rejoice :
'T is sweet and low ; 't is sad and lone ;
And it biddeth us love the thing that 's flown.

III. — INDIAN LOVE.

Tell me not that thou dost love me,
Though it thrill me with delight :
Thou art, like the stars, above me ;
I, the lowly earth at night.

Hast thou (*thou* from kings descended)
Loved the Indian cottage-born ;
And shall she, whom Love befriended,
Darken all thy hopeful morn ?

Go, — and, for thy fathers' glory,
Wed the blood that 's pure and free :
'T is enough to gild my story
That I *once* was loved by thee !

IV. — KING DEATH.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

KING Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!

There came to him many a Maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And Widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black Wine!

V. — PAST TIMES.

Old Acquaintance, shall the nights
You and I once talked together
Be forgot like common things, —
Like some dreary night that brings
Naught, save foul weather?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together, —
Of love and rhyme, of books and men:
Ah! our hearts were buoyant *then*
As the wild-goose feather!

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather;
But hath th' heart no *backward* flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather:
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth, — and dream once more
Long nights together?

VI. — A SERENADE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

AWAKE! — The starry midnight Hour
Hangs charmed, and pauseth in its flight;
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
And the doves lie hushed in deep delight!
Awake! Awake!
Look forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake! — Soft dews will soon arise
From daisied mead, and thorny brake;
Then, Sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
And like the tender morning break!
Awake! Awake!
Dawn forth, my love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake! — Within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee:
Ah, come, and show the starry Hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
Awake! Awake!
Show all thy love, for Love's sweet sake!

Awake ! — Ne'er heed, though listening Night
Steal music from thy silver voice :
Uncloud thy beauty, rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice !
Awake ! Awake !
She comes, at last, for Love's sweet sake !

VII. — TO MY LYRE.

Sleep, — sleep, my Lyre !
Untouched, — unsought, — unstrung !
No one now will e'er inquire
If poet to thee ever sung ;
Nor if his spirit clung
To thy witching wire ! —
Bid thy soul of music sleep,
As winds lie on the charmed deep,
When the mistress Moon doth chide
The tempest, or the murmuring tide !
'T is well to be a thing forgot !
Oblivion is a happy lot !
'T is well that neither Love, nor Woe,
Nor sad, sweet thoughts of " long ago,"
Should 'waken again thy self-consuming fire !
Therefore, therefore, — sleep, my Lyre !

VIII. — THE ONSET. A BATTLE SONG.

SOUND an alarum! The foe is come!
I hear the tramp, the neigh, the hum,
The cry, and the blow of his daring drum!
Huzzah!
Sound! The blast of our trumpet blown
Shall carry dismay into hearts of stone.
What! shall we shake at a foe unknown?
Huzzah! — Huzzah!

Have we not sinews as strong as they?
Have we not hearts that ne'er gave way?
Have we not GOD on our side to-day?
Huzzah!
Look! They are staggered on yon black heath:
Steady awhile, and hold your breath!
Now is your time, men! — Down like Death!
Huzzah! — Huzzah!

Stand by each other, and front your foes!
Fight, whilst a drop of the red blood flows!
Fight, as ye fought for the old red rose!
Huzzah!
Sound! Bid your terrible trumpets bray!
Blow, till their brazen throats give way!
Sound to the battle! Sound, I say!
Huzzah! — Huzzah!

IX. — SONG FOR TWILIGHT.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Hide me, O twilight Air!
Hide me, from thought, from care,
From all things, foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, Sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst Pain and Sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander!
So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder!

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet Soul,
On joy, — the end, the goal,
Of all endeavour!
But if earth's pains will rise,
(As damps will seek the skies,)
Then, Night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep, for ever!

X.—THE HUNTER'S SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'T is a noble morn:
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Underthe steaming, steaming ground.
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady. — So, ho!
I 'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.
Hark, hark! — Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn, — the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, thorough the copse, where the fox is found,
And over the stream, at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low,
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away! — as a hawk flies full at its prey,
So flieth the hunter, away, — away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and — the day is done!
Hark, hark! — What sound on the wind is borne?
'T is the conquering voice of the hunter's horn.
The horn, — the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What 's the gulley deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
O, *what* delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?
Hark, hark! — Now, home! and dream till morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn, — the horn!
O, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

XI. — THE RECALL.

Come again! Come again!
Sunshine cometh after rain.
As a lamp fed newly burneth,
Pleasure, who doth fly, returneth,
Scattering every cloud of pain.
As the year, which dies in showers,
Riseth in a world of flowers,
Called by many a vernal strain,
Come *thou*, — for whom tears were falling,
And a thousand tongues are calling!
Come again, O, come again!
Like the sunshine after rain!

XII. — THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

FAREWELL Old England's shores!
Farewell her rugged men!
Now, sailors, strain your oars!
I ne'er will look again.
I 've lived, — I 've sought, — I 've seen, —
O, things I love too well,
Upon those shores of green:
So, England! long farewell!
Farewell!

I go, — what matter where?
The Exile, when he flies,
Thinks not of *other* air, —
Dreams not of *alien* skies:
He seeks but to depart
From the land he loves too well, —
From thoughts that smite his heart:
So, England! long farewell!
Farewell!

O'er lands and the lonely main,
A lonelier man, I roam,
To seek some balm for pain, —
Perhaps to find a home:

I go, — but Time nor tide,
Nor all that tongue may tell,
Shall e'er from thee divide
My heart, — and so, farewell!
Old England, fare thee well!

XIII. — ON A MOTHER AND CHILD SLEEPING.

Night, gaze, but send no sound!
Fond heart, thy fondness keep!
Nurse Silence, wrap them round!
Breathe low; — they sleep, they sleep!

No wind! no murmuring showers!
No music, soft and deep!
No thoughts, nor dreams of flowers!
All hence; — they sleep, they sleep!

Time's step is all unheard:
Heaven's stars bright silence keep:
No breath, no sigh, no word!
All 's still; — they sleep, they sleep!

O Life! O Night! O Time!
Thus ever round them creep!
From pain, from hate, from crime,
E'er guard them, gentle Sleep!

XIV. — THE SEA-KING.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

COME sing, come sing, of the great Sea-King,
And the fame that now hangs o'er him,
Who once did sweep o'er the vanquished deep,
And drove the world before him!
His deck was a throne, on the ocean lone,
And the sea was his park of pleasure,
Where he scattered in fear the human deer,
And rested — when he had leisure!

Come, — shout and sing
Of the great Sea-King,
And ride in the track he rode in!
He sits at the head
Of the mighty dead,
On the red right-hand of Odin!

He sprang, from birth, like a God on earth,
And soared on his victor pinions,
And he traversed the sea, as the eagles flee,
When they look on their blue dominions.
His whole earth life was a conquering strife,
And he lived till his beard grew hoary,
And he died at last, by his blood-red mast,
And now — he is lost in glory!

So, — shout and sing, &c.

XV. — THE WILD CHERRY-TREE.

O, THERE never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gayly grew
Up from the ground when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave, nothing so free,
As *thou*, — my wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked amongst the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown!
Oak or ash, — what matter to *thee*?
'T was the same to my wild, wild Cherry-tree.

Never at rest, like one that 's young
Abroad to the winds its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red.
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And I see thy branches against the sky,
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay, I taste) thy berries red,
And I shout, like the tempest loud and free,
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry-tree!

XVI.—THE COMMON LOT.

Mourn not thy daughter fading!
It is the common lot,
That those we love should come and go,
And leave us in this world of woe:
— So, murmur not!

Her life was short, but fair,
Unsullied by a blot;
And now she sinks to dreamless rest, —
(A dove, who makes the earth her nest;)
So, murmur not!

No pangs, nor passionate grief,
Nor anger raging hot,
No ills shall ever harm her more;
She goes unto the silent shore,
Where pain is not.

Weep'st thou that none should mourn
For thee, and thy sad lot?
Peace, peace! and know that few e'er grieve
When Death, the tyrant, doth unweave
Life's little knot.

E'en *thou* scarce wept must fade!
It is the common lot,
To link our hearts to things that fly,—
To love without return,—and die,
And be — forgot!

XVII.—THE LITTLE VOICE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Once there was a little Voice,
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry "*Rejoice! Rejoice!*"
Now — 't is flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear,
Chasing every thought of pain:
Summer! shall I ever hear
Such a voice again?

I have pondered all night long,
Listening for as soft a sound;
But so sweet and clear a song
Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
Could I hear that little Voice,—
Could I, as in days of old,
At a sound rejoice!

XVIII. — A BACCHANALIAN SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

Sing! — Who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The Vine, boys, the Vine!
The mother of mighty Wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink! — Who drinks
To her who blusheth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of thine?
The Grape, boys, the Grape!
O, never let her escape
Until she be turned to Wine!
For better is she
Than vine can be,
And very, very good company!

Dream! — Who dreams
Of the God who governs a thousand streams?
Ah, who is this Spirit fine?
'T is Wine, boys, 't is Wine!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
O, better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company!

XIX.—DARK-EYED BEAUTY OF THE SOUTH.

Dark-eyed beauty of the South!
Mistress of the rosy mouth!
Doth thy heart desert its duty?
Doth thy blood belie thy beauty?
Art thou false, and art thou cold?
Art thou sworn to wed for gold?

On thy forehead sitteth pride,
Crowned with scorn and falcon-eyed;
But beneath, methinks, thou twinest
Silken smiles that *seem* divinest.
Can such smiles be false and cold?
Canst thou, *wilt* thou, wed for gold?

We, who dwell on Northern earth,
Fill the frozen air with mirth,—
Soar upon the wings of laughter,
(Though we droop the moment after:)
But, through all our regions cold,
None will sell their hearts for gold.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
BOSTON, MASS.

XX. — THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

How many summers, love,
  Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
  Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
  When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
  To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
  On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
  Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears, — a soft regret
  For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
  All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
  I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
  Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
  Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
  To thee and Time!

XXI. — SHE WAS NOT FAIR NOR FULL OF GRACE.

She was not fair, nor full of grace,
Nor crowned with thought or aught beside;
Nor wealth had she, of mind or face,
To win our love, or raise our pride:
No lover's thought her cheek did touch;
No poet's dream was round her thrown;
And yet we miss her, — ah, too much,
Now — she hath flown!

We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth;
We miss her when the evening falls, —
A trifle wanted on the earth!
Some fancy small or subtle thought
Is checked ere to its blossom grown;
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now — she hath flown!

No solid good, nor hope defined,
Is marred now she hath sunk in night;
And yet the strong, immortal Mind
Is stopped in its triumphant flight!
Stern friend, what power is in a tear,
What strength to one poor thought alone,
When all we know is, — "She was here,"
And — "She hath flown!"

XXII. — A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

When the merry lark doth gild
With his song the summer hours,
And their nests the swallows build
In the roofs and tops of towers,
And the golden broom-flower burns
All about the waste,
And the maiden May returns
With a pretty haste, —
Then, how merry are the times!
The Summer times! the Spring times!

Now, from off the ashy stone
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
And all merry birds are flown,
And our dream of pleasure dieth;
Now the once blue, laughing sky
Saddens into gray,
And the frozen rivers sigh,
Pining all away!
Now, how solemn are the times!
The Winter times! the Night times!

Yet, be merry: all around
Is through one vast change resolving:
Even Night, who lately frowned,
Is in paler dawn dissolving:

Earth will burst her fetters strange,
And in spring grow free :
All things in the world will change,
Save — my love for thee !
Sing then, hopeful are all times !
Winter, Summer, Spring times !

XXIII. —THE QUADROON.

Say they that all beauty lies
In the paler maiden's hue ?
Say they that all softness flies,
Save from eyes of April blue ?
Arise thou, like a night in June,
Beautiful Quadroon !

Come, — all dark and bright, as skies
With the tender starlight hung !
Loose the Love from out thine eyes !
Loose the Angel from thy tongue !
Let them hear Heaven's own sweet tune,
Beautiful Quadroon !

Tell them, Beauty (born above)
From no shade nor hue doth fly :
All she asks is Mind, is Love,
And both upon *thine* aspect lie, —
Like the light upon the moon,
Beautiful Quadroon !

XXIV. — THE BLOODHOUND.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Come, Herod, my hound, from the stranger's floor!
Old friend, — we must wander the world once more!
For no one now liveth to welcome us back:
So, come! — let us speed on our fated track.
What matter the region, — what matter the weather,
So you and I travel, till death, together?
And in death? — why, e'en *there* I may still be found
By the side of my beautiful black bloodhound.

We 've traversed the desert, we 've traversed the sea,
And we 've trod on the heights where the eagles be;
Seen Tartar, and Arab, and swart Hindoo;
(How thou pull'dst down the deer in those skies of blue!)
No joy did divide us; no peril could part
The man from his friend of the noble heart;
Ay, his *friend;* for where — where shall there ever be found
A friend like his resolute, fond bloodhound?

What, Herod, old hound! dost remember the day
When I fronted the wolves, like a stag at bay?
When downwards they galloped to where we stood,
Whilst I staggered with fear in the dark pine wood?
Dost remember their howlings? their horrible speed?
God, God! how I prayed for a friend in need!
And — he came! Ah! 't was then, my dear Herod, I found
That the best of all friends was my bold bloodhound.

Men tell us, dear friend, that the noble hound
Must for ever be lost in the worthless ground:
Yet, 'Courage' — 'Fidelity' — 'Love' — (they say)
Bear *Man*, as on wings, to his skies away.
Well, Herod, — go tell them whatever may be
I 'll hope I may ever be found by thee.
If in sleep, — in sleep; if with skies around,
Mayst thou follow e'en thither, my dear bloodhound!

XXV. — IS MY LOVER ON THE SEA.

Is my lover on the sea,
  Sailing East, or sailing West?
Mighty Ocean, gentle be,
  Rock him into rest!

Let no angry wind arise,
  Nor a wave with whitened crest:
All be gentle as his eyes
  When he is caressed!

Bear him (as the breeze above
  Bears the bird unto its nest)
Here, — unto his home of love,
  And there bid him rest!

XXVI. — THE MISTLETOE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood-fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave, (as maids should be,)
When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel-tree.
O the Laurel, the evergreen tree!
The Poets have laurels, — and why not we?

How pleasant, when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
O the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes — (in *our* grave house,
Observe, this happeneth not;)
But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs
And the holly are all forgot!

And then! what then? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of — the Mistletoe!
O, brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall *know,*
What is done — under the Mistletoe!

XXVII. — CONSTANCY.

I WOULD I were the bold March-wind,
The merry, boisterous, bold March-wind,
Who in the violet's tender eyes
Casts a kiss, — and forwards flies!
Yet, — no! No slight to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!

I would I were the soft West-wind,
The wandering, sighing, soft West-wind,
Who fondles round the hyacinth bells,
Then takes wing, — as story tells!
Yet, — no! No slight to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!

No; rather will I be the breeze,
That blows straight on in Indian seas;
Or scents, which, in the rose's heart,
Live and love, — and *ne'er* depart!
Love, — Love, — for aye to thee!
O Constancy! O Constancy!

XXVIII.—THE NIGHTS.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O, THE Summer Night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet Winds load her
With garlands of odor,
From the bud to the rose o'erblown!

But the Autumn Night
Has a piercing sight,
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the Thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter Night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

O, the Night, the Night!
'T is a lovely sight,
Whatever the clime or time;
For sorrow then soareth,
And the lover outpoureth
His soul in a star-bright rhyme.

It bringeth sleep
To the forests deep,
The forest bird to its nest;
To Care bright hours,
And dreams of flowers,
And that balm to the weary, — Rest!

XXIX. — TO A NIGHTINGALE, AT MID-DAY.

Thy voice is sweet, — is sad, — is clear,
And yet, methinks, 't should flow unseen,
Like hidden rivers that we hear
Singing amongst the forests green.

Delay, delay! till downy Eve
Into her twilight woods hath flown:
Too soon, musician, dost thou grieve;
Love bloometh best (like thought) — alone.

Cease, cease awhile! Thy holy strain
Should be amongst the silence born;
Thy heart may then unfold its pain,
Leaning upon its bridal thorn.

The insect noise, the human folly
Disturb thy grave thoughts with their din;
Then, cease awhile, bird Melancholy,
And when the fond Night hears, — begin!

XXX. — THE STORMY PETREL.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

A THOUSAND miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The Stormy Petrel finds a home, —
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her roček lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing !

O'er the Deep ! O'er the Deep !
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain ;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet *he* ne'er falters: — So, Petrel! spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

XXXI. — EARTH AND AIR.

How bountiful, how wonderful
  Thou art, sweet Air!
And yet, albeit thine odors lie
On every gust that mocks the eye,
We pass thy gentle blessings by
  Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful
  Thou art, sweet Earth!
Thy seasons, changing with the sun, —
Thy beauty out of darkness won!
And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)
  Will tell thy worth?

The poet's! — He alone doth still
  Uphold *all* worth!
Then, love the poet; — love his themes,
His thoughts, half-hid in golden dreams,
Which make thrice fair the songs and streams
  Of Air and Earth.

XXXII.—SONG OF THE SOLDIER TO HIS SWORD.

My Sword! My friend! My noble friend!
Champion fearless! Servant true!
Whom my fathers without end
In their thousand battles drew,—
Come!
Let me bare thee to the light!
Let me clutch thee in my hand!
O, how keen, how blue, how bright,
Is my noble, noble brand!

Thou wast plucked from some base mine,—
Born 'midst stone and stubborn clay:
Ah! who dreamt that aught divine
In that rugged aspect lay?
Come!
Once we called and thou didst come,
Straight from out thy sleep didst start,
And the trump and stormy drum
Woke at once thine iron heart!

Thou wast like the lightning, driven
By the tempest's strength at speed!
Brazen shields and armor riven
Told what thou couldst do, at need.
Come!
Hark! again the trumpets bray!
Hark! where rolls the stormy drum!
I am here to lead the way:
Servant of my fathers,—Come!

XXXIII.—THE HAPPY HOURS.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O THE Hours! the happy Hours!
When there shone the light of Love,
And all the sky was blue above,
And the earth was full of flowers!
Why should Time and Toil
The worth and beauty spoil
Of such happy Hours?

O the Hours! the spring-time Hours!
When the Soul doth forwards bend
And dream the sweet world hath no end,
Neither spot, nor shade, nor showers!
Can we ne'er resume
The love, the light, the bloom
Of those vernal Hours?

Ever do the year's bright Hours
Come, with laughing April, round,
And with her walk the grassy ground,
When she calleth forth the flowers:
But no new springs bear
To us thoughts half so fair
As the bygone Hours!

XXXIV. — HURRAH FOR MERRY ENGLAND.

Hurrah, for the Land of England!
Firm-set in the subject sea;
Where the women are fair,
And the men (like air)
Are all lovers of liberty!
Hurrah! for merry England!
Long life, without strife, for England!

Hurrah, for the Spirit of England!
The bold, the true, the free;
Who stretcheth his hand,
With a king's command,
All over the circling sea!
Hurrah! for merry England!
Long life, without strife, for England!

Let tyrants rush forth on the nations,
And strive to chain down the free;
But do *Thou* stand fast,
From the first to the last,
For "The Right," — wheresoever it be!
O merry and noble England!
Long life to the Spirit of England!

Hurrah, for William of England!
Our friend, — as a King should be;
Who casteth aside
Man's useless pride,
And leans on his people free!
Hurrah! for the King of England!
The friend of merry England!

Her King is the friend of England;
Her guards are her ships at sea;
But her beauty lies
In her women's eyes,
And her strength in her people free!
So, Hurrah for merry England!
For the King and the free Men of England!

XXXV.—WHY DOTH THE BOTTLE STAND?

Why doth the bottle stand, boys?
Let the glass run silent round!
Wine should go,
As the blood doth flow,
Its course, without pause or sound.
Scorn not Wine! — Truth divine
And Courage dwell with noble Wine.

Send round the bottle quick, boys!
No reason ask nor pause!
Wine should run,
Like a circling sun,
By its own unquestioned laws.
Scorn not Wine! &c.

Fill to the beaded brims, boys,
Let each glass, like a king, be crowned!
Drink, — "Joy, and Wealth,
And a mighty Health,
To ourselves and the world around!"
Scorn not Wine! &c.

XXXVI. — COUNT BALTHAZAR.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

"A famous man is Robin Hood;
But '*each land*' hath a thief as good;
Then let us chant a passing stave
In honor of the Hero brave!"

WORDSWORTH'S ROB ROY.

COUNT BALTHAZAR reigns in his strong stone tower,
Girt round by his iron men;
And his strength, like the terrible Tempest's power,
Sweeps through each Alpine glen!

A hunter he *is*, though a monarch grim
He seems on his mountain throne;
But he hunts not the stag, nor the ermine slim,
Nor the wolf, nor the eagle lone.

He breedeth no cattle, he traineth no vine,
He hath naught that is bought or sold:
Yet his cellars are bursting with brave bright wine,
And his coffers are crammed with gold.

Whenever he lacketh or kine or corn
He calls to his armed band;
And they hunt through the valleys, from night till morn,
And beg for him, — sword in hand!

So he drinks and he revels, till daylight gleams:
But — nothing is free from pain!
For a Demon e'er watches his blood-red dreams,
(Whose laughter is deep
As the depths of sleep,)
And scares him to life again!

* * * * * *

So Balthazar lives, and so must he die,
However the seasons roll;
The visions of guilt must haunt his eye,
And the dread of the damned, his soul!

He arose, like a pillar of fire, whose head
Is borne up by the raving blast:
He will sink, (like the fire,) deserted, — dead,
And be trodden in dust, at last!

So, — Down with the tower, the old stone tower!
And, down with the iron men!
Let 's summon our hearts, and unfetter our power,
And cleanse out the robbers' den!

Where lieth their strength? In a vague, false fame.
Where based? On our fear alone.
Then let *us* build a phantom, and forge us a name,
In a foundery of our own!

XXXVII. — WHEN FRIENDS LOOK DARK AND COLD.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

When friends look dark and cold,
And maids neither laugh nor sigh,
And your enemy proffers his gold,
Be sure there is danger nigh.
O, then 't is time to look forward,
And back, like the hunted hare;
And to watch, as the little bird watches,
When the falcon is in the air.

When the trader is scant of words,
And your neighbor is rough or shy,
And your banker recalls his hoards,
Be sure there is danger nigh.
O, then 't is time to look forward, &c.

Whenever a change is wrought,
And you know not the reason why,
In your own or an old friend's thought,
Be sure there is evil nigh.
O, then 't is time to look forward, &c.

XXXVIII. — THE NIGHT IS CLOSING ROUND, MOTHER.

The night is closing round, Mother!
The shadows are thick and deep!
All round me they cling, like an iron ring,
And I cannot, cannot sleep!

Ah, Heaven! — thy hand, thy hand, Mother!
Let me lie on thy nursing breast!
They have smitten my brain with a piercing pain: —
But 't is gone! — and I now shall rest.

I could sleep a long, long sleep, Mother!
So, seek me a calm, cool bed:
You may lay me low, in the virgin snow,
With a moss-bank for my head.

I would lie in the wild, wild woods, Mother!
Where naught but the birds are known;
Where nothing is seen, but the branches green,
And flowers on the greensward strewn.

No lovers there witch the air, Mother!
Nor mock at the holy sky:
One may live and be gay, like a summer day,
And at last, like the Summer, — die!

XXXIX.—PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

Peace! what can tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale,
  And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading,—
  And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth? the friend upbraiding?
  Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
  Then, why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
  And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until to-morrow?
  Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms,
  And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
  The Angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?
  Reply, reply!

XL. — THE WOOD-THRUSH.

Whither hath the Wood-thrush flown,
From our greenwood bowers?
Wherefore builds he not again,
Where the white-thorn flowers?

Bid him come! for on his wings,
The sunny year he bringeth;
And the heart unlocks its springs,
Wheresoe'er he singeth.

Lover-like the creature waits,
And when Morning soareth,
All his little soul of song
Tow'rd the dawn he poureth.

Sweet one, why art thou not heard
Now, where woods are stillest?
O, come back! and bring with thee,
— Whatsoe'er thou willest; —

Laughing thoughts, — delighting songs, —
Dreams of azure hours, —
Something, — nothing; — all we ask
Is to see thee ours!

'T is enough that thou shouldst sing
For thy own pure pleasure!
'T is enough that thou hast *once*
Sweetened human leisure!

XLI.—MIDNIGHT RHYMES.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O, 'T IS merry when stars are bright
To sing, as you pace along,
Of the things that are dreamt by night,
To the motion of some old song:
For the fancy of mortals teems,
Whether they wake or sleep,
With figures, that shine like dreams,
Then — die in the darkness deep!

O, merry are Christmas times,
And merry the belfry chimes;
But the merriest things
That a man e'er sings
Are his Midnight Rhymes!

'T is night when the usurers feel
That their money is thrice repaid;
'T is night when adorers kneel,
By scores, to the sleeping maid;
'T is night when the author deems
That his critics are all at bay,
And the gamester regains in dreams
The gold that he lost by day.

O, merry are Christmas times, &c.

At night, both the sick and the lame
Abandon their world of care;
And the creature that droops with shame
Forgetteth her old despair!
The boy on the raging deep
Laughs loud that the skies are clear;

And the murderer turns, in sleep,
And dreams that a pardon 's near!
O, merry are Christmas times, &c.

At night, all wrongs are right,
And all perils of life grow smooth;
Then why cometh the fierce daylight,
When fancy is bright as truth?
All hearts, 'tween the earth and the moon,
Recover their hopes again:
Ah, — 't is pity so sweet a tune
Should ever be jarred by pain!
Yet, — merry are Christmas times, &c.

XLII. — A LOVE SONG.

Give me but thy heart, though cold;
I ask no more!
Give to others gems and gold;
But leave *me* poor!
Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles;
Cast o'er others all thy wiles;
But let thy tears flow fast and free,
For *me*, with *me!*

Giv'st thou but *one* look, sweet heart?
A word, — no more?
It is Music's sweetest part
When lips run o'er!
'T is a part I fain would learn,
So, pr'ythee, *here* thy lessons turn,
And teach me, to the close,
All Love's pleasures, — all its woes!

XLIII. — THE STRANGER.

A Stranger came to a rich man's door,
And smiled on his mighty feast;
And away his brightest child he bore,
And laid her toward the East.

He came next spring, with a smile as gay,
(At the time when the East wind blows,)
And another bright creature he led away,
With a cheek like a burning rose.

And he came once more, when the spring was blue,
And whispered the last to rest,
And bore her away, — yet nobody knew
The name of the dreadful guest!

Next year, there was none but the rich man left, —
Left alone in his pride and pain,
Who called on the Stranger, like one bereft,
And sought through the land, — in vain!

He came not: he never was heard nor seen
Again; (so the story saith:)
But, wherever his terrible smile had been,
Men shuddered, and talked of — Death!

XLIV. — SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING.

When the wind blows
In the sweet rose-tree,
And the cow lows
On the fragrant lea,
And the stream flows
All bright and free,
'T is not for thee, 't is not for me;
'T is not for any *one* here, I trow:
The gentle wind bloweth,
The happy cow loweth,
The merry stream floweth,
For all below!
O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where come the sheep?
To the rich man's moor.
Where cometh sleep?
To the bed that 's poor.
Peasants must weep,
And kings endure;
That is a fate that none can cure:
Yet Spring doeth all she can, I trow:
She bringeth the bright hours,
She weaveth the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
For all below! — *O the Spring, &c.*

XLV.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

Now, what shady wreath wilt wear,
Maiden, — Maiden ?
Bid them bind the veil with care,
Round the sunshine of thy hair !
Let thy brow be free from scorn ;
Let thine eye have gentle light,
On the gentle marriage morn ;
And so — Good Night !

It is now the youth of May,
Maiden, — Maiden !
Choose thou, then, at blush of day,
Buds and blossoms, not too gay ;
And, behind their veiling sweets,
Bashful be, 'midst all their light,
When the tender lover greets ;
And so — Good Night !

Soon To-morrow will be here,
Maiden, — Maiden !
Then, — as hopes aye mix with fears,
Mix thou smiles with pearled tears ;
So shall he who loves thee feel
Thrice his first sweet, pure delight,
And nearer to thy bosom steal ;
And so — Good Night !

XLVI. — A DEEP AND A MIGHTY SHADOW.

A DEEP and a mighty shadow
  Across my heart is thrown,
Like the cloud on a summer meadow,
  Where the Thunder-wind hath blown!
The wild-rose, Fancy, dieth,
  The sweet bird, Memory, flieth,
And leaveth me alone, —

Alone with my hopeless Sorrow:
  (No other mate I know!)
I strive to awake To-morrow;
  But the dull words will not flow!
I pray, — but my prayers are driven
Aside, by the angry Heaven,
  And weigh me down with woe!

I call on the Past, to lend me
  Its songs, to soothe my pain:
I bid the dim Future send me
  A light from its eyes, — in vain!
Naught comes; but a shrill cry starteth
From Hope, as she fast departeth; —
  "I go, and come not again!"

XLVII. — BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar is King! Belshazzar is Lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board:
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;
And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring, —
"All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

"Bring forth," cries the Monarch, "the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old; —
Bring forth, and we 'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the Gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!" — and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
Whilst the trumpets bray,
And the cymbals ring, —
"Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!"

Now what cometh — look, look! — without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning's bright hand, on the wall?
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?

"Chaldeans! Magicians! the letters expound!"
They are read, — and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
Hark! — The Persian is come
On a conqueror's wing;
And a Mede 's on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

XLVIII. — THE HEART-BROKEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

GENTLE Mother, do not weave
Garlands for my forehead pale!
Unto hearts that e'er must grieve,
What do crowns avail?

Tell me not of bridal flowers!
What are they when life is past?
Tell me not of happy hours,
When they flee so fast!

Bind thy cypress round my heart!
Hide me in the mortal pall!
Show them, when all hopes depart,
What sad things befall!

I am — dead, a statue, left
Pointing perils out unknown,
Shorn of life, and love-bereft,
All my youth o'erthrown!
All o'erthrown!

XLIX.—A PHANTASY.

Feed her with the leaves of Love,—
(Love, the rose, that blossoms here)!
Music, gently round her move!
Bind her to the cypress near!
Weave her round and round,
With skeins of silken sound!
'T is a little stricken deer,
Who doth from the hunter fly,
And comes here to droop,—to die,
Ignorant of her wound!

Soothe her with sad stories,
O poet, till she sleep!
Dreams, come forth with all your glories!
Night, breathe soft and deep!
Music, round her creep!
If she steal away to weep,
Seek her out,—and, when you find her,
Gentle, gentlest Music, wind her
Round and round,
Round and round,
With your bands of softest sound;—
Such as we, at nightfall, hear
In the wizard forest near,
When the charmed Maiden sings
At the hidden springs!

L. — LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil, — through pain and wrong;
We fight, — and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and — die?"

SONGS.

PART THE SECOND.

SONGS.

PART THE SECOND.

LI.—THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL.

How gallantly, how merrily
  We ride along the sea!
The morning is all sunshine,
  The wind is blowing free:
The billows are all sparkling,
  And bounding in the light,
Like creatures in whose sunny veins
  The blood is running bright.

All nature knows our triumph:
  Strange birds about us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
  The masters of the deep:

In our wake, like any servant,
Follows even the bold shark; —
O, proud must be our Admiral
Of such a bonny barque!

Proud, proud, must be our Admiral,
(Though he is pale to-day,)
Of twice five hundred iron men,
Who all his nod obey;
Who 've fought for him and conquered, —
Who 've won, with sweat and gore,
Nobility! which he shall have
Whene'er he touch the shore.
O, would I were our Admiral,
To order, with a word, —
To lose a dozen drops of blood,
And straight rise up a lord!
I 'd shout e'en to yon shark, there,
Who follows in our lee,
"Some day, I 'll make thee carry me,
Like lightning, through the sea."

The Admiral grew paler,
And paler as we flew:
Still talked he to his officers,
And smiled upon his crew;
And he looked up at the heavens,
And he looked down on the sea,

And at last he spied the creature,
That kept following in our lee.
He shook — 't was but an instant —
For speedily the pride
Ran crimson to his heart,
Till all chances he defied :
It threw boldness on his forehead ;
Gave firmness to his breath ;
And he stood like some grim warrior
New risen up from death.

That night, a horrid whisper
Fell on us where we lay ;
And we knew our old fine Admiral
Was changing into clay ;
And we heard the wash of waters,
Though nothing could we see,
And a whistle, and a plunge
Among the billows in our lee !
Till dawn we watched the body
In its dead and ghastly sleep,
And next evening at sunset
It was slung into the deep !
And never, from that moment,
Save *one* shudder through the sea,
Saw we (or heard) the shark
That had followed in our lee !

LII. — HOME. (A DUET.)

He. Dost thou love wandering? Whither wouldst thou go?
Dream'st thou, sweet daughter, of a land more fair?
Dost thou not love these aye-blue streams that flow?
These spicy forests? and this golden air?

She. O, yes, I love the woods, and streams, so gay;
And, more than all, O father, I love *thee;*
Yet would I fain be wandering — far away,
Where such things never were, nor e'er shall be.

He. Speak, mine own daughter with the sunbright locks!
To what pale, banished region wouldst thou roam?
She. O father, let us find our frozen rocks!
Let 's seek that country of all countries, — Home!

He. Seest thou these orange flowers? this palm that rears
Its head up towards Heaven's blue and cloudless dome?
She. I dream, I dream; mine eyes are hid in tears:
My heart is wandering round our ancient home.

He. Why, then, we 'll go. Farewell, ye tender skies,
Who sheltered us, when we were forced to roam!
She. On, on! Let 's pass the swallow as he flies!
Farewell, kind land! Now, father, *now*, — for Home!

LIII. — THE VINTAGE-SONG.

O THE merry vintage-time !
The merry, matchless vintage-time !
  What can vie
  Beneath the sky
With the merry, merry vintage-time ?
What though summer birds have fled,
  Singing to some other clime ;
We have tongues that music shed
  Still, and a song for vintage-time !
    Come ! — O'er the hills the moon is glancing !
    Now 's the time for dancing, dancing !
    Now 's the time, Now 's the time,
    The merry, merry vintage-time !

Now 's the happy vintage-time !
The happy, honored vintage-time !
  E'en great Earth
  Doth mix in mirth
With us, her sons, at vintage-time.
Not a storm doth vex her brow,
  Flooding rain, nor frosty rime ;
But the sunny Autumn now
  Laugheth out, " 'T is vintage-time." — *Come, &c.*

Praise, then, all the vintage-time,
Children of the vintage-time !
  Girls and boys
  Who know the joys
Of the merry, fruitful vintage-time !

Leave to Spring the love-sweet flowers ;
Winter still its song and rhyme ;
Summer all her balmy hours ;
Still we 've our dance at vintage-time ! — *Come, &c.*

LIV. — THE EVENING STAR.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

THE Evening Star, the lover's star,
The beautiful star, comes hither !
He steereth his barque
Through the azure dark,
And brings us the bright blue weather, — Love !
The beautiful bright blue weather.

The birds lie dumb, when the night stars come,
And silence broods o'er the covers :
But a voice now wakes
In the thorny brakes,
And singeth a song for lovers, — Love !
A sad, sweet song for lovers !

It singeth a song, of grief and wrong,
A passionate song for others ;
Yet its own sweet pain
Can never be vain,
If it 'wakeneth love in others, — Love !
It 'wakeneth love in others.

LV. — THE WEAVER'S SONG.

WEAVE, brothers, weave! — Swiftly throw
The shuttle athwart the loom,
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your truelove's eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!

Sing, — sing, brothers! weave and sing!
'T is good both to sing and to weave:
'T is better to work than live idle:
'T is better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave! — Weave, and bid
The colors of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid!
Let beauty about ye blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
And Time nor chance shall your work untwine;
But all, — like a truth, — endure!

So, — sing, brothers, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave! — Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of men:

One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
  One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king
  To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasures the seasons bring,
  If he have not his share of toil!
    So,— sing, brothers, &c.

LVI.—SLEEP ON.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Sleep on! The world is vain;
All grief, and sin, and pain:
If there be a dream of joy,
It comes in slumber, pretty boy!
  So, sweet Sleep!
  Hang upon his eyelids deep;
  Show him all that cannot be,
  Ere thou dost flee!

Sleep on! Let no bad truth
Fall yet upon his youth:
Let him see no thing unkind,
But live a little longer blind!
  O sweet Sleep!
  Hang upon his eyelids deep;
  Show him Love, without his wings,
  And all fair things!

LVII.—LOVE AND MIRTH.

What song doth the cricket sing?
What news doth the swallow bring?
What doth laughing boyhood tell?
What calls out the marriage bell?
What say all? — Love and Mirth!
In the air, and in the earth:
Very, very soft and merry
Is the natural song of Earth.

Mark the Morn, when first she springs
Upwards on her golden wings;
Hark, to the soaring, soaring lark!
And the echoing forests, — hark!
What say they? Love and Mirth, &c.

With the leaves the apples wrestle;
In the grass the daisies nestle;
And the sun smiles on the wall; —
Tell us, what 's the cause of all?
Mirth and Love; Love and Mirth, &c.

Is it Mirth? Then why will man
Spoil the sweet song all he can?
Bid him, rather, aye rejoice,
With a kind and a merry voice!
Bid him sing "Love and Mirth!"
To the air, and to the earth, &c.

LVIII.—SONG OVER A CHILD.

Dream, Baby, dream!
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream?
'T is softly flowing.
All gently glide the Hours:
Above, no tempest lowers:
Below, are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why shouldst thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pains and fears;
Too soon a cause for tears:
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!

Dream, Baby, dream!
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith, "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure;
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, for ever!"

LIX. — THE LANDSMAN'S SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O, WHO would be bound to the barren Sea,
If he could dwell on Land, —
Where his step is ever both firm and free,
Where flowers arise,
Like sweet girls' eyes,
And rivulets sing
Like birds in spring? —
For me, — I will take my stand
On Land, on Land!
For ever and ever on solid Land!

I 've sailed on the riotous, roaring Sea,
With an undaunted band:
Yet my village home more pleaseth me,
With its valley gay
Where maidens stray,
And its grassy mead
Where the white flocks feed; —
And so, — I will take my stand
On Land, on Land!
For ever and ever on solid Land!

Some swear they could die on the salt, salt Sea!
(But have they been loved on Land?)
Some rave of the Ocean in drunken glee, —
Of the music born
On a gusty morn,

When the tempest is waking,
And billows are breaking,
And lightning flashing,
And the thick rain dashing,
And the winds and the thunders
Shout forth the sea-wonders!
— Such things may give joy
To a dreaming boy; —
But for *me*, — I will take my stand
On Land, on Land!
For ever and ever on solid Land!

LX. — PERDITA.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIGNOR VERINI.

The nest of the dove is rifled;
Alas! alas!
The dream of delight is stifled;
And all that was
Of beauty and hope is broken;
But words will flee,
Though truest were ever spoken: —
Alas, for me!

His love was as fragrant ever,
As flowers to bees;
His voice like the mournful river;
But streams will freeze!
Ah! where can I fly, deceived?
Ah! where, where rest?
I am sick, like the dove bereaved,
And have no nest!

LXI.—LOVE THE POET, PRETTY ONE!

Love the poet, pretty one!
He unfoldeth knowledge fair,—
Lessons of the earth and sun,
And of azure air.

He can teach thee how to reap
Music from the golden lyre:
He can shew thee how to steep
All thy thoughts in fire.

Heed not, though at times he seem
Dark and still, and cold as clay:
He is shadowed by his Dream!
But 't will pass away.

Then — bright fancies will he weave,
Caught from air and heaven above:
Some will teach thee how to grieve;
Others, how — to love!

How from sweet to sweet to rove, —
How all evil things to shun:
Should I not then whisper, — "Love —
Love *the poet*, pretty one"?

LXII. — LUCY.

Lucy is a golden girl;
  But a man — *a man* should woo her!
They who seek her shrink aback,
  When they should, like storms, pursue her.

All her smiles are hid in light;
  All her hair is lost in splendor;
But she hath the eyes of Night,
  And a heart that 's over-tender.

Yet, — the foolish suitors fly,
  (Is 't excess of dread or duty?)
From the starlight of her eye,
  Leaving to neglect her beauty!

Men by fifty seasons taught
  Leave her to a young beginner,
Who, without a second thought,
  Whispers, wooes, and straight must win her.

Lucy is a golden girl!
  Toast her in a goblet brimming!
May the man that wins her wear
  On his *heart* the Rose of Women!

LXIII. — THE WOOING SONG.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

O, PLEASANT is the fisher's life,
By the waters streaming;
And pleasant is the poet's life,
Ever, ever dreaming:
And pleasant is the hunter's life,
O'er the meadows riding:
And pleasant is the sailor's life,
On the seas abiding!
But, O! the merry life is wooing, is wooing;
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

The hunter, when the chase is done,
Laugheth loud and drinketh;
The poet, at the set of sun,
Sigheth deep and thinketh:
The sailor, though from sea withdrawn,
Dreams he 's half seas over,
The fisher dreameth of the dawn,
But, what dreams the lover?
He dreams that the merry life is wooing, is wooing;
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

Some think that life is very long,
And murmur at the measure;

Some think it is a syren song, —
A short, false, fleeting pleasure:
Some sigh it out in gloomy shades,
Thinking nought, nor doing;
But *we* 'll ne'er think it gloomy, Maids!
Whilst there 's time for wooing.
For, sure, the merry life is wooing, is wooing;
Never overtaking, and always pursuing!

LXIV. — HERMIONE.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouched by care:
What then do we ask from thee?
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?
Hermione, Hermione?

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy,)
Tears, — amidst thy laughter seen,
Pity, — mingling with thy joy.
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!

LXV. — THE OWL.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral Owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk — he 's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright, by day:
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
O, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, *is the reign of the Horned Owl!*

And the Owl hath a bride, who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moonstone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom?
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still;
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
O — when the moon shines, and dogs do howl!
Then, then, *is the joy of the Horned Owl!*

Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight!
The Owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!

Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate,
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing, Ho! for the reign of the Horned Owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the King of the night is the bold brown Owl!

LXVI.—MARIAN.

Spirit of the summer breeze!
Wherefore sleep'st thou in the trees?
Come, and kiss the maiden rose,
That on Marian's bosom blows!

Come, and fawn about her hair!
Kiss the fringes of her eyes!
Ask her why she looks so fair,
When she heedeth not my sighs?

Tell her, murmuring summer air,
That her beauty 's all untrue;
Tell her, she should not seem fair,
Unless she be gentle too!

LXVII.—THE HUMBER FERRY.

Boatman, hither! Furl your sail!
Row us o'er the Humber ferry!
Furl it close! The blustering gale
Seems as he would fain be merry.
Pleasant is he, when in fun
He blows about the bud or berry;
But his mirth we fain would shun,
Out upon the Humber ferry!

Now, bold fisher, shall we go
With thee, o'er the Humber river?
Hear'st thou how the blast doth blow,
Seest thou how thy sail doth shiver?
Wilt thou dare (dismayed by nought)
Wind and wave, thou bold sea-liver?
And shall *we*, whom love hath taught,
Tremble at the rolling river!

Row us forth! Unfurl thy sail!
What care we for tempests blowing?
Let us kiss the blustering gale!
Let us breast the waters flowing!
Though the North rush cold and loud,
Love shall warm and make us merry;
Though the waves all weave a shroud,
We will dare the Humber ferry!

LXVIII. — A REPOSE.

She sleeps amongst her pillows soft,
(A dove, now wearied with her flight,)
And all around, and all aloft,
Hang flutes and folds of virgin white:
Her hair outdarkens the dark night,
Her glance outshines the starry sky;
But now her locks are hidden quite,
And closed is her fringed eye!

She sleepeth: wherefore doth she start?
She sigheth: doth she feel no pain?
None, none! the Dream is near her heart;
The Spirit of sleep is in her brain.
He cometh down like golden rain,
Without a wish, without a sound;
He cheers the sleeper (ne'er in vain)
Like May, when earth is winter-bound.

All day within some cave he lies,
Dethroned from his nightly sway, —
Far fading when the dawning skies
Our souls with wakening thoughts array.
Two Spirits of might doth man obey;
By each he 's wrought, from each he learns:
The one is Lord of life by day;
The other when starry Night returns.

LXIX.—THE LAKE HAS BURST.

The lake has burst! The lake has burst!
Down through the chasms the wild waves flee:
They gallop along
With a roaring song,
Away to the eager awaiting sea!

Down through the valleys, and over the rocks,
And over the forests the flood runs free;
And wherever it dashes,
The oaks and the ashes
Shrink, drop, and are borne to the hungry sea!

The cottage of reeds and the tower of stone,
Both shaken to ruin, at last agree;
And the slave and his master
In one wide disaster
Are hurried like weeds to the scornful sea!

The sea-beast he tosseth his foaming mane;
He bellows aloud to the misty sky,
And the sleep-buried Thunder
Awakens in wonder,
And the Lightning opens her piercing eye!

There is death above, there is death around,
There is death wheresoever the waters be,
There is nothing now doing
But terror and ruin,
On earth, and in air, and the stormy sea!

LXX.—SING, MAIDEN, SING!

Sing, Maiden, sing!
  Mouths were made for singing;
Listen,—Songs thou 'lt hear
  Through the wide world ringing;
Songs from all the birds,
  Songs from winds and showers,
Songs from seas and streams,
  Even from sweet flowers.

Hear'st thou the rain,
  How it gently falleth?
Hearest thou the bird
  Who from forest calleth?
Hearest thou the bee
  O'er the sunflower ringing?
Tell us, Maiden, *now*—
  Shouldst thou not be singing?

Hear'st thou the breeze
  Round the rose-bud sighing?
And the small, sweet rose
  Love to love replying?
So shouldst *thou* reply
  To the prayer we 're bringing:
So that bud, thy mouth,
  Should burst forth in singing!

LXXI. — MAUREEN.

The cottage is here, as of old I remember;
The pathway is worn, as it ever hath been:
On the turf-piled hearth there still lives a bright ember;
But, — where is Maureen?

The same pleasant prospect still shineth before me, —
The river, the mountain, the valley of green,
And Heaven itself (a bright blessing!) is o'er me!
But, — where is Maureen?

Lost! Lost! — Like a dream that hath come and departed,
(Ah, why are the loved and lost ever seen?)
She hath fallen, — hath flown, with a lover false-hearted;
So, mourn for Maureen!

And She, who so loved her, is slain (the poor mother),
Struck dead, in a day, by a shadow unseen!
And the home we now loved is the home of another,
And — lost is Maureen!

Sweet Shannon! a moment by thee let me ponder;
A moment look back at the things that have been;
Then, away to the world where the ruined ones wander,
To look for Maureen!

LXXII. — UNEQUAL LOVE.

"Wailing for his dæmon lover."

WILT not eat with me, my bride?
Wilt not drink my amorous wines?
Dainty meats are by thy side:
Mark how bright the Rhenish shines!
Come, be kind! What ills betide thee?
Is not he thou lov'st beside thee?

Wherefore sigh'st thou, maiden mine?
Must thou to the forest haste?
Nothing have I, meats nor wine,
That thy fairy lips may taste?
Speak, love! must I vainly woo thee?
I, — who gave my heart unto thee?

Dark one, thou hast bid me press
Human love upon thy lips:
But thou yield'st a cold caress,
And *thy* love is in eclipse!
Cold and dim whilst I am burning!
In Love, is there NO *returning?*

I have loved thee, sought, — pursued, —
Won thee from thy charmed springs.
O, that I, instead, had wooed
The humblest girl that laughs and sings!
From the dust thy beauty won me;
But, sweet Love! — He hath undone me!

LXXIII. — WINE.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

I LOVE Wine! Bold bright Wine!
That maketh the Spirit both dance and shine!
Others may care
For water fare;
But give *me* — Wine!

Ancient Wine! Brave old Wine!
How it around the heart doth twine!
Poets may love
The stars above;
But *I* love — Wine!

Nought but Wine! Noble Wine,
Strong, and sound, and old, and fine.
What can scare
The devil Despair,
Like brave bright Wine?

O brave Wine! Rare old Wine!
Once thou wast deemed a God divine!
Bad are the rhymes,
And bad the times,
That scorn old Wine!

So, brave Wine! Dear old Wine!
Morning, Noon, and Night I 'm thine!
Whatever may be,
I 'll stand by thee,
Immortal Wine!

LXXIV.—SING! WHO MINGLES WITH MY LAYS?

Sing! who mingles with my lays?
Maiden of the primrose days!
Sing with me, and I will shew
All that thou in spring shouldst know,
All the names of all the flowers,
What to do with primrose hours!

Sing! who mingles with my song?
Soldier in the battle strong!
Sing, and thee I 'll music teach,
Such as thunders on the beach,
When the waves run mad and white,
Like a warrior in the fight!

Sing! who loves the music tender?
Widow, who hath no defender! —
Orphan! — Scholar! — Mother wild,
Who hast loved (and lost) a child!
Maiden, dreaming of to-morrow!
Let us sing and banish sorrow!
Come! — Sweet music hath a smart,
And a balm for every heart!

LXXV. — I LOVE MY LOVE, BECAUSE HE LOVES ME.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

MAN, man loves his steed,
For its blood or its breed,
For its odor the rose, for its honey the bee,
His own haughty beauty
From pride or from duty;
But *I* love my love, because — *he* loves *me*.

O, my love has an eye,
Like a star in the sky,
And breath like the sweets from the hawthorn tree;
And his heart is a treasure,
Whose worth is past measure;
And yet he hath given all — *all* to me!

It crowns me with light
In the dead of the night,
It brightens my journey by land and sea;
And thus, while I wander,
I sigh and grow fonder,
For *my* love ever grows with *his* love for me.

Why didst thou depart,
Thou sweet bird of my heart?
O, come back to my bosom, and never flee:
I never will grieve thee,
I 'll never deceive thee,
But love thee for ever, as — *thou* lov'st *me*.

LXXVI. — TALK NOT TO ME OF LOVE.

Talk not to me of love!
The deer that dies
Knows more of love than I,
Who seek the skies.
Strive not to bind my soul
With chains of clay!
I scorn thy poor control;
Away, — Away!

Now wherefore dost thou weave
Thy falsehoods strange?
Sad words may make me grieve,
But never change.
A snake sleeps in thine eye;
It stirs thine heart:
Why dost thou vainly sigh?
Depart, — Depart!

Thy dreams, when Fortune flew,
Did elsewhere range:
But love is *always* true,
And knows no change,
More firm in want, in strife,
Ay, firm through crime,
He looketh down on life,
The star of Time!

LXXVII. — MIRIAM.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

(*Recitative.*)

Darkness and God's great wrath for many an age
Have lain on Israel! O what nights of woe!
What dreams of long and lonely banishment!
Spring cometh round, and Summer sweet returneth
Still to our father's land; — But where are We?
Still Siloa murmurs; but we hear her not!
Still the rose opens, and the lilies pale
Are born beneath the sun: but we have lost
All suns, all seasons, — music, — fragrance, — flowers!

Peace, — Darkness hath her share of good, like day:
Sleep and the world of dreams belong to her;
And, in our long, dark exile, *we* have stars
That light us onwards, and their beauty shed
Alone upon the sons of Israel!
Look, — where one shines; — 't is — Miriam! Judah's child,
Her pride, — her glory! Statelier than the palm,
Swift as the roe, dowered with love, — she comes!
And thus I celebrate her grace in song!

(*Air.*)

O, fairer than the fairest of the flowers!
O, sweeter than the bud when it blows!

O, brighter than the Summer when it showers
Its riches on the red, red rose!
Come, — Shew us that the color of the sky
Still lives in the Hebrew's eye,
Miriam!

O, shew us there is truth in thy story;
That thy country is worthy of her fame!
Reappear, — like the shadow of her glory!
Reappear, — like the Spirit of her name!
Come, — Shew us all the starriness that lies
In the night of the Hebrew's eyes,
Miriam!

Look! Look! where a Spirit, like the lightning,
Comes flashing from her dark, deep gaze!
Is the tempest e'er more terrible or blighting, in
The strength of its storm-bright days?
Quick! — Shew us all the terror that may lie
In the flash of a Hebrew's eye,
Miriam!
Our pride, our glory, — Miriam!

LXXVIII. — BABYLON.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. H. PHILLIPS.

(*Recitative.*)

PAUSE in this desert! Here, men say, of old
Belshazzar reigned, and drank from cups of gold;
Here, to his hideous idols, bowed the slave,
And here — God struck him dead!
. . . . . Where lies his grave?
'T is lost! — His brazen gates? his soaring towers,
From whose dark tops men watched the starry hours?
All to the dust gone down! The desert bare
Scarce yields an echo when we question "*Where?*"
The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the spot;
And the black wandering Arab knows it not.
No brick, nor fragment lingereth now, to tell
Where Babylon (mighty city!) rose — and fell!

(*Air.*)

O City, vast and old!
Where, where is thy grandeur fled?
The stream that around thee rolled
Still rolls in its ancient bed!
But where, O, where art THOU *gone?*
O Babylon! O Babylon!

The Giant, when he dies,
Still leaveth his bones behind,

To shrink in the winter skies,
And whiten beneath the wind!
But where, O, where art Thou gone?
O Babylon! O Babylon!

Thou liv'st! — for thy name still glows,
A light in the desert skies;
As the fame of the hero grows
Thrice trebled because he dies!
O Babylon! O Babylon!

LXXIX — HER LARGE, DARK, LUMINOUS EYES ARE ON ME.

Her large, dark, luminous eyes are on me!
I cannot fly, — I cannot move!
The beauty that in boyhood won me
Wins me still, — to look and love!

The tongue that wound its music 'round me,
And might have charmed aside all pain,
Again all bare and weak hath found me,
And stings me, to the heart, again!

O Beauty, who my soul subdueth!
What mean the lightnings of thine eye?
Why is it that thy scorn pursueth
My love, — yet leaves it not to die?

Sweet Music, cease! Bright Eyes, all beaming
With light that makes me mad, — ah, close!
Give back my colder, calmer dreaming!
Give back my dull, dark, old repose!

LXXX.—THE REMONSTRANCE.

Thou 'lt take me with thee, my love, my love ?
Wherever thou 'rt forced by fate to move ?
Over the land, or over the sea ? —
Thou know'st 't is the same delight to *me*.
What say'st thou, dear ?
Thy bride is here,
All ready to live and die with thee.
Her heart was in the song ;
It murmured in the measure ;
It touched the music, all along,
With a grave, sweet pleasure.

Thou wilt not leave me behind, behind,
To the malice of fortune, harsh and blind ?
I 'll follow thy call, as a bird would flee,
And sing or be mute as thou biddest me.
What say'st thou, dear,
To my fond, fond fear ?
Thou *canst* not banish thy love from thee !
Her heart was in the song ;
It murmured in the measure ;
It touched the music, all along,
With a grave, sweet pleasure.

What say'st thou, my soldier, my love, my pride ?
Thy answer ? What, was I not *born* thy bride ?
From my cradle e'er cherished for love and thee,
And dar'st thou now banish or bid me flee ?

Smil'st thou at my fear?
Ah, then, my dear,
I *know* I may love — live — die with thee!
Her heart was in the song;
It murmured in the measure;
It touched the music, all along,
With a grave, sweet pleasure.

LXXXI. — KILL THE LOVE THAT WINDS AROUND THEE.

Kill the love that winds around thee
With its snake-like, death-like twine!
Where 's the guardian steel that bound thee?
Where are all thy gifts divine?
Where is wisdom? Where is wine?
Where 's the sad, dark truth of story?
Where the Muse's mighty line?
Where the fame that burned before thee?

What is love, but life deformed
From its grand original aim?
Hero into slave transformed?
Worlds lost at a single game?
Whose the peril, — whose the shame,
Shouldst thou die in love's fond slavery?
Rise! Earth 's nought without its fame!
Rise! Life 's nought without its bravery!

LXXXII. — WHAT SAY THE CLOUDS ON THE HILL AND PLAIN?

WHAT say the clouds on the hill and plain?
"We come, we go."
What say the springs of the dreaming brain?
"We shrink, we flow."
What say the maids in their changeful hours?
"We laugh, we cry."
What say the budding and fading flowers?
"We live, we die."
And thus all things go ranging,
From riddle to riddle changing,
From day into night, from life into death,
And no one knows why, my song saith.

A fable is good, and a truth is good,
And loss, and gain;
And the ebb and the flood, and the black pine wood,
And the vast, bare plain;
To wake and to sleep, and to dream of the deep,
Are good, say I;
And 't is good to laugh and 't is good to weep;
But who knows why?
Yet thus all things go ranging, &c.

We cumber the earth for a hundred years;
We learn, we teach;
We fight amidst perils, and hopes, and fears,
Fame's rock to reach.

We boast that our fellows are sages wrought
In toil and pain;
Yet the common lesson by Nature taught
Doth vex their brain!
O, all things here go ranging, &c.

LXXXIII. — A DILEMMA.

Which is the maiden I love best?
Twenty now are buzzing round me;
Three in their milk-white arms have wound me,
Gently, — yet I feel no rest!
One hath showered her black locks o'er me,
Ten kneel on the ground before me,
Casting forth such beams of blue,
That I 'm pierced, — O, through and through!
Bacchus! Gods! what *can* I do?
Which *must* I love best?

Tell me — (ah, more gently take me,
Sweet one, in thy warm white arms!)
Tell me, which will ne'er forsake me
Thorough all life's ills and harms?
Is it *she*, whose blood 's retreating
From that forehead crowned with pride?
Is it *she*, whose pulse is beating
Full against my unarmed side?
What do all these things betide?
Strong my doubts grow, — strong, — and stronger:
Quick! give answer to my call!
If ye pause a moment longer,
I shall love ye — All!

LXXXIV.—THE BEGGAR'S SONG.

I AM a merry beggar,
A beggar I was born,
Tossed about the wild world,
From evening till morn;
A plaything of the tempest,
A brother of the night,
A conqueror, a conjurer,
When 't is merry star-light!

O, nothing can withstand me,
Whenever I do stoop,
From the warm heart of the housewife
To the chicken in the coop;
From the linen of the lady
To the larder of the knight,
All come when I do conjure,
In the merry star-light!

I pay no tithes to parson,
Though I follow like his clerk;
For he takes his tenths by daylight,
I take mine in the dark.
I pay the king no window-tax;
From some it may be right,
But all *I* do beneath the blue
Is by merry star-light!

I roam from lane to common,
From city unto town,
And I tell a merry story,
To gentleman or clown:

Each gives me bed or victuals,
Or ale that glitters bright,
Or — I contrive to borrow them
By merry star-light!

O, the tradesman he is rich, Sirs,
The farmer well to pass,
The soldier he 's a lion,
The alderman 's an ass;
The courtier he is subtle, Sirs,
And the scholar he is bright;
But who, like me, is ever free
In the merry star-light?

LXXXV. — TO SOPHIE.

Wilt thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?
Is it not a better thing
With thy friends to laugh and sing?
To be loved and sought?
To be wooed and — won?
Dost thou love the shadow, Sophie,
Better than the sun?

I 'm a poor lay-brother, Sophie;
Yet, I this may say, —
Thou hadst better bear with love,
Than dwell here, a prisoned dove,
Weeping life away.
O, — *I 'd* bear love's pangs, rather,
Fifty times a day!

LXXXVI. — BUILD UP A COLUMN TO BOLIVAR!

Build up a column to Bolivar!
Build it under a tropic star!
Build it high as his mounting fame!
Crown its head with his noble name!
Let the letters tell, like a light afar,
"*This is the column of Bolivar!*"

•

Soldier in war, in peace a man,
Did he not all that a hero can?
Wasting his life for his country's care,
Laying it down with a patriot prayer,
Shedding his blood like the summer rain,
Loving the land, though he loved in vain!

Man is a creature, good or ill,
Little or great, at his own strong will;
And *he* grew good, and wise, and great,
Albeit he fought with a tyrant fate,
And showered his golden gifts on men
Who paid him in basest wrongs again!

Raise the column to Bolivar!
Firm in peace, and fierce in war!
Shout forth his noble, noble name!
Shout till his enemies die, in shame!
Shout till Columbia's woods awaken,
Like seas by a mighty tempest shaken, —

Till pity, and praise, and great disdain,
Sound like an Indian hurricane!
Shout, as ye shout in conquering war,
While ye build the column to Bolivar!

LXXXVII. — THE FAREWELL OF THE SOLDIER.

I LOVE thee, I love thee,
Far better than wine,
But the curse is above me;
Thou 'lt never be mine!

As the blade wears the scabbard,
The billow the shore,
So sorrow doth fret me
For evermore.

Fair beauty, I leave thee,
To conquer my heart:
I 'll see thee, I 'll bless thee,
And then — depart.

Let me take, ere I vanish,
One look of thine eyes, —
One smile for remembrance,
For life soon flies!

And now for the fortune
That hangeth above;
And to bury in battle
My dream of love!

LXXXVIII. — THE NIGHTSHADE.

Tread aside from my starry bloom!
I am the nurse, who feed the tomb
(The tomb, my child)
With dainties piled,
Until it grows strong as a tempest wild.

Trample not on a virgin flower!
I am the maid of the midnight hour;
I bear sweet sleep
To those who weep,
And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

Tread not thou on my snaky eyes!
I am the worm that the weary prize,
The Nile's soft asp,
That they strive to grasp,
And one that a queen has loved to clasp!

Pity me! I am she whom man
Hath hated since ever the world began;
I soothe his brain
In the night of pain,
But at morning he waketh, — and all is vain!

LXXXIX. — TRUE LOVE.

Is 't true the false, poor beauty flies
From thee? O, 't is well, — 't is right!
My love shall now adorn thine eyes
With brightness like the unclouded night!
The poet sheds, on herb and flower,
His fancies, till they breathe and shine;
And shall *I*, in thy drooping hour,
Neglect to hallow aught of *thine*?
Love should flow along,
Singing like a gentle river,
Its saddest still its sweetest song,
For ever, — for ever!

Come to me, — dearer, fairer far,
Than when men's smiles did round thee fawn!
Look on me, — as the last pale star
Looks round upon the glowing dawn!
Yet, fly not! Stay, and smile, sweet heart,
On whate'er chance may now befall;
My love, though every good depart,
Shall make thee dear amends for all!
True love reigns on high,
Like the constant stars, that quiver,
And look bright from every sky,
For ever, — for ever!

XC.—SONG OF THE OUTCAST.

I WAS born on a winter's morn,
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn,
Torn from a famished mother's side,
Who left me here, with a laugh, and — died;
Left me here, with the curse of life,
To be tossed about in the burning strife,
Linked to nothing, but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing, but man's disdain;
O, that I might *again* be born,
With treble my strength of hate and scorn!

I was born by a sudden shock, —
Born by the blow of a ruffian sire,
Given to air, as the blasted rock
Gives out the reddening, roaring fire.
My sire was stone; but *my* dark blood
Ran its round like a fiery flood,
Rushing through every tingling vein,
And flaming ever at man's disdain;
Ready to give back, night or morn,
Hate for hate, and scorn for scorn!

They cast me out, in my hungry need,
(A dog, whom none would own nor feed,)
Without a home, without a meal,
And bade me go forth — to slay and steal!

What wonder, God! had my hands been red
With the blood of a host in secret shed!
But no! I fought on the free sea-wave,
And perilled my *life* for my plunder brave,
And never yet shrank, in nerve or breath,
But struck, as the pirate strikes, — to death!

XCI. — TO A FLOWER.

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth!
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wondrous birth!

Bloom, gentle flower!
Lover of the light,
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!
All thy white leaves close;
Having shewn thy beauty,
Time 't is for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
So, — all pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done!

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
Thine is all man's story,
Live, — and love, — and die!

XCII. — FORBIDDEN LOVE.

I LOVE thee! — O, the strife, the pain,
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
I love thee! Look, — again, again!
O Stars! that thou couldst read my soul.
I would thy bright, bright eye could pierce
The crimson folds that hide my heart,
Then wouldst thou find the serpent fierce,
That stings me — and will *not* depart!

Look love upon me with thine eyes!
Yet, no, — men's evil tongues are nigh:
Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
Waste music on me — till I die!
Yet, — love not! sigh not! Turn (thou *must*)
Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind;
'T is fit that I should burn to dust,
To death, because — I am not blind!

I love thee, — and I live! The Moon
Who sees me from her calm above,
The Wind who weaves her dim soft tune
About me, know how *much* I love!
Nought else, save Night and the lonely Hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong:
Even *thou* yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless — thou read'st aright my song!

XCIII. — A BRIDAL DIRGE.

Weave no more the marriage chain !
All unmated is the lover ;
Death has ta'en the place of Pain ;
Love doth call on love in vain :
Life and years of hope are over !

No more want of marriage bell !
No more need of bridal favor !
Where is she to wear them well ?
You beside the lover tell !
Gone — with all the love he gave her !

Paler than the stone she lies :
Colder than the winter's morning !
Wherefore did she thus despise
(She with pity in her eyes)
Mother's care, and lover's warning ?

Youth and beauty, — shall they not
Last beyond a brief to-morrow ?
No : a prayer and then forgot !
This the truest lover's lot ;
This the sum of human sorrow !

XCIV. — THE CONVICT'S FAREWELL.

A Boat is rowed along the sea,
Full of souls as it may be;
Their dress is coarse, their hair is shorn,
And every squalid face forlorn
Is full of sorrow, and hate, and scorn!
What is 't? — It is the Convict Boat,
That o'er the waves is forced to float,
Bearing its wicked burden o'er
The ocean, to a distant shore:
Man scowls upon it; but the sea
(The same with fettered as with free)
Danceth beneath it heedlessly!

Slowly the boat is borne along;
Yet they who row are hard and strong,
And well their oars keep time
To one who sings (and clanks his chain,
The better thus to hide his pain)
A bitter, banished rhyme!
He sings: and all his mates in woe
Chaunt sullen chorus as they go!

SONG.

Row us on, a felon band,
  Farther out to sea,
Till we lose all sight of land,
  And then — we shall be free!
Row us on, and loose our fetters;
  Yeo! the boat makes way:
Let 's say "Good bye" unto our betters,
  And, hey for a brighter day!

CHORUS.

Row us fast! Row us fast!
Trial 's o'er and sentence past:
Here 's a whistle for those who tried to blind us,
And a curse on all we leave behind us!

Farewell, juries, — jailors, — friends,
  (Traitors to the close!)
Here the felon's danger ends.
  Farewell, bloody foes!
Farewell, England! We are quitting
  Now thy dungeon doors:
Take our blessing, as we 're flitting, —
  "A curse upon thy shores!"

Farewell, England, — honest nurse
  Of all our wants and sins!

What to thee 's the felon's curse ?
What to thee who wins ?
Murder thriveth in thy cities,
Famine through thine isle :
One may cause a dozen ditties,
But t' other scarce a smile.

Farewell, England, — tender soil,
Where babes who leave the breast
From morning into midnight toil,
That pride may be proudly drest !
Where he who 's right and he who swerveth
Meet at the goal the same ;
Where no one hath what he deserveth,
Not even in empty fame !

So, fare thee well, our country dear !
Our last wish, ere we go,
Is, — May your heart be never clear
From tax, nor tithe, nor woe !
May they who sow e'er reap for others,
The hundred for the one !
May friends grow false, and twin-born brothers
Each hate his Mother's son !

May pains and forms still fence the place
Where justice must be *bought !*
So he who 's poor must hide his face,
And he who thinks — his thought !

May Might o'er Right be crowned the winner,
The head still o'er the heart,
And the Saint be still so like the Sinner,
You 'll not know them apart!

May your traders grumble when bread is high,
And your farmers when bread is low,
And your pauper brats, scarce two feet high,
Learn more than your nobles know!
May your sick have foggy or frosty weather,
And your convicts all short throats,
And your blood-covered bankers e'er hang together,
And tempt ye with one pound notes!

And so, — with hunger in your jaws,
And peril within your breast,
And a bar of gold to guard your laws,
For those who *pay* the best;
Farewell to England's woe and weal!
. . For our betters, so bold and blythe,
May they never want, when they want a meal,
A Parson to take their Tithe!

XCV.—THE RHINE.

We 've sailed through banks of green,
Where the wild waves fret and quiver,
And we 've down the Danube been,
The dark, deep, thundering river!
We 've threaded the Elbe and Rhone,
The Tyber and blood-died Seine,
And have watched where the blue Garonne
Goes laughing to meet the main:
But what is so lovely, what is so grand,
As the river that runs through Rhine-land?

On the Rhine-river were we born,
'Midst its flowers and famous wines,
And we know that our country's morn
With a treble-sweet aspect shines.
Let other lands boast their flowers,
Let other men dream wild dreams,
Let them hope they 've a land like ours,
And a stream like our stream of streams:
Yet, what is half so bright or so grand,
As the river that runs through Rhine-land?

Are we smit by the blinding sun,
That fell on our tender youth?
Do we coward-like shrink and shun
The thought-telling touch of Truth?

On our heads be the sin, then, set!
We 'll bear all the shame divine:
But we 'll never disown the debt
That we owe to our noble Rhine!
O the Rhine! the Rhine! the broad and the grand,
Is the river that runs through Rhine-land!

XCVI. — SWEET FRIEND, WHERE SLEEPS THY SONG?

Sweet friend! where sleeps thy song?
Ah, wherefore hath it lain so long
In idle slumbers?
Quick thou, the ancient bondage break,
And bid its dreaming soul awake
In airy numbers!

Bid it burst forth, like Spring,
When first the youthful rivers sing, —
The small, bright river,
That runneth laughing from the earth,
And thinketh, in its new-born mirth,
To live for ever!

Bid it come forth, like Spring,
When brooks and trees their music bring,
And fields their flowers;
And we will hearken all, and hoard
Thy sweet, sweet thoughts, like riches stored,
For after hours!

XCVII. — THE HIRLAS HORN.

Fill high, fill high the Hirlas horn,
Rimmed, with sunlight, like the morn!
Deep, and vast, and fit to drown
All the troubles of a crown;
Deep, and vast, and crowned with mead,
'T is a cup for kings indeed,
Full of courage, full of worth,
Making man a god on earth!
Warriors, Heroes, Cambrian-born,
Drink, — from the Hirlas horn!

Hide with foam the golden tip;
Make it rich for a prince's lip!
Here 's to the fame of Roderick dead!
Bards! why do your harps not shed
Music? Come, — a mighty draught
To dead Roderick's name be quaffed!
Tell us all the hero won,
All he did, from sun to sun!
Bards, and Heroes, Cambrian-born,
Drink, — from the Hirlas horn!

Fill the horn to Madoc's name,
First in the mighty race of fame,
Eagle-hearted, eagled-eyed,
All hearts shuddered when he died!
Yet, why so? for Tudor rose
Like a lion upon our foes; —

Like the wild, storm-smitten ocean,
When he puts his strength in motion!
Come, brave Spirits, Cambrian-born,
Drink, — from the Hirlas horn!

Cambrian people — Cambrian mountains,
Back into your wizard fountains
(Where the Druid seers are dwelling)
Shout unto the crowned Llewellin!
Patriot! Hero! Monarch! Friend!
Wreathed with virtues without end!
First of men 'tween Earth and Sky!
The sword and the shield of Liberty!
Drink, all Spirits, Cambrian-born,
Drink to the good, great crowned Llewellin?
Drink, — from the Hirlas horn!

XCVIII. — COME! LET US GO TO THE LAND.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIGNOR VERINI.

Come, — let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let 's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow!

There, — in the beautiful South,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That Love never fades, though violets die!

XCIX.—THE LEVELLER.

The king he reigns on a throne of gold,
Fenced round by his "power divine";
The baron he sits in his castle old,
Drinking his ripe red wine:
But below, below, in his ragged coat,
The beggar he tuneth a hungry note,
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.
So the world goes!
So the stream flows!
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,
Who maketh all free
On land and sea,
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee!

The lady lies down in her warm, white lawn,
And dreams of her pearled pride;
The milkmaid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,
Sad songs on the cold hill-side:
And the Saint he leaves (while he prattles of faith)
Good deeds to the sinner, as scandal saith,
And the scholar he bows to the face of brass,
And the wise man he worships the golden ass!
So the world goes, &c.

C.—THE SECRET OF SINGING.

Lady, sing no more!
Silence all is vain,
Till the heart be touched, lady,
And give forth its pain.

'T is a hidden lyre,
Cherished near the sun,
O'er whose witching wire, lady,
Faery fingers run.

Pity comes in tears,
From her home above,
Hope and sometimes Fears, lady,
And the wizard, — Love!

Each doth search the heart,
To its utmost springs,
And when they depart, lady,
Then the Spirit sings!

SONGS, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

PART THE THIRD.

CI.—THE FIGHT OF RAVENNA.

He is bound for the wars,
  He is armed for the fight,
With lion-like sinews,
  And the heart of a knight;
All hidden in steel,
  Like the sun in a cloud,
And he calls for his charger,
  Who neigheth aloud;
And he calls for his page,
  Who comes forth like the light;
And they mount and ride off,
  For the Brescian fight.

Count Gaston de Foix
  Is the heir of Narbonne,
But his page is an orphan,
  Known, — linked unto none;
The master is young,
  But as bold as the blast;
The servant all tender, —
  Too tender to last;
A bud that was born
  For the summer-soft skies,
But, left to wild winter,
  Unfoldeth, and dies!

"Come forward, my young one,
  Ride on by my side;
What, child, wilt thou quell
  The Castilian pride?"
Thus speaks the gay soldier,
  His heart in his smile,
But his page blushes deep, —
  Was it anger? — the while.
Was it anger? Ah, no:
  For the tender dark eye
Saith, — "Master, for thee
  I will live, I will die!"

They speed to the field,
  Storm-swift in their flight,

And Brescia falleth,
  Like fruit in a blight;
Scarce a blow for a battle,
  A shout for her fame;
All 's lost, — given up
  To the sound of a name!
But Ravenna hath soldiers
  Whose hearts are more bold,
Whose wine is all Spanish,
  Whose pay is all gold.

So he turns, with a laugh
  Of contempt for his foe,
And now girdeth his sword
  For a weightier blow.
Straight forward he rideth
  Till night 's in the sky,
When the page and the master
  Together must lie.
Where loiters the page?
  Ha! he hangeth his head,
And with forehead like fire
  He shunneth the bed.

"Now rest thee, my weary one;
  Drown thee in sleep!
The great sun himself
  Lieth down in the deep;

The beast on his pasture,
  The bird on his bough,
The lord and the servant
  Are slumberers now."
"I am wont," sighed the page,
  "A long watching to keep;
But my lord shall lie down
  While I charm him to sleep."

Soon (cased in his armor)
  Down lieth the knight,
And the page he is tuning
  His cittern aright.
At last, through a voice
  That is tender and low,
The melody mourns
  Like a stream at its flow,—
Sad, gentle, uncertain,
  As the life of a dream;
And thus the page singeth,
  With love for his theme:—

SONG.

1.

THERE lived a lady, long ago;
  Her heart was sad and dark,—ah, me!
Dark with a single secret woe,
  That none could ever see!

2.

She left her home, she lost her pride,
Forgot the jeering world, — ah, me!
And followed a knight, and fought, and died,
All for the love of — chivalry!

3.

She died, — and when in her last dull sleep
She lay all pale and cold, — ah, me!
They read of a love as wild and deep
As the dark, deep sea!

The song 's at an end!
But the singer, so young,
Still weeps at the music
That fell from his tongue:
His hands are enclasped;
His cheeks are on fire;
And his black locks, unloosened,
Lie mixed with the wire:
But his lord — *he* reposes
As calm as the night,
Until dawn cometh forth
With her summons of light:

Then — onwards they ride
Under clouds of the vine;
Now silent, now singing
Old stories divine;
Now resting awhile,
Near the cool of a stream,

Now wild for the battle;
Now lost in a dream:
At last — they are threading
The forest of pines,
And Ravenna beleaguered
By chivalry shines!
* * *
Ravenna! Ravenna!
Now "God for the right!"
For the Gaul and the Spaniard
Are full in the fight.
French squadrons are charging,
Some conquer, some reel;
Wild trumpets are braying
Aloud for Castile!
Each cannon that roareth
Bears blood on its sound,
And the dead and the dying
Lie thick on the ground.

Now shrieks are the music
That 's borne on the gust,
And the groan of the war-horse
Who dies in the dust:
Now Spaniards are cheered
By the "honor" they love;
Now France by the flower
That bloometh above;
And, indeed, o'er the riot,
The steam, and the cloud,

Still the Oriflamme floateth, —
The pride of the proud!

What ho! for King Louis!
What ho! for Narbonne!
Come, soldiers! 't is Gaston
Who leadeth ye on!
'T is Gaston, your brother,
Who waveth his hand;
Who fights, as *ye* fight,
For the vine-covered land!
'T is Gaston, — 't is Gaston,
The last of his name,
Who fights for sweet France,
And will die for her fame!

"Come forward! Come" —— Ha!
What is doing? He stops!
Why? why? By Saint Denis!
He staggers, — he drops!
'T was something — 't was nothing —
A shot and a sound;
Yet the ever-bright hero
Lies low on the ground!
He loseth his eye-sight —
He loseth his breath —
He smiles — Ah! his beauty
Is darkened by death!

No pause — not an instant —
For wailing or woe!

For the battle still rageth;
  Still fighteth the foe;
Again roar the cannon —
  Again flies the ball —
And the heart of the Spaniard
  Spouts blood on the Gaul!
Strong armor is riven,
  Proud courage laid low,
And Frenchmen and foemen
  Are dead at a blow!

O, the bellowing thunders!
  The shudders — the shocks!
When thousands 'gainst thousands
  Come clashing like rocks!
When the rain is all scarlet,
  And clouds are half fire,
And men's sinews are snapped
  Like the threads of a lyre!
When each litter 's a hearse,
  And each bullet a knell, —
When each breath is a curse,
  And each bosom — a hell!
  * * *
Mourn, Soldiers, — he 's dead!
  The last heir of Narbonne!
The bravest — the best!
  But the battle is won!
The Spaniards have flown
  To their fosse-covered tent;

And the victors are left
To rejoice and lament!
They still have proud leaders,
Still chivalry brave;
But the *first* of their heroes
Lies dumb in the grave!

They bear him in honor;
They laurel his head;
But, who meets the pale burthen,
And drops by the dead?
The Page? — No, — the WOMAN!
Who followed her love
And who 'll follow him still
(If it *may* be) — above;
Who 'll watch him, and tend him,
On earth, or in sky;
Who was ready to live for him, —
Ready to die!

... A month has flown by,
On the wings of the year;
And a train of sad maidens
Droop after a bier;
No crown on the coffin —
No name on the lid —
Yet the flower of all Provence
Within it is hid!
Blanche — Countess, — and heiress —
Who loved like the sun,
Lies, at last, by the side
Of the heir of Narbonne!

. . . O Courage! dost *always*
Pay blood for a name?
True Love! must thou *ever*-more
Die for thy fame?
'T were sweet — could it be —
That the lover should dwell
In the bosom (a heaven!)
He loveth so well:
But, if *not* — why, then, Death,
Be thou just to his worth,
And sweep him at once
From the scorn of the earth!

CII. — THE FIRE-FLY.

Tell us, O Guide! by what strange natural laws
This winged flower throws out, night after night,
Such lunar brightness? *Why*, — for what grave cause
Is this earth-insect crowned with heavenly light?
Peace! Rest content! See where, by cliff and dell,
Past tangled forest paths and silent river,
The little lustrous creature guides us well,
And where we fail, his small light aids us ever.

Night's shining servant! Pretty star of earth!
I ask not why thy lamp doth ever burn.
Perhaps it is thy very life, — thy mind;
And thou, if robbed of that strange right of birth,
Might be no more than Man, — when Death doth turn
His beauty into darkness, cold and blind!

CIII. — THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look, — how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float!
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins, —
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire, —
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, — was born
Here, upon a red March morn:
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,

And the last of that great line
Trod like one of a race divine!
And yet, — he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With *him*, a roving Bedouin,
He lived, — (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day,) —
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

CIV. — HIDDEN THOUGHTS.

Some joys we loudly tell;
Some thoughts we keep apart,
Fenced round, and bid them dwell
In inmost heart.

Close in that heart (their den)
The tiger passions sleep:
There, too, shut out from men,
Resolve lies deep.

There dreams repose, — so fair,
So frail, that but to sigh
Their names unto the air
Would force them die.

These give, like violets hid,
A perfume to the mind, —
Give sight, as once they did,
To poet blind!

CV. — AN EPISTLE TO CHARLES LAMB,

ON HIS EMANCIPATION FROM CLERKSHIP.

(WRITTEN OVER A FLASK OF SHERRIS.)

DEAR LAMB, I drink to thee, — to *thee*
Married to sweet Liberty!

What! old friend, and art thou freed
From the bondage of the pen?
Free from care and toil indeed?
Free to wander amongst men
When and howsoe'er thou wilt?
All thy drops of labor spilt,
On those huge and figured pages,
Which will sleep unclasped for ages,
Little knowing who did wield
The quill that traversed their white field?

Come, — another mighty health!
Thou hast earned thy sum of wealth, —
Countless ease, — immortal leisure, —
Days and nights of boundless pleasure,
Checquered by no dream of pain,
Such as hangs on clerk-like brain

Like a nightmare, and doth press
The happy soul from happiness.

O, happy thou, — whose all of time
(Day and eve, and morning prime)
Is filled with talk on pleasant themes, —
Or visions quaint, which come in dreams
Such as panthered Bacchus rules,
When his rod is on "the schools,"
Mixing wisdom with theirwine; —
Or, perhaps, thy wit so fine
Strayeth in some elder book,
Whereon our modern Solons look
With severe, ungifted eyes,
Wondering what thou seest to prize.
Happy thou, whose skill can take
Pleasure at each turn, and slake
Thy thirst by every fountain's brink,
Where less wise men would pause to shrink:
Sometimes 'mid stately avenues
With Cowley thou, or Marvel's muse,
Dost walk; or Gray, by Eton towers;
Or Pope, in Hampton's chestnut bowers;
Or Walton, by his loved Lea stream:
Or dost thou with our Milton dream
Of Eden and the Apocalypse,
And hear the words from his great lips?

Speak, — in what grove or hazel shade,
For "musing meditation made,"

Dost wander ? — or on Penshurst lawn,
Where Sidney's fame had time to dawn
And die, ere yet the hate of Men
Could envy at his perfect pen ?
Or, dost thou, in some London street
(With voices filled and thronging feet,)
Loiter, with mien 'twixt grave and gay, —
Or take, along some pathway sweet,
Thy calm suburban way ?

Happy beyond that man of Ross,
Whom mere content could ne'er engross,
Art thou, — with hope, health, "learned leisure,"
Friends, books, thy thoughts, an endless pleasure !
— Yet — yet, — (for when was pleasure made
Sunshine all without a shade ?)
Thou, perhaps, as now thou rovest
Through the busy scenes thou lovest,
With an Idler's careless look,
Turning some moth-pierced book,
Feel'st a sharp and sudden woe
For visions vanished long ago !
And then, thou think'st how time has fled
Over thy unsilvered head,
Snatching many a fellow-mind
Away, and leaving — what ? — behind !
Nought, alas ! save joy and pain
Mingled ever, like a strain
Of music where the discords vie
With the truer harmony.

So, perhaps, with thee the vein
Is sullied ever, — so the chain
Of habits and affections old,
Like a weight of solid gold,
Presseth on thy gentle breast,
Till sorrow rob thee of thy rest.

Ay: so 't must be! — Ev'n I, (whose lot
The Fairy Love so long forgot,)
Seated beside this Sherris wine,
And near to books and shapes divine,
Which poets and the painters past
Have wrought in lines that aye shall last, —
Ev'n I, with Shakspeare's self beside me,
And one whose tender talk can guide me
Through fears, and pains, and troublous themes,
Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
Like sunshine on a stormy sea, —
Want *something* — when I think of thee!

CVI. — SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
  The moments flying:
Come, — tell the sweet amount
  That 's lost by sighing!
How many smiles? — a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
    For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
  And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
  The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
    Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same:
  We love — for ever;
We laugh; yet few we shame,
  The gentle, never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then — hope and happy skies
    Are thine for ever!

CVII. — A CHAMBER SCENE.

Tread softly through these amorous rooms ;
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses, in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and winged perfumes !
From Afric, and the Persian looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms.

Tread softly ! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals ;
And Passion fills the arched halls ;
And Beauty floats upon the air.

Tread softly, — softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
O, look ! — for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair Spirits of the heart and mind ;
Alas ! that one should stray from truth ;
And one — be ever, ever blind !

CVIII. — COURAGE.

Courage ! — Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land ;
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee,
Thou freed giant, Liberty !
O, no mountain-nymph art thou,
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land !

Courage ! — Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good ;
Armed with all their fathers' fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to heaven and heavenly worth,
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage ! — There is none so poor,
(None of all who wrong endure,)
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his Maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.

Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What! though sunken be the sun,
There are stars when day is done!

Courage! — Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side?
Courage! — Hope, howe'er he fly
For a time, can *never* die!
Courage, therefore, brother men!
Cry, "*God!* and to the fight again!"

CIX. THE FISHERMAN.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. LEE.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
O'er the wild waters laboring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compelled to roam,
Few hearts to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife.
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare:
Without the comfort, hope, — with scarce a friend,
He looks through life and only sees — its end!

CX. — THE PAUPER'S JUBILEE.

HURRAH! Who was e'er so gay,
As we merry folks to-day?
Brother Beggars, do not stare,
But toss your rags into the air,
And cry, "No work, and better fare!"
Each man, be he saint or sinner,
Shall to-day have — MEAT for *Dinner!!!*

Yesterday, O, yesterday!
That indeed was a bad day;
Iron bread, and rascal gruel,
Water drink, and scanty fuel,
With the beadle at our backs,
Cursing us as we beat flax,
Just like twelve Old Bailey Varlets,
Amongst oakum-picking harlots!

Why should we such things endure?
Though we be the parish Poor,
This is usage bad and rough.
Are not age and pain enough?
Lonely age, unpitied pain?
With the Ban that, like a chain,

To our prison bare hath bound us,
And the unwelcomed Winter round us ?

Why should we for ever work ?
Do we starve beneath the Turk,
That, with one foot in the grave,
We should still toil like the slave ?
Seventy winters on our heads,
Yet we freeze on wooden beds !
With one blanket for a fold,
That lets in the horrid cold,
And cramps and agues manifold !

Yet, — sometimes we 're merry people,
When the chimes clang in the steeple :
If 't be summer-time, we all
(Dropsied, palsied, crippled,) crawl
Underneath the sunny wall :
Up and down like worms we creep,
Or stand still and fall asleep,
With our faces in the sun,
Forgetting all the world has done !

If 't be May, with hawthorn blooms
In our breasts, we sit on tombs,
And spell o'er, with eager ken,
The epitaphs of *older* men,
(Choosing those, for some strange reasons,
Who 've weathered ninety, — a hundred seasons,)

Till forth at last we shout in chorus,
" We 've thirty good years *still* before us ! "

But to-day 's a bonny day !
What shall we be doing ?
What 's the use of saving money,
When rivers flow with milk and honey ?
Prudence is our ruin.
What have we to do with care ?
Who, to be a pauper's heir,
Would mask his false face in a smile,
Or hide his honest hate in guile ?

But come, — why do we loiter here ?
Boy, go get us some small beer :
Quick ! 't will make our blood run quicker,
And drown the devil Pain in liquor !
March so fierce is almost past,
April will be here at last,
And May must come,
When bees do hum,
And Summer over cold victorious !
Hurrah ! 'T is a prospect glorious !
Meat ! Small Beer ! and *Warmer Weather !*
Come, boys, — let 's be mad together !

CXI. — THE FALCON.

AFTER A PAINTING BY TITIAN.

The Falcon is a noble bird,
And when his heart of hearts is stirred,
He 'll seek the eagle, though he run
Into his chamber near the sun.
Never was there brute or bird,
Whom the woods or mountains heard,
That could force a fear or care
From him, — the Arab of the air!

To-day he sits upon a wrist,
Whose purple veins a queen has kissed,
And on him falls a sterner eye
Than he can face where'er he fly,
Though he scale the summit cold
Of the Grimsel, vast and old, —
Though he search yon sunless stream,
That threads the forest like a dream.

Ah, noble Soldier! noble Bird!
Will your names be ever heard, —
Ever seen in future story,
Crowning it with deathless glory?
Peace, ho! — the master's eye is drawn
Away unto the bursting dawn!
Arise, thou bird of birds, arise,
And seek thy quarry in the skies!

CXII. — THE PAST.

This common field, this little brook, —
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,
Oftener than on the heavens blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'T is thirty — *can* it be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watched the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow:
Ah! *can* it be so long ago?

It cometh back; — so blythe, so bright,
It hurries to my eager ken,
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear, dazzling scene; —
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so *plainly* say, — "Rejoice."

Yet Nature surely never ranges,
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;
But, ever joyful, merely changes
The primrose for the thistle-down.
'*T is we* alone who, waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years!

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry, — as they both have been
When I was here an urchin strong?
Ah, true, — too true! I *see* the sun
Through thirty winter years hath run,
For grave eyes, mirrored in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!

So be it! I have lost, — and won!
For, once, the past was poor to me, —
The future dim; and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I *felt* not — *knew* no grateful pleasure:
All seemed but as the common measure:
But NOW — the experienced Spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold!

CXIII. — SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

Come here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep!
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
For Love's sweet dream;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh — alway!

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,
And dream — till morn!

CXIV. — THE SONG OF A FELON'S WIFE.

The brand is on thy brow,
A dark and guilty spot;
'T is ne'er to be erased!
'T is ne'er to be forgot!

The brand is on thy brow,
Yet *I* must shade the spot:
For who will love thee now,
If *I* love thee not?

Thy soul is dark, — is stained, —
From out the bright world thrown;
By God and man disdained,
But not by *me*, — thy own!

O, even the tiger slain
Hath *one* who ne'er doth flee,
Who soothes his dying pain! —
That one am I to thee!

CXV.—TO THE SINGER PASTA.

NEVER till now,—never till now, O Queen
And Wonder of the enchanted world of sound!
Never till now was such bright creature seen,
Startling to transport all the regions round!
Whence com'st thou—with those eyes and that fine mien,
Thou sweet, sweet singer?—Like an angel found
Mourning alone, thou seem'st (thy mates all fled)
A star 'mongst clouds,—a spirit 'midst the dead.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee! Sorrow sings
Perpetual sweetness near,—divine despair!
Thou speak'st,—and Music, with her thousand strings,
Gives golden answers from the haunted air!
Thou mov'st,—and round thee Grace her beauty flings!
Thou look'st,—and Love is born! O songstress rare!
Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
In those resistless tones,—in those dark eyes?

O, I have lived—how long!—with one deep treasure,
One fountain of delight unlocked, unknown;
But *thou*, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
Hast come at last, and struck my heart of stone;
And now outgushes, without stint or measure,
The endless rapture,—and in places lone

I shout it to the stars and winds that flee,
And *then* I think on all I owe to thee!

I see thee at all hours, — beneath all skies, —
In every shape thou tak'st, or passionate path:
Now art thou like some winged thing that cries
Over a city flaming fast to death;
Now, in thy voice, the mad Medea dies:
Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath: —
All things thou art by turns, — from wrath to love;
From the queen eagle to the vestal dove!

Horror is stern and strong, and death (unmasked
In slow, pale silence, or 'mid brief eclipse);
But what are they to *thy* sweet strength, when tasked
To its height, — with all the God upon thy lips?
Not even the cloudless days and riches, asked
By one who in the book of darkness dips,
Vies with that radiant wealth which they inherit
Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown!
Yet, what are kingly gifts to thy fair fame,
Whose echoes shall all vulgarer triumphs drown, —
Whose light shall darken every meaner name?
The gallant courts thee for his own renown;
Mimicking thee, he plays love's pleasant game;
The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse;
And I — alas! — I can but bring my verse!

CXVI.—FULLER'S BIRD.

"I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who, coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

The wild-winged creature, clad in gore,
(His bloody human meal being o'er,)
Comes down to the water's brink:
'T is the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks — alarmed — amazed,
And dares not drink.

"Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Preyed on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to-day?"—
Once more he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look;
Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark, wild wood;
And there, 'midst briars and sheltering weeds,
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

And in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines, until he dies;
And, when all 's o'er, ——

What follows? — Nought! his brothers slake
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

So fable flows! — But would you find
Its moral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;
Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And forehead read "*The Harpy's*" name;
But no remorse!

CXVII. — THE SEA, — IN CALM.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us! — Mark! how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible Ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! No billow roars:
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores!
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound:
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!

What! is the Giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatched beneath the sun?
No; he reposes! Now his toils are done,
More quiet than the babbling brooks is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

CXVIII.—A HYMN OF EVIL SPIRITS.

THE Moon is shining on her way,
The planets, yet undimmed by sleep,
Drink light from the far-flaming day,
Who still is hid beyond the deep:
But *here* both men and Spirits weep,
And earth all mourneth unto air,
Because there liveth nothing fair,
Nor great, save on the azure steep.

And on that hill of Heaven, none
Of human strength or thought may climb;
For there bright Angels lie alone,
Reposing since the birth of Time.
They bask beneath HIS looks sublime;
But nought of ease or hope is here,
Where sleep is linked to dreams of fear,
And error to the pains of crime.

The moon is come,— but she shall go:
The stars are in their azure nest;
The jaded wind shall cease to blow;
But when shall WE have hope or rest?
Now some are sad, and some are blessed;
But what to us is smile or sigh?
Though Peace, the white-winged dove, be nigh,
It ne'er must be the Spirit's guest!

Behold! The young and glistening Hour
Comes riding through the gate of morn,
And we awhile must quit our power,
And vanish from a world we scorn.
Look! Flattering sin begins to dawn
From man's false lips and woman's eyes,
And hopes and hearts are racked and torn
In God's green, earthly paradise!

CXIX.—SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom:
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies,—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, for evermore,—
For ever—evermore!

CXX.—A THOUGHT ON A RIVULET.

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free!
  Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever,—
  A shining, dancing, babbling river;
And thus 't will ever be.
'T will run, from mountain to the main,
  With just the same sweet, babbling voice
  That now sings out, "Rejoice,—rejoice!"
Perhaps 't will be a chain
That will a thousand years remain,—
Ay, through all times and changes last,
And link the present to the past.
Perhaps upon this selfsame spot,
Hereafter, may a merry knot
(My children's children!) meet and play,
And think on *me*, some summer day;
And smile (perhaps through youth's brief tears,
While thinking back through wastes of years),
And softly say,—
"'T was here the old man used to stray,
And gaze upon the sky; and dream
(Long, long ago!) by this same stream.
He 's in his grave! Ungentle Time
Hath dealt but harshly with his rhyme;
But *We* will ne'er forget that he
Taught us to love this river free."

CXXI.—I LOVED HER WHEN SHE LOOKED FROM ME.

I LOVED her when she looked from me,
And hid her stifled sighs:
I loved her, too, when she did smile
With shy and downcast eyes,
The light within them rounding "like
The young moon in its rise."

I loved her!—Dost thou love no more,
Now she from thee is flown,
To some far distant, distant shore
Unfettered, and alone?
Peace, peace! I know her: She will come
Again, and be mine own.

A kiss—a sigh—a little word
We changed, when we did part;
No more; yet read I in her eyes
The promise of her heart;
And Hope (who from all others flies)
From *me* will ne'er depart.

So here I live,—a lover lone,
Contented with my state,
More sure of love, if she return,
Than others are of hate:
And if she die?—I too can die,
Content still with my fate.

CXXII. — A STORM.

The Spirits of the mighty Sea
To-night are 'wakened from their dreams,
And upwards to the tempest flee,
Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky!

The Spirits of the sea are waging
Loud war upon the peaceful Night,
And bands of the black winds are raging
Thorough the tempest blue and bright;
Blowing her cloudy hair to dust
With kisses, like a madman's lust!

What Ghost now, like an Até, walketh
Earth, — ocean, — air? and aye with Time,
Mingled, as with a lover talketh?
Methinks their colloquy sublime
Draws anger from the sky, which raves
Over the self-abandoned waves!

Behold! like millions massed in battle,
The trembling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps, which rattle
In mighty transport till they grow

All fruitful in their rocky home,
And burst from frenzy into foam.

And look! where on the faithless billows
  Lie women, and men, and children fair;
Some hanging, like sleep, to their swollen pillows,
  With helpless sinews and streaming hair,
And some who plunge in the yawning graves!
Ah! lives there no strength beyond the waves?

'T is said, the Moon can rock the Sea
  From frenzy strange to silence mild,—
To sleep,—to death:—But where is *She*,
  While now her storm-born giant child
Upheaves his shoulder to the skies?
Arise, sweet planet pale,—arise!

She cometh,—lovelier than the dawn
  In summer, when the leaves are green,
More graceful than the alarmed fawn,
  Over his grassy supper seen:
Bright quiet from her beauty falls,
Until—again the tempest calls!

The supernatural Storm,—he 'waketh
  Again, and lo! from sheets all white,
Stands up unto the stars, and shaketh
  Scorn on the jewelled locks of Night.
He carries a ship on his foaming crown,
And a cry, like Hell, as he rushes down!

And so still soars from calm to storm
  The stature of the unresting Sea: —
So doth desire or wrath deform
  Our else calm humanity, —
    Until at last we sleep,
    And never 'wake nor weep;
(Hushed to death, by some faint tune,)
In our grave beneath the Moon!

CXXIII. — PARENTS' LOVE.

Young Love! what have thy dreams above,
  Thy hope, thy gladness, thy despair,
That with the *parent's* painful love
  May dare compare?

Thy hopes are like the misty cloud;
  Thy gladness like the shrinking stream;
Thy loud despair all over-loud;
  Thy life — a dream!

But deeper than the unfathomed Main,
  The parent's voiceless love e'er lies;
  nd, O, the dread, the *death*, the pain,
  When all hope dies!

CXXIV. — THE VAIN REGRET.

O, HAD I nursed, when I was young,
The lessons of my father's tongue,
(The deep, laborious thoughts he drew
From all he saw and others knew,)
I might have been, — ah, me!
Thrice sager than I e'er shall be.
For what saith Time?
Alas! he only shews the truth
Of all that I was told in youth!

The thoughts now budding in my brain, —
The wisdom I have bought with pain, —
The knowledge of life's brevity, —
Frail friendship, — false philosophy,
And all that issues out of woe,
Methinks, were taught me long ago!
Then what says Time?
Alas! he but brings back the truth
Of all I heard (and lost!) in youth.

Truths! — hardly learned and lately brought
From many a far, forgotten scene!
Had I but listened, as I ought,
To your voices, sage, — serene,
O, what might I not have been
In the realms of thought!

CXXV.—THE VIOLET.

I LOVE all things the seasons bring,
All buds that start, all birds that sing,
All leaves, from white to jet;
All the sweet words that summer sends,
When she recalls her flowery friends,
But chief — the Violet!

I love, how *much* I love the rose,
On whose soft lips the South-wind blows,
In pretty, amorous threat;
The lily, paler than the moon,
The odorous, wondrous world of June,
Yet more — the Violet!

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
That Heaven upon the earth doth fling,
Ere Winter's star has set:
She dwells behind her leafy screen,
And gives, as Angels give, unseen,
So, love — the Violet!

What modest thoughts the Violet teaches,
What gracious boons the Violet preaches,
Bright maiden, ne'er forget!
But learn, and love, and so depart,
And sing thou, with thy wiser heart,
"*Long live the Violet!*"

CXXVI. — BEAUTY

Painters, — Poets, — who can tell
What Beauty is, — bright miracle?
Sometimes brown and sometimes white,
She shifts from darkness into light,
Swimming on with such fine ease
That we miss her small degrees,
Knowing not that she hath ranged
Till we find her sweetly changed.

They are poets false who say
That Beauty must be fair as day,
And that the rich red rose
On her cheek for ever glows,
Or that the cold white lily lieth
On her breast, and never flieth.
Beauty is not so unkind,
Not so niggard, not so blind,
As yield her favor but to one,
When she may walk unconfined,
Associate with the unfettered Wind,
And wander with the Sun.
No; she spreads her gifts, her grace,
O'er every color, every face.
She can laugh, and she can breathe
Freely where she will, — beneath
Polar darkness, tropic star,
Impoverished Delhi, dark Bahár,
And all the regions, bright and far,
Where India's sweet-voiced women are!

CXXVII. — SYBILLA.

Sybilla! Dost thou love?
O, swear! O, swear!
By those stedfast stars above!
By this pure, sweet air!
By all things true, and deep, and fair!
By hearts made rich with love,
Made wise by care!

Sybilla! I love *thee!*
I swear, I swear, —
By all bright things that be!
By thyself, my fair!
By thine eyes, and motions free!
By thy *sting*, thou honey-bee!
By thy angel thoughts, that flee
Singing through the golden air,
I swear, I swear!

Sybilla! dost thou frown?
Beware, beware!
If scorn thy beauty crown,
I fly, — yet where?
Why are thine eyes withdrawn?
Why dost thou turn, thou fawn?
Look on me, like the dawn
On weeping air!
She smiles — O Beauty blessed,
Take, — take me to thy breast,
And cure all care!

CXXVIII. — A MIDSUMMER FANCY.

Come hither! Let thou and I
  Mount on the dolphin, Pleasure,
  And dive through the azure air!
Would 't not be fine, — would 't not be rare
To live in that sweet, sweet sea, the air, —
That ocean which hath no measure,
  No peril, no rocky shore,
(But only its airy, airy streams,
And its singing stars, and its orbed dreams,)
  For ever and evermore!

Of its wild and its changing weather
  What matter — how foul or fair?
We will ever be found together;
Ah! then, sweet Love, what care,
  Whether we haunt on the earth or air?
In ocean or inland stream?
Or are lost in some endless, endless dream?
Or are bodiless made, like the tender sprite
Of Love, who watched me but yesternight,
With moon-flowers white on her whiter brow,
  And smiled and sighed,
  In her sad, sweet pride,
As *Thou*, fair girl! dost now.

CXXIX. — PAST AND PRESENT.

In earlier days, in happier hours,
I watched and wandered with the Sun:
  I saw him when the East was red;
  I saw him when the day was dead, —
All his earthly journey done!
Looks of love were in the West,
But he passed, — and took no rest!

O'er the immeasurable blue,
Across the rain, amid the blast,
  Onwards and onwards, like a God,
  Through the trackless air he trod,
Scattering bounties as be passed
By the portals of the West, —
And never shut his eyes in rest!

O, how — in those too happy hours —
How deeply then did I adore
  The bright, unwearied, sleepless Sun,
  And wish, just thus, my course to run, —
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturbed by rest or night.

But *now*, — since I have heard and seen
The many cares that trouble life,
The evil that requiteth good,
The benefits not understood,
Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
The hate, the lie, the bitter jest, —
I feel how sweet are night and rest!

And, O, what morning ever looked
So lovely as the quiet eve,
When low and fragrant winds arise,
And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave; —
Such as between the alders creep,
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep!

CXXX. — WILT THOU GO?

Wilt thou go? Thou 'lt come again?
Swear it, Love, by love's sweet pain!
Swear it, by the stars that glisten
In thy brow as thou dost listen!
Swear it, by the love-sick air,
Wandering, murmuring, here and there,
Seeking for some tender nest,
Yet, like thee, can never rest.
Swear! — and I shall safer be
Amidst love's sweet mutiny!

CXXXI. — ON SOME HUMAN BONES, FOUND ON A HEADLAND IN THE BAY OF PANAMA.

VAGUE Mystery hangs on all these desert places !
The fear which hath no name, hath wrought a spell !
Strength, courage, wrath — have been, and left no traces !
They came, — and fled ; but whither ? Who can tell ?

We know but that they *were*, — that once (in days
When ocean was a bar 'twixt man and man)
Stout spirits wandered o'er these capes and bays,
And perished where these river waters ran.

Methinks they should have built some mighty tomb,
Whose granite might endure the century's rain,
Cold winter, and the sharp night winds, that boom
Like Spirits in their purgatorial pain.

They left, 't is *said*, their proud, unburied bones
To whiten on this unacknowledged shore :
Yet nought beside the rocks and worn sea-stones
Now answer to the great Pacific's roar !

A mountain stands where Agamemnon died :
And Cheops hath derived eternal fame,
Because he made his tomb a place of pride :
And thus the dead Metella earned a name.

But *these*, — they vanished as the lightnings die
(Their mischiefs over) in the affrighted earth ;
And no one knoweth underneath the sky
What heroes perished here, nor whence their birth !

CXXXII. — AN IRISH SONG.

AIR — KATHLEEN O' MORE.

He is gone to the wars, and has left me alone,
The poor Irish soldier, unfriended, unknown,
My husband, my Patrick,
The bird of my bosom, — though now he is flown!

How I mourned for the boy! yet I murmured the more,
'Cause we once were so happy in darlin' Lismore,
Poor Ellen and Patrick! —
Perhaps he *now* thinks of poor Ellen no more!

A cabin we had, and the cow was hard by,
And a slip of a garden that gladdened the eye:
And there was our Patrick, —
Ne'er idle whilst light ever lived in the sky.

We married, — too young, and it 's likely too poor,
Yet no two were so happy in happy Lismore,
As Ellen and Patrick,
Till they tempted and took him away from our door.

He said he would bring me, ere Autumn should fall,
A linnet or lark that should come at my call:
Alas! the poor Patrick!
He has left me a bird that is sweeter than all.

'T was born in a hovel, 't was nourished in pain,
But it came in my grief, like a light on the brain,
(The child of poor Patrick,)
And taught me to hope for bright fortune again.

And now, — We two wander from door unto door,
And, sometimes, we steal back to happy Lismore,
And ask for poor Patrick;
And dream of the days when all wars will be o'er!

CXXXIII.—'T IS BETTER WE LAUGH THAN WEEP.

WHY, why doth your music grieve
In passion so grave and deep?
Ah! sweet Musicians, believe,
'T is better we laugh than weep.
Say, say, — both grave and gay,
Should we not laugh, whene'er we may?
Thro' day and night, thro' night and day?

Life, life has its share of pain;
Yet for *ever* why weep or fear?
Since the Past ne'er cometh again,
And To-morrow is not yet here?

All, all that is quite our own,
Is the minute we touch to-day,
And that, while we speak, is flown,
And beareth its ills away!

So, let not your music grieve
In melodies grave nor deep;
For, dear Musicians, believe,
'T is better we laugh than weep!

CXXXIV. — A DRINKING SONG.

Drink, and fill the night with mirth!
Let us have a mighty measure,
Till we quite forget the earth,
And soar into the world of pleasure.
Drink, and let a health go round,
('T is the drinker's noble duty,)
To the eyes that shine and wound,
To the mouths that bud in beauty!

Here 's to Helen! Why, ah! why
Doth she fly from my pursuing?
Here 's to Marian, cold and shy!
May she warm before thy wooing!
Here 's to Janet! I 've been e'er,
Boy and man, her staunch defender,
Always sworn that she was fair,
Always *known* that she was tender!

Fill the deep-mouthed glasses high,
Let them with the champagne tremble,
Like the loose wrack in the sky,
When the four wild winds assemble!
Here 's to all the love on earth,
(Love, the young man's, wise man's, treasure!)
Drink, and fill your throats with mirth!
Drink, and drown the world in pleasure!

CXXXV.—RIVER OF THE MORN.

River of the morn!
Fast thou flow'st and bright;
From the sundered East thou flowest,
Bearing down the Night:
Every cloud thy beauty drinketh;
Darkness from thy current shrinketh;
Leaving the heavens empty quite,
For the conquering Light!

O, the Thought new-born!
Lovely 't is, and bright:
Like some jewel of the morn,
Nursed in frozen night.
But it trembleth soon and groweth,
And dissolved in splendor floweth,
(Like the flooding dawn that pours
O'er and o'er the cloudy shores,)
Till blind Ignorance wings her flight
From the conquering Light!

O, ye Thoughts of youth,
Long since flown away!
What ye want in truth,
Ye in love repay!
Though in shadowy forests hidden,
Like the bird that 's lost and chidden,
Back again with all your songs
Ye do come, and soothe our wrongs,
Till the unburthened heart doth soar
Wiser than before!

CXXXVI. — SONG SHOULD BREATHE.

Song should breathe of scents and flowers;
  Song should like a river flow;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
  That we loved, — ah, long ago!

Song from baser thoughts should win us;
  Song should charm us out of woe;
Song should stir the heart within us,
  Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
  War and peace, and right and wrong, —
All things that the soul subdueth
  Should be vanquished, too, by Song.

Song should spur the mind to duty;
  Nerve the weak, and stir the strong:
Every deed of truth and beauty
  Should be crowned by starry Song!

CXXXVII.—SONG FOR OUR FATHER-LAND.

HURRAH! Here 's a health to the land,
Brave brothers, wherein we were born;
Here 's a health to the friend that we love!
Here 's a heart for the man that 's forlorn!
Let us drink unto all,
Who help us or lack us,
From the child and the poor man
To Ceres and Bacchus;
And to Plenty (thrice over!) not forgetting her horn!

Here 's a health to the Sun in the sky;
To the corn, — to the fruit in the ground;
To the fish, — to the brute, — to the bird;
To the vine, — may it spread and abound!
To good fellows and friends
Whom we love or who love us,
Far off us, or near us,
Below, or above us;
For a friend is a gem, — wheresoever he 's found!

Here 's a curse on bad times that are past!
Were they better — but now they 're no more!
So, here 's to all *Good*, — may it last!
And a health to THE FUTURE, — thrice o'er!
May the hope that we look upon
Never deceive us!
May the Spirit of good
Never fail us or leave us;
But stand up like a friend that is true to the core!

Ambition, — O, lay it in dust!
Revenge, — 't is a snake: let it die!
And for Pride, — let it feed on a crust,
Though sweet Pity look out from the sky!
But Wisdom and Hope,
And the *honest* endeavor, —
May they smile on us *now*,
And stand by us for ever,
Fast friends, wheresoever the tempest shall fly!

CXXXVIII. — THOU HAST LOVE WITHIN THINE EYES.

Thou hast love within thine eyes,
Though they be as dark as night;
And a pity (shewn by sighs)
Heaveth in thy bosom white:
What is all the azure light
Which the flaxen beauties shew,
If the scorn be sharp and bright,
Where the tender love should glow?

Do I love thee? — Lady, no!
I was born for other skies,
Where the palmy branches grow,
And the unclouded mornings rise:
There — (when sudden evening dies)
I will tell of thee, before
The beauty of Dione's eyes,
And she shall love thee evermore!

CXXXIX. — TO THE SNOW-DROP.

Pretty firstling of the year!
Herald of the host of flowers!
Hast thou left my cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours?
Back unto my earthern bowers!
Back to thy warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow!

Art *still* here? — Alive? and blythe?
Though the stormy Night hath fled,
And the Frost hath passed his scythe
O'er thy small, unsheltered head?
Ah! — some lie amidst the dead,
(Many a giant, stubborn tree, —
Many a plant, its spirit shed,)
That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
'Gainst the arrowy winter furred, —
Armed in scale, — but all forgot
When the frozen winds were stirred.
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
Should have hid thee in the earth,
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature, — deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother, still unknown!

Thou didst sure the Snow-drop gird
With an armor all thine own!
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season,
(Like a thought at random thrown,)
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 't were but to pierce the mind
With a single, gentle thought,
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind?
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?
Hoard the gentle virtue caught
From the Snow-drop, — reader wise!
Good is good, wherever taught,
On the ground or in the skies!

CXL. — WILT THOU LEAVE ME?

Wilt thou leave me? I did give
All my fond, true heart to *thee*,
Dreaming thou mightst scorn it not;
And canst thou abandon me?

I have loved, — O, word of love,
Bear me to thy star of bliss!
Let me know if worlds above
Can requite the pain of this?

I have loved, — O, lover, why
Must I all my fondness tell?
Do not — do not bid me die
At thy cruel word — "Farewell!"

CXLI. — IN COMMEMORATION OF HAYDN.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Come forth, victorious Sounds, — from harp and horn,
From viol, and trump, and echoing instruments!
A hundred years have flown! A hundred years
Of toil and strife, of joys and tears,
Have risen to life, and died 'midst vain laments,
Since that harmonious morn
Whereon the Muse's mighty Son was born!

Sound, — Immortal Music, sound!
Bid the golden words go round!
Every heart and tongue proclaim
Haydn's power! Haydn's fame!
Sing, — how well he earned his glory!
Sing, — how he shall live in story!
Sing, — how he *doth* live in light;
Shining like a star above us,
Bending down to cheer and love us,
Crowned with his own divine delight!
Sound, — Immortal Music, sound!
Bid thy golden words go round!

Every grand and gentle tone,
Every truth he made his own;
Gathering from the human mind
All the bloom that poets find, —

Gathering, from the winds and ocean,
Dreams, to feed his high emotion,
When the Muse was past control, —
Gathering, from all things that roll
Within Time's vast and starry round,
The thoughts that give a Soul to sound!

CXLII. — ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CHILD.

A YEAR — an age shall fade away,
(Ages of pleasure and of pain,
And yet the face I see to-day
For ever shall remain, —
In my heart and in my brain!
Not all the scalding tears of care
Shall wash away that vision fair;
Not all the thousand thoughts that rise,
Not all the sights that dim mine eyes,
Shall e'er usurp the place
Of that little angel face!
But here it shall remain
For ever; and if joy or pain
Turn my troubled winter gaze
Back unto my hawthorn days,
There, amongst the hoarded past,
I shall see it to the last;
The only thing, save poet's rhyme,
That shall not own the touch of Time!

CXLIII. — INSCRIPTIONS. — *More Græcum.*

I. For a Fountain.

Rest! This little Fountain runs
Thus for aye: — It never stays
For the look of summer suns,
Nor the cold of winter days.
Whosoe'er shall wander near,
When the Syrian heat is worst,
Let him hither come, nor fear
Lest he may not slake his thirst:
He will find this little river
Running still as bright as ever.
Let him drink, and onwards hie,
Bearing but in thought that I,
Erotas, bade the Naiad fall,
And thank the great god Pan for all!

II. For a Temple of Æsculapius.

In this high nook, built all by mortal hand,
An Epidaurian Temple, here I stand
Sacred to him who drives away disease,
And gives to all who seek him health and ease!
I stand devoted to the God of health, —
To Æsculapius old; built by the wealth
Of grateful men, who owe to his rare skill
Life, ease, and all that fortune spares them still!

III. For a Streamlet.

Traveller, note! Although I seem
But a little sparkling stream,
I come from regions where the sun
Dwelleth when his toil is done, —
From yon proud hills in the West.
Thence I come, and never rest,
Till (curling round the mountain's feet)
I find myself 'mid pastures sweet,
Vernal, green, and ever gay;
And then I gently slide away,
A thing of silence, — till I cast
My life into the sea at last!

IV. For an Antique Drinking Cup.

Drink! If thou find'st my round all filled with wine,
Which lifts men's creeping thoughts to dreams divine,
Drink, and become a God! Anacreon old
Once quenched his mighty thirst from out my gold:
Rich was I, red, and brimming; — but he laughed,
And, (tasting sparely,) drained me at a draught.
Bacchanal! If thou lov'st the Teian's fame,
Take courage, — grasp me fast, — and straight do Thou
the same!

CXLIV. — NAPOLEON.

Hark! the world is rent asunder:
Nations are aghast; and kings
(Mingling in the common wonder)
Shake, like humbler things.
Only thou art left alone,
Napoleon! Napoleon!

Plague, from out her trance awaking,
Quits her ancient hot domain;
And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
Shouts to thee — in vain!
Both to thee are now unknown,
Napoleon! Napoleon!

He who rode War's fiery billows
Once, and ruled their surges wild,
Now beneath Heléna's willows
Sleepeth — like a child!
All thy soaring spirit flown:
Napoleon! Napoleon!

In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
Humbly laid, and half forgot,
And nought, besides the willow, weepeth
O'er that silent spot!
Calm it is, and all thine own;
Napoleon! Napoleon!

But, — what columns teach his merit?
What rich ermines wrap him round? —

None ; — His proud and plumed Spirit
Crowns alone the ground !
Proud and pale, and all alone,
Lies the dead Napoleon !

CXLV. — GOLDEN-TRESSED ADELAIDE.

A SONG FOR A CHILD.

SET TO MUSIC BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Sing, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear !
Neither sad nor very long :
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed Adelaide !
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear !

Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear !
Shunning e'en the thought of pain :
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep ;
And *We* will not draw a single, single tear,
Mother dear !

Childhood should be all divine,
Mother dear !
And like an endless summer shine ;

Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes:
Therefore, bid thy song be merry: — dost thou hear,
Mother dear?

CXLVI. — LOVE FLYING.

Love flies, fond wretch, across the desert air;
Pursued by passionate thoughts and phantom fears,
His tender heart, though young, the home of care,
His eyes (now hidden) blind with many tears:
To what less hopeless region can he flee,
Sweet and gentle Iole!

Tell *me*, and bid me fly; and tell me, too,
Why Love goes weeping when he looks at thee?
Why do his eyes, like mine, forsake heaven's blue?
Why can we nothing see,
Save that one spot of earth where *Thou* mayst be?

Give me *one* smile, sweet heart! — for my eyes now
Grow dim, like Love's, with tears; and I could fade
Beneath the beauty of thy gentle brow,
Into the everlasting fatal shade,
Where cold Oblivion near pale Death is laid,
Could I but win one tender thought from *thee*,
Sweet, — sweet Iole!

CXLVII. — A DREAMER'S SONG.

I DREAM of thee at morn,
When all the earth is gay,
Save I, who live a life forlorn,
And die through a long decay.

I dream of thee at noon,
When the summer sun is high,
And the river sings a sleepy tune,
And the woods give no reply.

I dream of thee at eve,
Beneath the fading sun,
When even the winds begin to grieve;
And I dream till day is done.

I dream of thee at night,
When dreams, men say, are free:
Alas, thou dear — too dear delight!
When dream I *not* of thee?

CXLVIII. — A POET'S THOUGHT.

Tell me, what is a poet's thought?
  Is it on the sudden born?
Is it from the starlight caught?
Is it by the tempest taught?
  Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?
  Chained awhile, or nursed in night?
Was it wrought with toil and pain?
Did it bloom and fade again,
  Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
  Rather love its better part!
'T is a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
  From the Poet's heart.

CXLIX. — TO A LADY ATTIRING HERSELF.

For whom — (too happy for the earth or skies!)
  Dost thou adorn thee with such restless care?
Or veil the starlight beauty of thine eyes?
  Or bind in fatal wreaths thy golden hair?

He dies who looks on thee, . . . as *I* have died,
  (Love's ghost and victim,) slain by thy cold pride!
He dies, O, he *must* die! — but will he wander
  (As *I* have done) for ever round thy door?
Or on thy deadly beauty dream and ponder,
  (As I still dream) — for ever and evermore?

CL. — WILT THOU REMEMBER ME?

WILT thou remember me when I am gone, —
Gone to that leaden darkness, where men lie,
Shut out from friends, in chambers all of stone, —
Waiting my summons from the awful sky?

Think of me, *sometimes*, sweet! — all cold, — all pale,
Beyond the power of pain, — a Spirit taken
By Death to regions where no hearts awaken;
Where no hopes haunt us, — no wild sorrows wail, —
Where even *thy* love itself can then no more avail!

CLI. — I GO, AND SHE DOTH MISS ME NOT!

I GO, — and she doth miss me not!
So shall I die, and be forgot, —
Forgot, as is some sorrow past,
Or cloud by fleeting sickness cast.

Death, and the all absorbing tomb,
Will hide me in eternal gloom;
And she will live — as gay — alone,
As though I had been never known!

'T is well, perhaps, that this should be;
'T is, surely, well sad thoughts should flee!
Nor would I wish — when I am hid
Underneath the coffin's lid —
That thou shouldst spoil *one* blooming thought for me,
Fair and for-aye-beloved Iole!

CLII. — A PARTING SONG.

Wilt thou leave thy home so kind,
For the Ocean wild?
Canst thou leave *me*, old and blind,
Untender child?

Dost thou think the storms above thee
Will respect my son?
Dost thou dream the world will love thee,
As *I* have done?

Boy, through nights and years I 've nursed thee,
How — thy heart should tell,
And (come what will) I have not cursed thee;
And so — farewell!

CLIII. — I DIE FOR THY SWEET LOVE.

I DIE for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine;
And yet — I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now, —
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me:
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,
Who round the wild world laugh and rove;
I only think how sweet 't would be
To *die* for thy sweet love!

CLIV. — WHAT USE IS ALL THE LOVE I BEAR THEE?

What use is all the love I bear thee,
Without thy sweet return?
What use in Fate's cold, patient lesson,
Which *my* soul cannot learn?

I love thee — as, they tell in story,
Men love in burning climes;
And I let loose my wild heart before thee,
In burning, burning rhymes!

Were 't not for this, my chafed Spirit
Would burst its bonds and flee!
And *Thou?* Ah, yes, thy gentle heart
Would *still* give a thought to *me!*

CLV. — A FAREWELL.

Farewell! — Now Time must slowlier move
Than e'er since this dark world began!
And thou wilt give thy heaven of love
Unto another, happier man!

And *then* — I never more will see
Those eyes, — but hide, far off, my pain;
And thou wilt have forgotten *me*,
Or smile thou seest me not again.

Live happy, in thy happier lot;
And I will strive, (if 't so must be,)
To think 't is well to be forgot,
Since it may keep a pang from *thee.*

CLVI.—SHE SATE BY THE RIVER SPRINGS.

She sate by the river springs,
And bound her coal-black hair;
And she sang, as the cuckoo sings,
Alone, — in the Evening air,
With a patient smile, and a look of care,
And a cheek that was dusk, not fair: —
She sate, but her thoughts had wings,
That carried her sweet despair
Away to the azure plains,
Where Truth and the angels are:
She sang, — but she sang in vain:
Ah! why doth she sing again?

She mourns, like the sweet wind grieving in
The pines on an autumn night;
She will fade, like the fading Evening,
When Hesper is blooming bright:
And her song? — it must take its flight!
So pretty a song
Must die ere long,
Like a too, too sharp delight!

She *was* — like the rose in summer;
She *is* — like the lily frail;
Yet, they 'll welcome the sweet new-comer,
Below, in the regions pale!
And the ghost will forget his pain,
As he roams through the dusk alone:
And *We*? — We will mourn in vain,
O'er the Shadow of beauty flown!

CLVII.—A REPROACH.

Look gently on me! Thou dost move
(Yet why?) thine eyes away!
Dost dream that I could harm thee, Love,
Or thy sweet soul betray?

Know better! Some may seek their end,
Through all bad deeds that be:
But *I*—beyond the world thy friend—
Can never injure *thee!*

My love, my woe, I not deny;
And I *cannot* from them flee:
But—if thou biddest—I can die
Far—far away from thee!

CLVIII.—A CONCEIT.

Sweet sights, sweet scents, sweet sounds,
All to my sweet Love hie:
Some go their viewless rounds;
Some sail before her eye;
But the sweetest—O, the sweetest,
Deep in her bosom lie!

The violet comes to woo her,
With an eye like Heaven above;
Night's sweet bird mourns unto her;
Soft winds all round her rove;
And tender—tenderest thoughts pursue her,
With a voice as sweet as love!

CLIX. — A NIGHT SONG.

'T is Night! 't is Night, — the Hour of hours,
When Love lies down with folded wings,
By Psyche in her starless bowers,
And down his fatal arrows flings, —
Those bowers whence not a sound is heard,
Save only from the bridal bird,
Who 'midst that utter darkness sings:
This her burthen soft and clear, —
Love is here! Love is here!

'T is Night! The moon is on the stream;
Bright spells are on the soothed sea;
And Hope, the child, is gone to dream
Of pleasures which may never be!
And now is haggard Care asleep;
Now doth the widow Sorrow smile;
And slaves are hushed in slumber deep,
Forgetting grief and toil awhile!

What sight can fiery morning shew
To shame the stars or pale moonlight?
What bounty can the day bestow,
Like that which falls from gentle Night?
Sweet Lady, sing I not aright?
O, turn and tell me! — for the day
Is faint and fading fast away;
And now comes back the Hour of hours,
When Love his lovelier mistress seeks,
And sighs, like winds 'mong evening flowers,
Until the maiden Silence speaks!

Fair girl, methinks — nay, hither turn
Those eyes, which 'mid their blushes burn —
Methinks, at such a time one's heart
Can better bear both sweet and smart, —
Love's look — the first — which never dieth,
Or Death — who comes when Beauty flieth,
When strength is slain, when youth is past,
And all, save TRUTH, is lost at last!

CLX. — TO ADELAIDE.

CHILD of my heart! My sweet, beloved First-born!
Thou dove who tidings bring'st of calmer hours!
Thou rainbow who dost shine when all the showers
Are past, — or passing! Rose which hath no thorn, —
No spot, no blemish, — pure, and unforlorn!
Untouched, untainted! O my Flower of flowers!
More welcome than to bees are summer bowers,
To stranded seamen life-assuring morn!
Welcome, — a thousand welcomes! Care, who clings
Round all, seems loosening now its serpent fold:
New hope springs upward; and the bright World seems
Cast back into a youth of endless springs!
Sweet mother, is it so? — or grow I old,
Bewildered in divine Elysian dreams?

November, 1825.

CLXI. — A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

Send down thy winged angel, God!
Amidst this night so wild;
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep,
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth *not* to weep!

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love, — we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be;
We hope, — and have despaired, at times;
But *now* we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-souled angel, God!
Amidst the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child!

CLXII.—TO A VOYAGER.

My Love is journeying o'er the sea!
God guard her on the deep!
And force the Ocean harms to flee,
And bid the tempests sleep!
To-night she leaves our English strand,
To sail unto the Indian land!

She goes, all ignorant of my love!
And fit it thus should be!
For why should waves or winds above
Bear hopeless sighs from me?
'T is better I should bear — in vain,
Than *she* should answer — pain for pain!

Bright Stars, look gently on her sleep!
Sweet guardian Heaven, enfold her round;
And quell all madness in the deep;
And banish from the air its sound!
O, guard her from all ill, — all strife;
And bless her through the bloom of life!

CLXIII.—HIS LOVE IS HIDDEN.

His love is hidden, like the springs
Which lie in Earth's deep heart below;
And murmur there a thousand things
Which nought above may hear or know.

'T is hid, not buried! Without sound,
Or light, or limit, night and day,
It (like the dark springs underground)
Runs, ebbs not, and ne'er *can* decay!

CLXIV. — SONG FROM A PLAY.

Why art thou, Love! so fair, so young?
Why is that sad, sweet music hung,
For ever, on thy gentle tongue?

Why art thou fond? Why art thou fair?
Why sitteth, in thy soft eye, Care?
Why smil'st thou in such sweet despair?

Youth, Beauty fade, — like summer roses:
Sad music sadder love discloses:
Dark Care in darker death reposes!

All 's vain! the rough world careth not
For thee, — for me, — for our dark lot.
We love, Sweet, but to be forgot!

We love, — and meet the world's sharp scorn:
We live, — to die some common morn, —
Unknown, unwept, and still forlorn!
Why, dear one, why, — *why* were we born?

CLXV. — SISTER, I CANNOT READ TO-DAY.

Sister, I cannot read to-day!
Before my eyes the letters stream;
Now, — one by one, — they fade away,
Like shadows in a dream:
All seems a fancy, half forgot:
Sweet sister, do I dream or not?

I cannot work; I cannot rest;
I cannot sing — nor think, to-day:

The wild heart panteth in my breast,
As though 't would break away.
Why — wherefore — Ah, girl! ease my woe,
And tell me — *why* he tarrieth so!

CLXVI. — SEA-SHORE STANZAS.

Methinks I fain would lie by the lone Sea,
And hear the waters their white music weave!
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companioned be
By that strange harmony
Of winds and billows, and the living sound
Sent down from Heaven when the Thunder speaks,
Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
When the swollen Sea doth strive to burst his bound!

Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the Ocean,
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
I see the writhing of that curled snake,
Which men of old believed, — and my emotion
Warreth within me, till the fable reigns
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
Do homage to that serpent old,
Which clasped the great world in its fold,
And brooded over earth, and the charmed sea,
Like endless, restless, drear Eternity!

CLXVII. — ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

HITHER come, at close of day,
And o'er this dust, sweet Mothers, pray!
A little infant lies within,
Who never knew the name of sin,
Beloved, — bright, — and all our own;
Like morning fair, — and sooner flown!

No leaves or garlands wither here,
Like those in foreign lands;
No marble hides our dear one's bier,
The work of alien hands:
The months it lived, the name it bore,
The silver telleth, — nothing more!

No more; — yet Silence stalketh round
This vault so dim and deep,
And Death keeps watch without a sound,
Where all lie pale and sleep;
But palest here, and latest hid,
Is *He* — beneath this coffin lid.

How fair he was, — how *very* fair, —
What dreams we pondered o'er,
Making his life so long and clear,
His fortunes flowing o'er;
Our hopes — (that he would happy be,
When we ourselves were old,)
The scenes we saw, or hoped to see, —
They 're soon and sadly told.
All was a dream! — it came and fled,
And left us here, among the dead!

Pray, Mothers, pray, at close of day,
While we, sad parents, weep alway!
Pray, too, (and softly be 't and long,)
That all *your* babes, now fair and strong,
May blossom like — *not* like the rose,
For that doth fade when summer goes, —
('T was thus *our* pretty infant died,
The summer and its mother's pride!)
But, like some stern, enduring tree,
That reacheth its green century,
May grow, may flourish, — then decay,
After a long, calm, happy day,
Made happier by good deeds to men,
And hopes in heaven to meet again!

Pray! — From the happy, prayer is due;
While we — ('t is all we now can do!)
Will check our tears, and pray with you.

CLXVIII. — TO A POETESS.

Dreadst thou lest thou shouldst die unknown?
What matter? All the strength of Fame
And Death have this poor power alone, —
To give thee an uncertain name.

The critic dull and envious bard
Will quarrel o'er thine ashes dear;
That past, — thy single sad reward
Must be some lonely lover's tear!

CLXIX. — A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently, — as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three —
(One is lost, — an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We 've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime; —
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

CLXX. — A QUESTION AND REPLY.

"What is there on this dark, cold bank,
That thou so long hast sought?
Methinks these briers and rushes dank, —
This hollow, with the wild grass rank, —
Shew nothing worth a thought!"

"I seek what thou canst value not,
What thou canst never see, —
Soft eyes, by all but me forgot,
Which here — ay, on this dark, cold spot —
Bent their last look on *me!*"

CLXXI. — WISHES.

Sweet be her dreams, the fair, the young!
Grace, Beauty, breathe upon her!
Music, haunt thou about her tongue!
Life, fill her path with honor!

All golden thoughts, all wealth of days,
Truth, Friendship, Love, surround her!
So may she smile till life be closed,
And Angel hands have crowned her!

CLXXII. — AN EPITAPH.

He died, and left the world behind!
His once wild heart is cold!
His once keen eye is quelled and blind!
What more? — His tale is told.

He came, and, baring his heaven-bright thought,
He earned the base World's ban:
And, — having vainly lived and taught,
Gave place to a meaner man!

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

ADDITIONAL SONGS.

I.—A SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Hark!
The Old Year is gone!
And the young New Year is coming!
Through minutes, and days, and unknown skies,
My soul on her forward journey flies;
Over the regions of rain and snow;
And beyond where the wild March-trumpets blow:
And I see the meadows, all cowslip-strewn;
And I dream of the dove in the greenwood lone;
And the wild bee humming:—
And all because the New Year is coming!

The Winter is cold, the Winter is gray,
But he hath not a sound on his tongue to-day:
The son of the stormy Autumn, he
Totters about on a palsied knee,
With a frozen heart and a feeble head:
Let us pierce a barrel and drink him dead!

The fresh New Year is almost here;
Let us warm him with mistletoe boughs, my dear!
Let us welcome him hither, with songs and wine,
Who holdeth such joys in his arms divine!

What is the Past, — to you, or me,
But a thing that was, and was to be?
And now it is gone to a world unknown;
Its deeds are done; its flight is flown!

Hark to The Past! In a bitter tone,
It crieth, "The good Old Year is flown," —
The sire of a thousand thoughtful hours,
Of a thousand songs, of a thousand flowers!
Ah! why, thou ungrateful child of rhyme,
Rail'st thou at the deeds of our father Time?
Hath he not fed thee, day by day,
With fancies that soothe thy soul alway?
Hath he not 'wakened, with pleasant pain,
The Muse that slept in thy teeming brain?
Hath he not — ah! dost *thou* forget
All the amount of the mighty debt?

Hush, hush! — The little *I* owe to Time
I 'll pay him, some day, with a moody rhyme, —
Full of phantasmas, dark and drear,
As the shadows thrown down by the old Old Year, —
Dim as the echoes that lately fell
From the deep Night's funereal bell,
Sounding hollow o'er hill and vale,
Like the close of a mournful tale!

.... In the mean time, — speak, trump and drum!
The Year is gone! the Year is come!
The fresh New Year, the bright New Year,
That telleth of hope and joy, my dear!
Let us model our spirit to chance and change,
Let us lesson our spirit to hope, and range
Through pleasures to come, — through years unknown;
But *never* forget the time that 's flown!

II. — LONDON.

O, WHEN I was a little boy,
How often was I told
Of London, and its silver walls,
And pavements all of gold;
Of women all so beautiful,
And men so true and bold,
And how all things 'tween earth and sky
Were therein bought and sold.

And so I came to London:
'T was on a summer's day,
And I walked at times and rode at times,
And whistled all the way;
And the blood rushed to my head,
When Ben, the wagoner, did say, —
"Here 's London, boy, the Queen of towns,
As proud as she is gay."

I listened, and I looked about,
And questioned, and — behold!
The walls were not of silver,
The pavement was not gold;
But women, O, so beautiful,
And — may I say — so bold,
I saw, and Ben said, — "All things here
Are to be bought and sold."

And I found they sold the dearest things;
The mother sold her child,
And the sailor sold his life away
To plough the waters wild;
And Captains sold commissions
To young gentlemen so mild,
And some thieves sold their brother thieves,
Who hanged were or exiled.

And critics sold their paragraphs;
And poets sold their lays;
And great men sold their little men
With votes of "Ays" and "Nays";
And parsons sold their holy words,
And blessed rich men's ways;
And women sold their love — (for life,
Or only a few days).

'T was thus with all: — For gold, bright Art
Her radiant flag unfurled;
And the young rose let its unblown leaves
Be cankered and uncurled;

For gold, against the tender heart
The liar's darts were hurled;
And soldiers, whilst Fame's trumpet blew,
Dared death across the world.

And so, farewell to London!
Where men do sell and buy
All things that are (of good and bad)
Beneath the awful sky;
Where some win wealth, and many want;
Some laugh, and many sigh:
Till, at last, all folks, from king to clown,
Shut up their books, and — die!

III. — MY OLD ARM-CHAIR.

Let poets coin their golden dreams;
Let lovers weave their vernal themes;
And paint the earth all fair.
To me no such bright fancies throng:
I sing a humble hearthstone song
Of thee, — my old Arm-chair!

Poor — faded — ragged — crazy — old, —
Thou 'rt yet worth thrice thy weight in gold;
Ay, though thy back be bare:
For thou hast held a world of worth,
A load of heavenly human earth, —
My old Arm-chair!

Here sate, — ah, many a year ago, —
When, young, I nothing cared to know
Of life, or its great aim, —
Friends (gentle hearts) who smiled and shed
Brief sunshine on my boyish head:
At last the wild clouds came, —

And vain desires, and hopes dismayed,
And fears that cast the earth in shade,
My heart did fret;
And dreaming wonders, foul and fair;
And who then filled mine ancient chair,
I now forget.

Then Love came — Love! — without his wings,
Low murmuring here a thousand things
Of one I once thought fair:
'T was here he laughed, and bound my eyes,
Taking me, boy, by sweet surprise,
Here, — in my own Arm-chair.

How I escaped from that soft pain,
And (nothing lessoned) fell again
Into another snare,
And how again Fate set me free,
Are secrets 'tween my soul and me, —
Me, and my old Arm-chair.

Years fade: — Old Time doth all he can:
The soft youth hardens into man;
The vapor Fame

Dissolves; Care's scars indent our brow;
Friends fail us in our need: — but *Thou*
Art still the same.

Thou bring'st calm thoughts; strange dreamings; sleep;
And fancies subtle (sometimes deep);
And the unseen Air
Which round thy honored tatters plays
Bears with it thoughts of other days,
That quell despair.

Let the world turn, then, — wrong or right;
Let the hired critic spit his spite:
With thee, old friend,
With thee, companion of my heart,
I 'll still try on the honest part,
Unto the end!

IV.—IL PENSEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO.

(NIGHT.)

OLD Thames! thy merry waters run
Gloomily now, without star or sun!
The wind blows o'er thee, wild and loud,
And Heaven is in its death-black shroud;
And the rain comes down with all its might,
Darkening the face of the sullen Night.

Midnight dies! There booms a sound,
From all the church-towers thundering round:
Their echoes into each other run,
And sing out the grand Night's awful "ONE"!
Saint Bride,—Saint Sepulchre,—great Saint Paul,
Unto each other, in chorus, call!

Who speaks?—'T was nothing:—the patrol grim
Moves stealthily over the pavement dim:
The debtor dreams of the gripe of law;
The harlot goes staggering to her straw;
And the drunken robber and beggar bold
Laugh loud, as they limp by the Bailey Old.

Hark,—I hear the blood in a felon's heart!
I see him shiver,—and heave,—and start
(Does he cry?) from his last short, bitter slumber,
To find that his days have reached their number,—
To feel that there comes, with the morning text,
Blind death, and the scaffold, and then—WHAT NEXT?

Sound, stormy Autumn! Brazen bell,
Into the morning send your knell!
Mourn, Thames! keep firm your chant of sorrow:
Mourn, men! for a fellow-man dies to-morrow.
Alas! none mourn; none care: — the debt
Of pity the whole wide world forget!

(MORNING.)

... 'T is dawn, — 't is Day! In floods of light
He drives back the dark and shrinking Night.
The clouds? — they 're lost. The rains? — they 're fled;
And the streets are alive with a busy tread:
And thousands are thronging, with gossip gay,
To see how a felon will die to-day.

The thief is abroad in his last new dress,
Earning his bread in the thickest press;
The idler is there, and the painter fine,
Studying a look for his next design;
The fighter, the brawler, the drover strong;
And all curse that the felon should stay so long.

At last, — he comes! With a heavy tread,
He mounts, — he reels, — he drops, — he 's dead!
The show is over! — the crowd depart,
Each with a laugh and a merry heart.
— Hark! merrily *now* the bells are ringing:
The Thames on his careless way is springing:
The bird on the chimney-top is singing:
Now, who will say
That Earth is not gay,
Or that Heaven is not brighter than yesterday?

V. — WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A LONDON LYRIC.

(WITHOUT.)

THE winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain:
Without, in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth abroad her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her:
But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand,
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily, —
"What dost *Thou* in a Christian land?"

(WITHIN.)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet riot and luxury brawl within:
Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold,
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim:
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness," — "honor," — and all for *him!*

(WITHOUT.)

She who is slain in the winter weather,
Ah! she once had a village fame;

Listened to love on the moonlit heather;
Had gentleness, — vanity, — maiden shame:
Now, her allies are the Tempest howling;
Prodigal's curses; self-disdain;
Poverty; misery: Well, — no matter;
There is an end unto every pain!

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain, — despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she 'll be given to dusty night!
... Without a tear or a human sigh,
She 's gone, — poor life and its "fever" o'er!
So, let her in calm oblivion lie;
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(WITHIN.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar, — betrayer, — false as cruel,
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn? — high dames, they shun him?
— Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There, — yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded, —
There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.

Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters ;
Men of high honor salute him " friend " ;
Skies ! O, where are your cleansing waters ?
World ! O, where do thy wonders end ?

VI. — A PANEGYRIC ON ALE.

ADDRESSED TO W. L. BIRKBECK, ESQ.

I HAVE a Friend who loveth me,
And sendeth me Ale of Trinitie :
A very good fellow is my true friend,
With talents and virtues without end ;
Filled with Learning's very best seed ;
Ready to think (or drink, at need) ;
In short, a very good fellow indeed :
But the best of all is, as it seems to me,
That he yieldeth the Ale of Trinitie.

O, Trinitie Ale is stout and good,
Whether in bottle it be or wood :
'T is good at morning, 't is good at night ;
(Ye should drink whilst the liquor is bubbling bright :)
'T is good for man, woman, and child,
Being neither too strong, nor yet too mild :
It strengthens the body ; it strengthens the mind ;
And hitteth the toper's taste refined.

Once, — once, I believed that the famous Cam
Was a riddle, a cheat, an enormous Flam,

Vamped up by tutors of Hall and College;
(Who 've a great deal of learning and little knowledge;)
But *now* — I acknowledge, with tears of shame,
That the river it meriteth thrice its fame;
For, with it, — though seemingly poor and pale,
Men manufacture — THE MIGHTY ALE!

Alma Mater! Thou mother kind,
Who traineth the youthful human mind
(By circles, and squares, and classic stories,)
Until it arrives at Earth's high glories,
Who, — who, amongst all thy children, dare
With the bright Trinitie boys compare?
Mingling their ale with bookish learning,
They acquire by such means keen discerning,
And thus (in a circle arguing) steer
Between the extremes of books and beer.
Other men, — somehow or other, — pine
Whether they trust to Greek or wine.

O, in truth, it gladdens the heart to see
What may spring from the Ale of Trinitie, —
A scholar, — a fellow, — a rector blithe,
(Fit to take *any* amount of tithe,) —
Perhaps a bishop, — perhaps, by grace,
One may mount to the Archiepiscopal place,
And wield the crosier, an awful thing,
The envy of all, and — the parsons' King!
O Jove! who would struggle with Learning pale,
That could beat down the world by the strength of Ale!

For *me*, — I avow, could my thoughtless prime
Come back with the wisdom of mournful time,
I 'd labor — I 'd toil — by night and day,
(Mixing liquor and books away,)
Till I conquered that high and proud degree,
M. A. (Master of Ale) of Trinitie.

Ale! Ale, if properly understood,
Promoteth a brotherly neighborhood
Now, what can be better, on winter night,
When the fagot is blazing bright,
And your friend is perplexed how to kill the time,
With " Useful Knowledge," or idle rhyme,
To step in and say, — " Neighbor, I think
Your Trinitie Ale must be fit to drink ?
Let 's try it." He answers, " With all my soul!"
And in the capacious tumblers roll :
Hark, — to the music rich and rare !
Note, — how it stealeth the sting from Care !
Behold, — both Pride and Prudery bend,
And each man groweth a warmer friend.
I repeat it, that Ale, if understood,
Promoteth a brotherly neighborhood.
Why, some time since, we were enemies all
In our small village, — the short, the tall ;
The old, the young ; the dull, the bright ;
Churchman, Simeonite, Puseyite :
But *now*, we are knit into one firm band,
By Sir John Barleycorn's high command :
No more envy, no more strife,
But tipplers honest and friends for life.

It would do good both to your head and heart,
Could you see how each playeth his social part,
In a bumper, a song, or a round of wit.
Jolly philosophers! here we sit, —
Ten reformed tea-totallers, all
Pulled up before Chief-Magistrate Hall,
Merely for moistening a dry lip;
And again before Justice Broderip;
Ten bold widowers, each forlorn
Until he had been at Highgate sworn;
Ten thick squires, with brains made clear
By the irresistible strength of beer;
Ten plurality Vicars (sent
By Heaven, — to take commutation rent);
Ten prebendaries; Canons ten;
(All very fat, virtuous men):
And, last of us, *I* — who offer to thee
(I, — scribe of this choice society),
With grateful glee,
Postage free,
These rhymes for thy dozens of Trinitie.

VII. — THE PEARL-WEARER.*

Within the midnight of her hair,
Half hidden in its deepest deeps,
A single, peerless, priceless pearl,
(All filmy-eyed,) for ever sleeps.
Without the diamond's sparkling eyes,
The ruby's blushes, — there it lies,
Modest as the tender dawn,
When her purple veil 's withdrawn, —
The flower of gems, a lily cold and pale!
Yet, — what doth all avail?
All its beauty, all its grace?
All the honors of its place?
He who plucked it from its bed,
In the far blue Indian ocean,
Lieth, without life or motion,
In his earthy dwelling, — dead!
And his children, one by one,
When they look upon the sun,
Curse the toil, by which he drew
The treasure from its bed of blue.

---

* It is recorded of a pearl-diver, that he died (from over-exertion) immediately after he had reached land, having brought up with him, amongst other shells, one that contained a pearl of surpassing size and beauty.

Gentle Bride, no longer wear,
In thy night-black odorous hair,
Such a spoil. It is not fit
That a tender soul should sit
Under such accursed gem!
What need'st *thou* a diadem? —
Thou, within whose eastern eyes
Thought (a starry Genius) lies? —
Thou, whom Beauty has arrayed? —
Thou, whom Love and Truth have made
Beautiful, — in whom we trace
Woman's softness; angel's grace;
All we hope for; all that streams
Upon us in our haunted dreams?

O sweet Lady! cast aside,
With a gentle, noble pride,
All to sin or pain allied!
Let the wild-eyed conqueror wear
The bloody laurel in his hair!
Let the black and snaky vine
'Round the drinker's temples twine!
Let the slave-begotten gold
Weigh on bosoms hard and cold!
But be THOU for ever known
By thy natural light alone!

VIII. — A FAREWELL TO HOME.

The Autumn winds are sounding wild; —
Sad Nature, mourn'st thou for thy child,
From the fresh air and green fields driven,
And all the beauteous face of Heaven,
Into the wilderness of stone;
Destined there to dwell alone,
Toiling upwards, day by day,
For the Fame that lives for aye,
And for Fortune (golden sun),
And all else that must be won?

Evening falls: the sky is wild;
And cloud on mountain cloud is piled,
And the black Tempest o'er the plain
Comes moaning in his wrath of rain, —
Comes chiding, like an angry friend,
That I should leave thee, Old Grove End!
Ah, well! Time *was*, when thou and I
Were all in all, beneath the sky,
Unto each other; when I played
Upon thy grass; beneath thy shade;
Before thy hundred branching vines;
And where Ayr's wanderer rose entwines
The gray wall in its thorny arms,
And loved and laughed on all thy charms!
Farewell! — Farewell each path and lawn,
Each tree whose music met the dawn, —

Laburnums, with your drops of gold ;
Broad Plane ; Dark Mulberry, rich and old,
Rough-visaged, raining blood-red fruit,
(Which ladies' lips did sometimes suit,
As sweet tunes match the sweeter lute :)
Farewell, twin Poplars, — mine no more, —
Whom I in boyhood taught to soar ;
(Why stand ye murmuring, morn and eve ?
Is it for *me* ye strive to grieve ?)
And thou, wild Giant Plant, who clingest
Column and trelliced arch about,
And shadows in thy vast leaves bringest,
Shutting the fiery West all out ;
And you, ye myriad-colored flowers,
Sweet playmates of the sunshine hours,
Farewell ! — Farewell the dreams of youth ;
When life was joy ; when hope was truth ;
When days were cloudless ; Time too brief ;
And my pillow was the Poppy leaf :
When all the world was frank and true ;
When Heaven was one eternal blue ; —
Farewell ! — and Thou, — nurse, guardian, friend,
Farewell for ever, — Old Grove End !

IX. — THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

(A FAINT IMPRESSION OF HOGARTH.)

THE Old Man is dead! — Toll heavily, ye bells!
The Son, the heir, is coming, — hark! the music how it swells!
That roar and shock of merriment strikes sadly on the heart:
Joy is here, almost ere Death has yet had leisure to depart:
And the last of that dark funeral (the holy rite scarce done)
Cries out, — "The Father 's buried, friends: Long life unto the Son!"

From out the miser mansion is swept the black array:
The windows are unbarred, and straight in dances merry Day;
The cold, grim hearth is blazing: the cellars shed their wine;
The chests give up their hoarded souls, and the Rake saith, — "All is mine!"
Yet the first debt that he pays is with an oath, — for virtue won,
(And lost, alas!) — and so begin the triumphs of the Son.

The Rake dawns forth in scarlet: his ears are deaf with praise;
The fencer and the fiddler and the jockey court his gaze:
The poet mouths his stanzas; the bully, with a curse,
Swears how he 'll cut a throat for him, and only asks — his purse.

O Steward of the needy, be careful of thy prize;
Above thee beams the firmament: Thy way is to the skies:

No, no: his doom is earthly; coarse, earthly are his joys,
Black wine and wild-eyed women round him stun the night with noise;
And one, a painted Thais, doth fire a painted world;
And others round the dizzy room in drunken dance are whirled:
Foul songs are met by fouler jibes; mad screams by curses bold;
Till even the drowsy watchman wakes, and — claims his bribe in gold.

But pleasures are not endless, however far we range;
And summer friendship faileth, and golden seasons change:
And then the fierce-eyed creditor comes clamoring for his debt;
And all who fed upon the Rake are eager to forget.
The bailiffs are upon him, — ah! he 's saved: A gentle heart
Redeems him: 't is a Magdalen who plays an angel's part.

For once the rescue serveth: But blacker days may be;
And how to live he ponders, and still riot with the free:
He sells his youth, his manhood: takes sour Old Age to wife,
And thus (for a nauseous respite) twists a serpent round his life:

That sting will drive him frantic, — ay! the dice are in his hands;
And the terrible eye of Morning sees him beggared where he stands.

What followeth in the story? Why, horror and the jail;
Where food is not, and fire is not, and every friend doth fail;
Where each jailer is a robber, and each prisoner 'round a foe;
Where nothing linketh heart to heart, — not even the common woe.
One hope he had: — 't is vanished! He sits down with vacant stare,
And the game of life abandons, with the quiet of despair: ——

And *then* — The Madhouse *opens!* Look round; — he cannot: Blight
And frenzy hang about his brain, and blind his staring sight:
In vain pope, king, sit crowned; in vain the martyr raves;
In vain the herds of idiots sit chattering o'er their graves:
He heareth not; he seeth not: all sense is dimmed by pain:
Ambition, Pride, Religion, Fear, scream out to him in vain.

And yet, O human Virtue! *Thou* never canst escape:
Thou comest here, as everywhere, in woman's angel shape:

The loved, the lost, the ruined One, — *She* leaves him not at last;
But soothes and serves about him, till the damps of death are past:
His limbs she then composes, — weeps, — prays, — (they heed her not;)
Then glides away in silence, — like a benefit forgot!

X. — THIRTEEN YEARS AGO.

BEGGAR-GIRL.

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you:
Its limbs were light; its voice was soft;
Its eyes were — O, so blue!
It was your last, your dearest;
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child;
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild:
You likened it to the free bird
That flies to the woods to sing,

To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth:
There was no past: and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth:
The dawn came dancing onwards,
The day was ne'er too long;
And every night had a faëry sight,
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
Your child was an infant small;
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed at last,
Like the rose on your garden wall:
Ah! the rose that you loved was trod on,
Your child was lost in shame;
And never since hath she met your smile,
And never heard your name!

WIDOW.

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer;
What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles, — what my joys?
Here, take these pence and flee!
If thou *wilt* frame a story,
Which telleth of me or mine,
Go, say you found me singing, girl,
In the merry sunshine.

BEGGAR GIRL.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The sun shone on your wall:
He shineth now through the winter's mist,
Or he shineth not at all.
You laughed then, and your little one
Ran round with merry feet;
To-day you hide your eyes in tears;
And I — am in the street!

WIDOW.

Ah, God! — what frightful spasm
Runs piercing through my heart:
It cannot be my bright one,
So pale, — so worn: — Depart,
Depart, — yet, no; come hither!
Here, — hide thee in my breast!
I see thee again, — *again!* and I
Am once more with the blessed!

BEGGAR GIRL.

Ay, — gaze! — 'T is I, indeed, mother;
Your loved, — your lost, — your child!
The rest of the bad world scorn me,
As a creature all defiled;
But you, — you 'll take me home, mother?
And I, — though the grave seems nigh,
I 'll bear up still; and, for *your* sake,
I 'll struggle — not to die!

XI. — A DIRGE.

(FOR MUSIC.)

STREW boughs, — strew flowers,
Through all the hours,
On yon low tomb!
Unblown, yet faded,
Unloved, unknown,
Here Beauty sleepeth beneath a stone;
Once how fair, but now degraded!
Hither she came, alone — alone,
From the South Sea bowers,
Where summer dowers
The world with bloom:
Mingle with music the strange perfume!

Let the tears of the Hours
Now fall like rain,
And freshen the flowers,
Again, again!
The sweetness they borrow
Shall ne'er be vain,
While human sorrow
Is falling in showers,
That yield no comfort to human pain!

XII. — THE FATE OF THE OAK.

The owl to her mate is calling;
The river his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark! — a blow, and a dull sound follows;
A second, — he bows his head;
A third, — and the wood's dark hollows
Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
His body all barked and squared;
And he 's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dock-yard:
He 's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he 's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
And now — he is fit for sea!

O, now, with his wings outspread
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
And be dreaded in every sea!
The Lightning will blaze about,
And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
In the fight, from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
  And been honored from shore to shore,
And his journey on earth is done, —
  Why, what can he ask for more?
There is nought that a king can claim,
  Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
  And to mix with the common mould!

XIII. — THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned: — Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed: — A Child had seen the light;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose: — The lady's grave was seen;
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle Boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled: — He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then — he died! Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story;
Life, — Death, — and all that is of Glory.

XIV. — ON A STRANGER'S GRAVE NEAR VENICE.

Low lies the grave wherein a Stranger sleeps!
Nought comes to mourn beside that humble ground;
Save when, in melancholy Autumn, creeps
The sullen Adriatic round and round;
Or when the sea-bird, with his wings unbound,
Screams out a dirge, and toward the mountains sweeps:
Or when a dead man floats across the deeps;
Or clouds, blown landward, pass without a sound!
All gloom forsakes the spot whereon she died:
The merry marriage-bells send forth their chimes;
And joy flies upwards as in ancient times:
Ah, no! — *One* tender heart, to hers allied,
In sorrow sweeter than the poet's rhymes,
Sings a lament, above the stranger's grave,
Its murmurs mingling with the ever-murmuring wave.

XV. — MUSIC.

HARK! Music speaks from out the woods and streams;
Amidst the winds, amidst the harmonious rain:
It fills the voice with sweets, the eye with beams;
It stirs the heart; it charms the sting from pain.

Great Memory hoards it 'midst her golden themes;
The wise man keeps it with his learned gain;
The minstrel hears it in his listening dreams;
And no one, save the fool, doth deem it vain.

Whatever thing doth bring a joy unstained
  Unto the soul, if rightly understood,
Is one more ingot to our fortune gained,
  Is wisdom to the wise, good to the good :

" Sing, then, divine one ! " — Thus a lover sighed
  To one who sate beside him fair and young,
Preluding with coquettish, conscious pride,
  And checked the half-born music on her tongue :

Sing, maiden, — gentle maiden !
  Sing for me ; sing to me ;
With a heart not overladen,
  Nor too full of glee.
Give thy voice its way divine ;
Let thine eyes, sweet spirits, shine ;
Not too bright, but also tender,
Softness stealing half their splendor.

Sing, — but touch a sadder strain,
Till our eyes are hid in rain.
Tell of those whose hopes are wrecked
On that cruel strand, — neglect ;
Widow poor and unbefriended ;
Virgin dreams in ruin ended ;
All the pleasure, all the pain,
That hideth from the world's disdain.

Sing, — an airier, blither measure,
Full and overflown with pleasure ;

Sing, — with smiles and dimpling mouth,
Opening like the sunny South,
When it breathes amongst the roses,
And a thousand thousand sweets discloses.

Sing, — fair child of music, sing
Like love, — hope, — sorrow, — *any* thing;
Like a sparkling, murmuring river,
Running its blue race for ever;
Like the sounds that haunt the Sun,
When the god's bright day is done;
Like the voice of dreaming Night,
Tender, touching, airy, light,
Not a wind, but just a breeze
Moving in the citron-trees;
Like the first sweet murmur creeping
O'er Love's lips, (when pride is sleeping,)
Love's first unforgotten word,
By maiden in the silence heard,
Heard, hoarded, and repeated oft,
In mimic whisper, low and soft, —

Yet, what matter for the strain,
Be it joy, or be it pain,
So thy now imprisoned Voice
In its matchless strength rejoice;
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on winged Song!

XVI. — TO THE EYES OF A YOUNG ACTRESS.

WHERE now are those dark Eyes — (sweet eyes!) —
  In tears? — in thought? — in sleep?
Those lights, like stars in the stormy skies,
  Which gently shine, when all else weep?
O dark, unconquered Eyes!
Are ye from human anguish freed?
Or do ye sometimes mourn indeed,
In pity, or superior pain,
For some deep secret hid from all the world, in vain!

O melancholy Eyes, which love to dwell
  On Juliet's passion, — Belvidera's woe, —
Where was the light which now ye wear so well,
  (That tender, touching lustre!) long ago?
Did it lie dreaming in your orbs unknown,
  As in the rose's bud the unblown perfume,
Till evil fortune (now for ever flown)
  Struck out your dazzling doom?
For what too dangerous purpose were ye born?
  To lead the youthful poet far astray?
  Or, was 't to turn to tears the proud and gay,
With looks that in their beauty mock the morn?

Long may ye shine; as dark, as bright, as young,
  (Shall age e'er harm ye?) — as complete in power,
  As when from out Verona's midnight bower
Upon the moonlight first your glances hung,

And filled with love the rich, enamored air,
And made the fair, more fair!

Long may ye shine; undimmed by storm or cloud;
  Uninjured, unconsumed by grief or pain;
Your high, heroic spirit never bowed,
  Your love ne'er lost, your tears ne'er shed — in vain!
Long may She live and shine, and have no fear
  Of fatal Fortune or the touch of Time,
To whom belongs your beauty without peer,
  To whom belongs this slight and careless rhyme!

XVII. — AN INVOCATION TO MUSIC.

See where, upon the blue and waveless deep,
Comes forth the silent Moon!
Now, Music, wake from out thy charmed sleep;
And bid thy sweet soul weep
Her life away in some immortal tune!
Or, let thy soaring spirit run
Aloft upon some wild, enchanted air,
Before whose breath despair
Dies, like a mist before the uprisen sun!

Come forth, lost Spirits of the world of sound!
  Leave, leave awhile your aye-sweet tasks above;
And rear your starry heads with music crowned,
  And once more weave an earthly song of love!

Weave it around the gentle heart, —
Handel, Haydn, great Beethoven,
And thou, sweet, sweet-souled Mozart!
Ah! sure to sing and love must be the angel's part.
Therefore, pour your skyey treasures, —
Grand, unknown, immortal measures,
Such as ne'er the blooming Earth
Heard since first she burst to birth,
And in endless ether hung,
While the stars of Morning sung!

XVIII. — TO A FRIEND IN AUTUMN.

Friend! the year is overgrown:
Summer like a bird hath flown,
Leaving nothing (fruits nor flowers)
Save remembrance of sweet hours;
And a fierce and froward season,
Blowing loud for some rough reason,
Rusheth from a land unknown.

Where is laughing May, who leapt
From the ground when April wept?
Where is rose-encumbered June?
July, with her lazy noon?
August, with her crown of corn?
And the fresh September morn?
Will they come back to us, — soon? — soon?

Never! Time is overgrown!
All that e'er was good is flown!
All things that were good and gay
(Dances, songs, smiles) have flown away;
And we now must sing together
Strains more sad than autumn weather;
And dance upon a stormy ground,
Whilst the wild winds pipe around,
A dark and unforgotten measure,
Graver than the ghost of pleasure;
Till at last, at Winter's call,
We die, and are forgot by all!

XIX.—LOWLY PLEASURES.

Methinks I love all common things;
The common air, the common flower;
The dear, kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

Methinks I love the horny hand
That labors until dusk from dawn;
Methinks I love the russet band,
Beyond the band of silk or lawn;
And, O, the lovely laughter drawn
From peasant lips, when sunny May
Leads in some flowery holiday!

What good are fancies rare, that rack
With painful thought the poet's brain?
Alas! they cannot bear us back
Unto happy years again!
But the white rose without stain
Bringeth times and thoughts of flowers,
When youth was bounteous as the hours!

E'en now, were I but rich, my hand
Should open like a vernal cloud,
When 't casts its bounty on a land
In music sweet, but never loud:
But I am of the humble crowd;
And thus am I content to be,
If thou, sweet Muse, wilt cherish me!

XX. — TO OUR NEIGHBOR'S HEALTH.

Send the red wine round to-night,
For the blast is bitter cold:
Let us sing a song that 's light;
Merry rhymes are good as gold.

Here 's unto our neighbor's health!
O, he plays the better part;
Doing good, — but not by stealth:
Is he not a noble heart?

Should you bid me tell his name, —
Show wherein his virtues dwell;

'Faith, (I speak it to my shame,)
I should scarce know what to tell.

"Is he — ?" — "Sir, he is a thing
Cast in common human clay;
'Tween a beggar and a king;
Fit to order or obey."

"He is, then, a soldier brave?" —
"No; he doth not kill his kin,
Pampering the luxurious grave
With the blood and bones of sin."

"Or a Judge?" — "He doth not sit
Making hucksters' bargains plain;
Piercing cobwebs with his wit;
Cutting tangled knots in twain."

"He is an Abbot, then, at least?" —
"No, he is not proud and blithe:
Leaving prayer to humble priest,
Whilst he champs the golden tithe.

"He is brave, but he is meek:
Not as judge or soldier seems;
Not like Abbot proud and sleek:
Yet his dreams are starry dreams, —

"Such as lit the World of old
Through the darkness of her way;

Such as might, if clearly told,
Guide blind Future into day.

"Never hath he sought to rise
On a friend's or neighbor's fall;
Never slurred a foe with lies:
Never shrunk from hunger's call:

"But from morning until eve,
And through Autumn into Spring,
He hath kept his course, (believe,)
Courting neither slave nor king.

"He, — whatever be his name,
For I know it not aright, —
He deserves a wider fame;
Come, — here 's to his health, to-night!"

XXI. — TO A POET ABANDONING HIS ART.

Friend! desert not thou the Muse!
Shun not, — scorn not her control!
Thou the yellow dross mayst lose,
But thou 'lt gain the wealth of soul.
What is gold, unless it bring
More than gold has ever brought?
What is gold, if to it cling
Narrower vision, meaner thought?

They who bid us bend the spirit
To a base or poor desire,
Little know what they inherit
Who unto the skies aspire.
Let them (if the body claim
All their sordid hope and care)
Leave the poet to his fame,
His shadowy joy, — his finer air.

Some there be, who feel no pain,
So the baser mark they shun,
Shouting when their end they gain,
"Joy is joy, — however won."
To us diviner dreams are given;
To us a sweet-voiced angel sings,
"What were Earth without its Heaven? —
The Soul without its wings?"

XXII. — IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Rains fall; suns shine; winds flee;
Brooks run; yet few know how.
Do not thou too deeply search
Why thou lov'st me now!

Perhaps, by some command
Sent earthward from above,
Thy heart was doomed to lean on mine;
Mine to enjoy thy love.

Why ask, when joy doth smile,
From what bright heaven it fell?
Men mar the beauty of their dreams
By tracing their source too well.

XXIII. — MENS DIVINIOR.

Love is born in joy,
And is bred in sorrow,
Cloudy-dark to-day,
Sunshiny to-morrow;
Changing through each season,
Without any reason.

Reason! — let it bend
To an instinct finer;
True as are its rules,
There is "mind diviner"
Shining o'er its summing,
Like an angel's coming;

Thoughts that pass the stars,
Love more sweet than flowers,
Faith that steadfast shines
Through the endless hours;
Brightening every season,
True, — yet passing reason

Measure, if thou wilt,
  Light, and air, and ocean;
Leave us, undefaced,
  Our divine emotion, —
Poet's, prophet's story,
And the world of Glory.

You, whose poor-house balance
  Weighs out want and crime;
You, whose sordid ledgers
  Crush the poet's rhyme,
Leave us tears and laughter,
And the hope of hopes, — Eternal bright Hereafter!

XXIV. — HENRI QUATRE.

Bold Henri Quatre! gay sovereign! champion strong!
Whose life was one wild scene of love and war,
Here wast thou (thou the heir of all Navarre)
Nursed to the music of a peasant's song;
And well it was, indeed, when thou wast young,
That fearless Truth and social Nature taught
Thee lessons, unto monarchs seldom brought;
And duties, which to men and kings belong.

Be sure, when princes learn, — 'midst equal mates,
Frequent denial, scant and rugged fare,
Frank intercourse with social joy and care,
Their virtue from such wholesome lessons dates.
These fit them to breathe well God's human air,
And teach them how to sway the hearts of states.

XXV. — A CATALOGUE OF COMMON-PLACES.

"What is Earth?" the poet saith.
It is a place of birth and death;
A school wherein the schoolmen teach,
And never practise as they preach;
Where Greek and Latin stamp the scholar;
Where Fame is reckoned by the dollar;
Where Scandal and false Innuendo
Taint all that women and e'en men do;
Where Lie the first is peerless reckoned,
Until thrust out by Lie the second:
Where Candor, Worth, and Thought are sleeping;
Where Cant is upwards, upwards creeping;
Where Age is drivelling; Youth pedantic;
Religion frozen, or else frantic;
Where great Palaver despot reigneth;
Where Wisdom to the moon complaineth;
Where folks who winds and waters measure,
And chattering *Savans* take their pleasure,
And meet each year from hall and college,
Stunning the soul with scraps of knowledge;
Where Strength is right; where Truth is wrong;
Where Genius shrinks into a song;
Where struggling Girlhood toils and dies;
Where Childhood pines; where Hunger cries,
And none respondeth to its call;
And yet — blue Heaven is over all!

XXVI. — AN EXTRAVAGANZA.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Enfant ! si j'étais roi, je donnerais l'empire, etc.

I 'd give, Girl, (were I but a king,)
Throne, sceptre, empire, — every thing ;
My people suppliant on the knee ;
My ships, that crowd the subject sea ;
My crown, my baths of porphyry,
For *one* sweet look from *thee !*

Were I a God, I 'd give — the air,
Earth, and the sea ; the angels fair ;
The skies ; the golden worlds around ;
The dæmons, whom my laws have bound ;
Chaos, and its dark progeny ;
All space, and all eternity,
For *one* love-kiss from *thee !*

XXVII. — LOVE AND LIGHT.

It is not in the quality of Love
To be relieved from human error quite ;
Nor quite unsullied is yon Orb above,
That fills the o'erhanging heavens with warmth and light,
And, from its vast and ever-burning fountains,
Sheds on the slumbering earth those summer showers,

Which clothe her meads with green, and bid her mountains
Shoot forests forth, in joy. And yet, O Love! O Sun!
What a world were ours,
Did ye not both your radiant journeys run,
And touch us with your brightness, pure and kind!

XXVIII.—THE TWIN-BORN.

Hope! — is he for ever glad?
Sorrow! — is she always sad?
(Sorrow, — is not that her name,
Who hath won so sad a fame?)
Doth he ever smiling look?
Doth she gaze, as on a book,
Always on the pictured past,
While her eyes are flowing fast?
Sit by me! — sit by me!
Let us watch, and we shall see
If such changeless things can be,
Where all is mutability.

So, glad Spirit, as I speak,
Thou hast tears on thy young cheek,
Like the fresh dew on the rose!
And sweet Sorrow (though she knows
She must turn to tears again)
Smileth in a pause of pain.

Thus each telleth, in sweet guise,
That Grief must leave the saddest eyes;
That even Hope itself must fly,
With a sob and with a sigh;
But that each returneth soon,
As constant as the moon!

XXIX.—A COMMON THOUGHT.

All faces melt in smiles and tears,
  Stirred up by many a passion strange,
(Likings, loathings, wishes, fears,)
  Till death:—then ends all change.
Then king and peasant, bride and nun,
Wear but one!

Spring, all beauty, aye laughs loud;
  Summers smile, and Autumns rave;
But Winter puts on his white shroud,
  And lies down in his grave;
And when the next soft season nears,
He disappears!

Merry Spring for childish face;
  Summer for young manhood bold;
Autumn for a graver race;
  Winter for the old!
After that,—what seasons run?
Alas! not one!

Then all the changing passions fade;
Then all the seasons strange have passed;
And over spreads one boundless shade,
Which must for ever last:
Then Life's uncounted sands are run,
And — all is done!

XXX. — A PHANTASY.

I HEAR thy breath: 't is soft and near,
'T is sweeter than the close of day,
When June o'ertakes the maiden May
Amidst the unblown eglantines,
And round her scented bosom twines.
I hear thy step, 't is light and near:
Tell me where dost hide, my dear?
Voice. — *Far away, far away!*

Underneath what drooping showers
Of lilac and laburnum flowers?
Voice. — *Far away!*

My love, my lady Lily, fair,
Fairer than the crowned rose is,)
Is it in the cowslip lair,
Where the sweet South wind reposes,
That thou dost lie
All the spring-time long, and sigh,
With the river by thy side,
Murmuring like a one-day's bride?

Hush! — Give answer, Spirit sweet!
Ah, I hear thy tender feet
Rustling in the grass unmown:
Nay, at times, when all alone
On the moonlit moor I walk,
I can see thee, with a star
On thy forehead, from afar.
Shall I ever dare to talk
With thy sweet ghost all alone?
What, though men do swear to me
Thou art all a phantasy,
Thou wilt live with me, as true
As the stars are to the blue.
Time may all alter: Youth be dead;
And the Spring may hide her head;
And the friend, now near my heart,
May desert his better part;
But *Thou* ever wilt remain
In my heart and in my brain,
Truer, to the inward eye,
Than many a gross reality.

XXXI.—ON A LADY SLANDERED.

Her doom is writ: her name is grown
  Familiar in the common mouth;
And she who was, when all unknown,
  Like a sunbeam bursting from the south,
Is overshadowed by her fate;
By others' envy, others' hate!

I loved her when her fame was clear;
  I love her now her fame is dark:
Twice — thrice — a thousand times more dear
  Is she, with Slander's serpent mark,
Than Beauty that did never know
Shadow, — neither shame nor woe.

Let who will admire — adore
  Her whom vulgar crowds do praise;
I will love my love the more
  When she falls on evil days!
Truer, firmer, will I be,
When the truth-like fail or flee.

Bird of mine! though rivers wide
  And wild seas between us run,
Yet I 'll some day come, with pride,
  And serve thee, from sun to sun;
Meantime, all my wishes flee
To thy nest beyond the sea!

Mourn not! let a brighter doom
Breed no anguish in thy mind:
If the rose hath most perfume,
It hath still the thorn behind:
If the sun be at its height,
Think what follows, — certain night.

Murmur not! whatever ill
Cometh, am *I* not thy friend,
(In false times the firmer still,)
Without changing, without end?
Ah, if one true friend be thine,
Dare not to repine!

XXXII. — TO A SLEEPER.

Sleep, maiden, — gentle maiden,
Through the calm night!
Be thy tender heart unladen
Of its burthen quite!
And, when golden Morning streaming
Wakeneth thee from happy dreaming,
With its oriental light,
Rise, — and let thy humble prayer
Thank the God who made thee fair;
Fair, and happy, fit to dwell
On a throne or in a cell.

Shun the fevers of the mind,
Envy, Hate, Ambition blind,

Too much Love, (if love thou must,)
And the passions born of dust.
Learn to soothe another's smart;
Learn to rule thy own warm heart:
For, of all the treasures sent
Downwards from the azure air,
Know, there 's nought that may compare
With the sweetest sweet, — Content!

XXXIII. — A DIRGE.

Here she lies, whom Fortune dowered
With the virgin wealth of Youth,
Beauty, and the love of Truth,
Golden Honor, spotless Fame,
Twenty-times transmitted name!
Here she lies, deserted, dead!
Dead, alas, and on her head
The cold and crumbling earth is showered!
Not a stone is at her feet;
Not a bud, with Summer sweet,
Sleepeth on her winding-sheet.
Yet what do such poor wants avail?
The sad-eyed widow, Pity pale,
Weepeth when her story 's told;
How her love was left for gold;
How, desert' and doomed to fade,
(Underneath the green grass laid,)
She left him whose sordid pride
Left her for a meaner bride!

XXXIV.—A LAMENT.

Sweet friend, let 's mourn in music
The passing of the year;
Fresh Autumn's spicy breezes;
The sunny Summer clear;
And Spring, so sweet and beautiful,
When thoughts were never drear.

As dreams that warmed our slumber
Dissolve in morning gray;
As friends that loved our childhood
All shrink and turn to clay;
So our some months' companion
Fadeth at last away.

He fadeth, he departeth,
Beyond all human ken;
Bearing the sins, and agonies,
Hopes, fears, and joys of men;
Loathed, dreaded, loved, lamented; —
Never to come again!

What sounds of life and laughter
Were poured into his ear;
What thoughts, delights, and fantasies
He passed in his career,
We know not: Once so cherished,
The deeds of Time have perished,
Like the flowers upon his bier.

XXXV.—STANZAS.

That was not a barren time,
When the new World calmly lay
Bare unto the frosty rime,
Open to the burning day.

Though her young limbs were not clad
With the colors of the spring,
Yet she was all inward glad,
Knowing all she bore within,
Undeveloped, blossoming.

There was Beauty, such as feeds
Poets in their secret hours;
Music mute; and all the seeds
And the signs of all the flowers.

There was wealth, beyond the gold
Hid in Oriental caves;
There was — all we now behold
'Tween our cradles and our graves.

Judge not, then, the Poet's dreams
Barren all, and void of good:
There are in them azure gleams,
Wisdom not all understood.

Fables, with a heart of truth;
  Mysteries, that unfold in light;
Morals, beautiful for youth;
  Starry lessons for the night.

Unto Man, in peace and strife,
  True and false, and weak and strong,
Unto *all*, in death and life,
  Speaks the poet in his song.

XXXVI. — SONG, AFTER LABOR.

Labor's strong and merry children,
  Comrades of the rising sun,
Let us sing some songs together,
  Now our toil is done.

No desponding, no repining!
  Leisure must by toil be bought;
Never yet was good accomplished,
  Without hand and thought.

Even God's all holy labor
  Framed the air, the stars, the sun;
Built our earth on deep foundations;
  And — the World was won!

XXXVII.—THE SAILOR'S LAMENT FOR THE SEA.

Merry Ocean! Honest Ocean!
Wherefore did I fly from thee?
Thou, whatever wind came fawning,
Ever wast a friend to me:
Joy was on thy morning billows,
Quiet on thine evening wave;
In the South a world of pleasures,
In the North — at least a grave.

But amongst these sullen moorlands,
Nothing that I seek I find;
Neither hope, nor pain, nor pleasure,
Not even a tranquil mind.
Once I had a dream: — wherever
I was sailing, — near or far, —
I could always see it sparkle
In the distance, like a star!

But at last it faded: Helen, —
Ah, why do I name her name?
Even now I feel my forehead
Flushing with its ancient shame;
She it is whose falsehood bringeth
Darkness of the heart on me;
She it is whose falsehood drives me
To thy stormy arms, O Sea!

Once — no matter — I remember
I did love my father's field,
Every daisy, every berry
That the autumn hedge did yield:
But such things delight no longer;
There is change in them or me:
So, once more, I 'll mate my Spirit
With the spirit of the Sea.

Come, old comrades! Hearty seamen!
Are ye not fatigued with shore?
Shall we not go forth together
One long, venturous voyage more?
Come! Let 's on, where waters soothe us;
Where all winds can whistle free:
Hearts! there 's nowhere shed or shelter
Like our own true home, — the Sea!

XXXVIII. — THE POET AND THE FISHER.

(DUET.)

I.

P. — O FISHER, who dost ever love to stand
By waters streaming!
F. — O Poet, who dost lie, at Love's command,
In azure dreaming!
P. — What is it bids us face, 'midst rain and wind,
The wild Spring weather?
F. — What strange and unknown tie doth help to bind
Such souls together?

II.

F. — What know'st thou, Poet, of the tedious time
The fisher loseth ?
P. — What know'st thou, Fisher, of the precious rhyme
The bard abuseth ?
F. — I only know that Health and Pleasure thrive
In any season.
P. — Enough : we 'll let our April friendship live
Without a reason.

XXXIX. — TO D. MACLISE, R. A.

I.

On ! — from honor unto honor ; (let nor praise nor pelf allure !)
Onwards, upwards, be thy course, and let thy foot be firm and sure.

II.

There is Raffaelle still before thee ; Titian, Michael, Rembrandt, all ;
Now for a vigorous effort ; knit thy sinews and thou shalt not fall.

III.

In thy land is Hogarth's glory ; side by side with Reynolds' fame ;
Much to spur thee, nought to daunt thee : — Dare ! and thou shalt do the same.

IV.

On the Earth are lands untrodden; (somewhere underneath the sun;)
Azure heights yet unascended; palmy countries to be won.

V.

In the Heart's diviner regions, there are thoughts that stir the soul,
Till it shoots the bounds of darkness, past where stars and planets roll.

VI.

In the cottage as the palace, in the clown as in the king,
Infinite, endless passions reign, and with them change and conduct bring; —

VII.

Love, whose strength doth vanquish sorrow; Freedom, wealthy with his crust;
Truth the servant; Faith the martyr; Hope that soareth from the dust.

VIII.

Life in all its sunny aspects, — All the moods of vice and pain
Lie before thee: — O, be certain, *nothing* need be sought in vain!

XL. — SONG.

Come, — let me dive into thine eyes!
So dim, so deep, so filled with love!
Touched with soft azure, like the skies,
When evening veils the light above.

Come, — let me gaze upon thy hand!
No ring? — all 's fair and virgin white!
Thy heart? I would I could command
Thy heart to open on my sight.

Yet, no: I 'll trust those stars of blue,
And ask them now my doom divine:
No need: thy lips give answer true;
They move, — they murmur, — "I am thine!"

XLI. — FOR MUSIC.

Now whilst he dreams, O Muses, wind him round!
Send down thy silver words, O murmuring Rain!
Haunt him, sweet Music! Fall, with gentlest sound, —
Like dew, like night, upon his weary brain!
Come, Odors of the rose and violet, — bear
Into his charmed sleep all visions fair!
So may the lost be found,
So may his thoughts by tender Love be crowned,
And Hope come shining like a vernal morn,
And with its beams adorn
The Future, till he breathes diviner air
In some soft Heaven of joy, beyond the range of Care!

XLII. — SONG.

Let us sing and sigh!
  Let us sigh and sing!
Sunny haunts have no such pleasures
  As the shadows bring!

Who would seek the crowd?
  Who would seek the noon?
That could woo the pale maid Silence
  Underneath the moon?

Smiles are things for youth,
  Things for a merry rhyme;
But the voice of Pity suiteth
  Any mood or time.

XLIII. — A LOVE SONG.

Laugh not, nor weep; but let thine eyes
  Grow soft and dim (so love should be);
And be thy breathing tender, quick,
  And tremulous, whilst I gaze on thee.

And let thy words be few or none;
  But murmurs, such as soothe the air
In summer when the day is done,
  Be heard, sweet heart, when I am there.

And I, — oh! I, in those soft times
When all around is still and sweet,
Will love thee more a thousand times
Than if the world was at thy feet!

XLIV. — SONG.

Love me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come! and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st again!

XLV. — SONG.

Sing no more! Thy heart is crossed
By some dire thing:
Sing no more! Thy lute has lost
Its one sweet string.
The music of the heart and lute
Are mute, — are mute!

Laugh no more! The earth hath taught
A false, fond strain:
Laugh no more! Thy soul hath caught
The grave's first stain.
The pleasures of the world are known,
And flown, — and flown!

Weep no more! The fiercest pains
Were love, were pride:
Weep no more! The world's strong chains
Are cast aside.
And all the war of life must cease,
In peace, — in peace!

XLVI. — A SONG;

ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Like a rose sprang Jeanie,
From a blue May hour,
Friendship all her pride,
Virtue all her dower.

Like a rose spread Jeanie,
Whom warm skies illume;
Like its breath, in sweetness;
Like its dye, in bloom.

Like a rose fell Jeanie,
Smit by winter cold;
Loved, — destroyed, — derided:
So, — her tale is told!

O, too tender woman!
Heed her shame, — her pain:
Let 's not tell her story
A thousand times in vain!

XLVII. — SONG.

I LOVE him; I dream of him;
I sing of him by day;
And all the night I hear him talk,
And yet — he 's far away!

There 's beauty in the morning;
There 's sweetness in the May;
There 's music in the running stream;
And yet — he 's far away!

I love him; I trust in him;
He trusteth me alway:
And so the time flies hopefully,
Although — he 's far away!

XLVIII. — QUESTION AND REPLY.

TELL me what thou lovest best?
Vernal motion? Summer rest?
Winter, with his merry rhymes?
Or the grand Autumnal times?
Dost thou Saxon beauty prize?
Or, in England, love-lit eyes?
Or the brown Parisian's grace?
Or the warm-souled Bordelaise?

Or the forehead broad and clear
Which the Italian Damas wear,
Braiding round their night-black hair,
Circe-like? — Or the Spanish air,
Where the Moor has mixed his blood
With the dull Castilian flood,
Giving life to sleepy pride?
Tell me, where wouldst thou abide,
Choosing for thyself a season,
And a mate, — for sweet Love's reason?

Nought for country should I care,
So my mate were true and fair:
But for *her*, — O, she should be
(Thus far I 'll confess to thee)
Like a bud when it is blowing;
Like a brook when it is flowing
(Marred by neither heat nor cold);
Fashioned in the lily's mould, —
Stately, queen-like, very fair;
With a motion like the air;
Glances full of morning light,
When the morn is not too bright;
With a forehead marble pale,
When sad Pity tells her tale;
And a soft scarce-tincted cheek,
(Flushing but when she doth speak;)
For her voice, 't should have a tone
Sweetest when with me alone;
And Love himself should seek his nest
Within the fragrance of her breast!

XLIX. — TO THE SOUTH WIND.

O SWEET South Wind!
Long hast thou lingered 'midst those islands fair,
Which lie, enchanted, on the Indian deep,
Like sea-maids all asleep,
Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
O sweetest Southern Wind!
Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
Thy dark rose-crownèd hair!

Wilt thou not unloose now,
In this, the bluest of all hours,
Thy passion-colored flowers? —
Rest; and let fall the fragrance from thy brow,
On Beauty's parted lips and closed eyes,
And on her cheeks, which crimson like the skies;
And slumber on her bosom, white as snow,
Whilst starry Midnight flies!

We, whom the Northern blast
Blows on, from night till morn, from morn till eve,
Hearing thee, sometimes grieve
That our poor summer's day not long may last:
And yet, perhaps, 't were well
We should not ever dwell
With thee, sweet Spirit of the sunny South;
But touch thy odorous mouth

Once, and begone unto our blasts again,
And their bleak welcome, and our wintry snow;
And arm us (by enduring) for that pain
Which the bad world sends forth, and all its woe!

L. — SONG.

The rain is falling;
The wind is loud;
The morning is hiding
Behind a cloud;
The stars are scattered
By dawn of day;
But where is my lover?
Afar — away!

The East is brighter;
The wind is still;
The sun is rising
Beyond the hill;
It cometh, — it shineth;
The dawn is day;
And the step of my lover? —
It comes this way.

Ah, the sky, — it changeth,
The rain, — the sun,
As the hope that we cherish
Is lost or won.

What care for the shadows,
If hearts be gay?
What use in the summer,
If friends decay?

The bloom of the seasons
Will come, will fly;
And the heavens will alter,
We know not why:
But the mind that we temper
Is our domain;
And the Truth of the Spirit
Should conquer pain.

LI.—THE POOR-HOUSE.

I.

Close at the edge of a busy town,
A huge quadrangular mansion stands;
Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor;
Its walls are all built by pauper hands;
And the pauper old and the pauper young
Peer out, through the grates, in sullen bands.

II.

Behind is a patch of earth, by thorns
Fenced in from the moor's wide, marshy plains;
By the side is a gloomy lane, that steals
To a quarry now filled with years of rains:

But within, within! There Poverty scowls,
Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

III.

Enter and look! In the high-walled yards
Fierce men are pacing the barren ground:
Enter the long, bare chambers; — girls
And women are sewing, without a sound;
Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,
And not a laugh or a song goes round.

IV.

No communion, — no kind thought
Dwells in the pauper's breast of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past;
Nothing to come but the black despair —
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
Or Hunger, out in the open air!

V.

Where is the bright-haired girl, that once
With her peasant sire was used to play?
Where is the boy whom his mother blessed,
Whose eyes were a light on her weary way?
Apart, — barred out (so the law ordains);
Barred out from each other by night and day.

VI.

Letters they teach in their infant schools;
But where are the lessons of great God taught?

Lessons that child to the parent bind, —
Habits of duty, — love unbought?
Alas! small good will be learned in schools
Where Nature is trampled and turned to nought.

VII.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl
Who never grew up at her father's knee?
Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
The pauper's boyhood, and where is he?
She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes:
He toileth in chains by the Southern Sea.

VIII.

O Power! O Prudence! Law! — look down
From your heights on the pining poor below!
O sever not hearts which God hath joined
Together, on earth, for weal and woe!
O Senators grave, grave truths may be,
Which ye have not learned, or deigned to know.

IX.

O Wealth, come forth with an open hand!
O Charity, speak with a softer sound!
Yield pity to Age, — to tender Youth, —
To Love, wherever its home be found!
. . . *But I cease*, — for I hear, in the night to come,
The cannon's blast, and the rebel drum,
Shaking the firm-set English ground!

LII. — PASTORAL.

The girl I love is lowly born;
She is not rich, she is not fair;
And yet her presence is to me
Like the breath of the morning air.

'T is fresh with thoughts all innocent;
'T is fragrant with the words of love;
And her eyes shed blessings, like the Dawn
Opening Heaven above.

For these and other things I love
The lowly, love-born child of earth:
Scorn not: How many love for less
Than a thousandth part her worth!

LIII. — THE PALE QUEEN.

I am the Queen anointed, — crowned;
My forehead is all with roses bound,
But pale, all pale!
With rosemary boughs and slips of yew,
With violets shrunk, and lilies, too,
But pale, still pale!
I am the Bride whose arms are wound
About my lover without a sound;
I whisper soft,
And he flies aloft,
But pale, all pale!

Whatever I will, — whate'er I say,
Wherever I look, — all things obey :
From the iron clown to the kings of clay,
My words ne'er fail :
I wither the bud, and the passion bloom ;
I strip the rose of her young perfume ;
I breathe — and the flower doth bear no fruit ;
I come — and the singer's voice is mute ;
The harp unstrung, and lost the lute :
And trumpets wail
My coming, although no battle 's near,
And burst on the self-slain soldier's bier,
And hill and dale
And fountains lone, and the running river,
Sea and sea-shore,
Hard rocks, and mountains cold and hoar,
From all their echoing peaks cry out for ever,
" Hail ! hail ! hail ! "

And now, pale youth, I come to thee,
Whose home is under the willow-tree,
And thou mayst dream
Where it dips its hair in the fond, fond stream :
But, arise ! — arise !
What can come of human sighs,
Lover's sorrow, — weeping eyes, —
When all that cometh quickly flies ?
Arise, and leave thy buried bride,
And come with me to the water's side,

Where lilies gay
Lie sleeping on the shining tide,
Which flies away
Unto the ocean far and wide,
Day after day!
The weeping stars will be ever o'er thee,
And she thou lov'st is gone before thee,
So, ne'er delay:
The Past is lost, the Present lone,
So we will fly to a world unknown;
And be as thou wishest, sad or gay,
Through summer and spring, and winter day: —
Come on! We will seek thy wasted bride:
Behold, — I am *Death*, the amorous-eyed,
Who reign for aye!

LIV. — THE STARS.

"Without haste and without rest."

I.

They glide upon their endless way,
For ever calm, for ever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Mark the Daughters of the Night:
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

II.

And, O, how still beneath the stars
  The once wild, noisy Earth doth lie!
As though she now forsook her jars,
  And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps; and Love (with all his scars)
  In smiling dreams doth lie.

III.

Shine on, sweet orbed Souls, for aye,
  For ever calm, for ever bright:
We ask not whither lies your way,
  Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be, still, — a dream throughout the day,
  A blessing through the night!

LV. — THE LAST STAVE.

Without friends, and without money,
  Without power, without fame,
Earth is but a bitter garden;
  Life is but a losing game:
There 's a heart within my bosom,
  (Ah, I know it, by its pain,)
Swiftness should be in my sinews,
  And within my head — a brain.

Tell me how, with these good servants,
  Song of mine, how we may fare;

We have but a paltry lodging,
'Neath this hedge, in open air.
Fain would I behold a dinner;
But such visions now are rare:
Peace! I see the hawthorn banquet:
Come; we 'll join the sparrows there.

What avail are sages, — muses,
If they bring not comforts nigh?
Ha! they force me upwards — onwards —
Through the clouds — beyond the sky —
Comets — planets — whirl around me —
Storms and rains are rushing by, —
Orb on orb gives out its music, —
I am breathless — God, I die!

LVI. — THE RISING OF THE NORTH.

I.

Hark, — to the sound!
Without a trump, without a drum,
The wild-eyed, hungry Millions come,
Along the echoing ground.

II.

From cellar and cave, from street and lane,
Each from his separate place of pain,
In a blackening stream,
Come sick, and lame, and old, and poor,
And all who can no more endure;
Like a demon's dream!

III.

Starved children with their pauper sire,
And laborers with their fronts of fire,
In angry hum,
And felons, hunted to their den,
And all who shame the name of men,
By millions come.

IV.

The good, the bad, come hand in hand,
Linked by that law which none withstand;
And at their head
Flaps no proud banner, flaunting high,
But a shout, sent upwards to the sky,
Of "*Bread! — Bread!*"

V.

That word their ensign, — that the cause
Which bids them burst the social laws,
In wrath, in pain:
That, the sole boon for lives of toil,
Demand they from their natural soil: —
O, not in vain!

VI.

One single year, and some who now
Come forth, with oaths and haggard brow,
Read prayer and psalm,
In quiet homes; their sole desire,
Rude comforts near their cottage fire,
And Sabbath calm.

VII.

But Hunger is an evil foe:
It striketh Truth and Virtue low,
And Pride elate:
Wild Hunger, stripped of hope and fear!
It doth not weigh; it will not hear;
It cannot wait.

VIII.

For mark, what comes: — To-night, the poor
(All mad) will burst the rich man's door,
And wine will run
In floods, and rafters blazing bright
Will paint the sky with crimson light,
Fierce as the sun;

IX.

And plate carved round with quaint device,
And cups all gold, will melt, like ice
In Indian heat!
And queenly silks, from foreign lands,
Will bear the stamps of bloody hands,
And trampling feet:

X.

And *Murder* — from his hideous den
Will come abroad and talk to men.
Till creatures born
For good, (whose hearts kind Pity nursed,)
Will act the direst crimes they cursed,
But yester-morn.

XI.

So, Wealth by Want will be o'erthrown,
And Want be strong and guilty grown,
Swollen out by blood.
Sweet Peace! who sitt'st aloft, sedate,
Who bind'st the little to the great,
Canst *Thou* not charm the serpent Hate?
And quell this feud?

XII.

Between the pomp of Crœsus's state,
And Irus, starved by sullen Fate,—
'Tween "thee" and "me,"—
'Tween deadly Frost and scorching Sun,—
The Thirty tyrants and the One,—
Some space must be.

XIII.

Must the world quail to absolute kings,
Or tyrant mobs, those meaner things,
All nursed in gore,—
Turk's bowstring,—Tartar's vile Ukase,—
Grim Marat's bloody band, who pace
From shore to shore?

XIV.

O God!—Since our bad world began,
Thus hath it been,—from man to man
War, to the knife!
For bread—for gold—for words—for air!
Save us, O God! and hear my prayer!
Save, save from shame,—from crime,—despair,
Man's puny life!

LVII.—THE SEA FIGHT.

I.

The Sun hath ridden into the sky,
And the Night gone to her lair;
Yet all is asleep
On the mighty Deep,
And all in the calm, gray air.

II.

All seemeth as calm as an infant's dream,
As far as the eye may ken:
But the cannon blast,
That just now passed,
Hath awakened ten thousand men.

III.

An order is blown from ship to ship;
All round and round it rings;
And each sailor is stirred
By the warlike word,
And his jacket he downwards flings.

IV.

He strippeth his arms to his shoulders strong;
He girdeth his loins about;
And he answers the cry
Of his foemen nigh,
With a cheer and a noble shout.

V.

What follows? — a puff, and a flash of light,
And the booming of a gun;
And a scream, that shoots
To the heart's red roots,
And we know that a fight 's begun.

VI.

A thousand shot are at once let loose:
Each flies from its brazen den,
(Like the Plague's swift breath,)
On its deed of death,
And smites down a file of men.

VII.

The guns in their thick-tongued thunder speak,
And the frigates all rock and ride,
And timbers crash,
And the mad waves dash,
Foaming all far and wide:

VIII.

And high as the skies run piercing cries,
All telling one tale of woe,—
That the struggle still,
Between good and ill,
Goes on, in the earth below.

* * * * *

IX.

Day pauses, in gloom, on his western road:
The Moon returns again:
But, of all who looked bright,
In the morning light,
There are only a thousand men.

X.

Look up, at the brooding clouds on high!
Look up, at the awful sun!
And, behold, — the sea flood
Is all red with blood:
Hush! — a battle is lost, — and won!

LVIII. — THE WRECK.

I.

O, WHITHER are we driven, o'er the waters so free,
With the vapors all around, and the breakers on our lee?
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea!
Ah, me! ah, me!

II.

We are hurried to our doom: O, how wild and how strong
Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along;
And the Tempest he is calling, (hark, how terrible his song!)
For thee! for me!

III.

The thunder is awakened: He is talking to the Night:
And see what cometh flooding down in cataracts of light;
'T is his paramour, the Lightning; she withereth my sight;
Ah, me! ah, me!

IV.

O, how the Storm doth follow us: and hearken to the Wind!
He is round us; he is over us; he 's hurrying behind:
He is tearing me (the maniac, so cruel and so blind,)
From thee, from thee!

V.

Stay, stay, I hear a sound amidst the washing of the tide:
It glideth by our vessel, now, wherever we do glide;
'T is the whale — It is the shark! ah, see, he turns upon his side:
Let 's flee, let 's flee!

VI.

Ha! the billows they are rising; we are lifted up on high:
We are all amongst the clouds: we are rushing from the sky,
Down, down, into the waters — Ah, have pity! for I die;
O, Sea! Great Sea!
[*The boat strikes.*]

LIX. — THE TIME OF CHARLEMAGNE.

I.

There was freedom in the forest;
  There was plenty on the plain;
Lusty peasants, noble heroes,
  In the time of Charlemagne:
Right was right, and wrong was evil;
  Truth was never then too plain;
All the heart came forth in music,
  In the time of Charlemagne.

II.

Every man was free to follow
  Bird, or wild beast to its den;
Every man maintained his quarrel
  With the sword and not the pen:
Manly thoughts and simple habits
  Brought us health, and banished pain:
We have changed, — (for worse or better?)
  Since the time of Charlemagne.

III.

Beauty won her bloom from Nature;
  Wives were constant, maidens true;
Men were bold, strong, clear, unbending,
  As the brave, bright steel they drew.

None did rise but by his merit;
None did sell his soul for gain;
Words did never hide man's meaning,
In the time of Charlemagne.

IV.

What a king! He fought and vanquished
Lombard, Saracen, Saxon, still
Ruling every race he conquered
With a deep, consummate skill.
Once, alone, false Fortune checked him, —
Once, on Roncesvalles' plain:
Save that day, all else was cloudless
Through the time of Charlemagne.

V.

But — he died! and he was buried
In his tomb of sculptured stone;
And they robed and placed his body
Upright on his golden throne:
With his sword, and with the Bible,
Which through life he did maintain,
All strewn o'er with gems and spices
Sate the dead king Charlemagne!

VI.

Since his time, the world is altered:
Yet, — let 's hope to see, again,
All the sword's old valor, mingled
With the wisdom of the pen:

Till those days shall come, dear Poets,
Let us not perplex our brain;
But, content, love truth and valor,
Though in time of Charlemagne.

LX. — THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Winter cold is coming on;
No more calls the cuckoo:
No more doth the music gush
From the silver-throated thrush:
No more now, at "evening pale,"
Singeth sad the nightingale;
Nor the blackbird on the lawn;
Nor the lark at dewy dawn:
Time hath wove' his songs anew.
No more young and dancing measures;
No more budding, flowery pleasures:
All is over, — all forgot;
Save by me, who loved them not.

Winter white is coming on;
And I love his coming:
What, though winds the fields have shorn, —
What, though earth is half forlorn, —
Not a berry on the thorn, —
Not an insect humming;

Pleasure never can be dead;
Beauty cannot hide her head!
Look! in what fantastic showers
The snow flings down her feathered flowers,
Or whirls about, in drunken glee,
Kissing its love, the holly tree.
Behold! the Sun himself comes forth,
And sends his beams from south to north, —
To diamonds turns the winter rime,
And lends a glory to the time!
Such days, when old friends meet together,
Are worth a score of mere spring weather;
And hark! — the merry bells awake;
They clamor blithely for our sake!
The clock is sounding from the tower,
"Four," — "five," — 't is now ——'s dinner-hour!
Come on, — I see his table spread, —
The sherry, — the claret rosy red,
The champagne sparkling in the light, —
By Bacchus! we 'll be wise to-night!

LXI. — A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE.

Do you still remember
When you and I were young,
How the merry cricket talked,
How the throstle sung?
How above our spring-tide
Azure heaven hung?
Ah! the times were merry times,
When you and I were young!

Speed was in my footsteps;
Hope was in mine eye;
And the soul of Poesy
Was my dear ally.
Earth was then as beautiful, —
Ay, as is the sky,
When I looked beside me,
And saw — that *you* were nigh.

If my dreams were sinful,
God forgave the crime;
For I look with calmness
Back upon my prime.
Have you quite forgotten
All that sunny time,
When we whispered secrets —
Not to be told in rhyme?

Well, — our springs are over,
(O, sweet days of yore!)
Autumn wild surrounds us,
And I see an aspect hoar,
Like angry Winter, frowning
From that twilight shore,
Where our steps are hastening, —
To return no more!

Mourn not: we inherited,
With our gift of birth,
Good and evil mingled, —
Tears amidst our mirth.
Thou shalt be remembered,
For thy gentle worth;
And *I 'll* dream that regions
Shine beyond the earth.

LXII. — A FAREWELL TO DECEMBER.

Old December!
Art thou gone? — then fare thee well!
Many a good do I remember
Of thee, that I fain would tell;
Many a dream beyond all trouble;
Many a feast where beer did bubble;
Many a jolly beauty toasted;
Many a mighty turkey roasted;

Laughing, quaffing, blusterous weather,
(Winds and rain, a song together;)
Friendship glowing, — wine a-flowing,
Wit beyond the proser's knowing!
Ah, December!
I remember
Thee and thine, perhaps too well.

Let the trim tea-totaller talk
Of his May and April walk,
All amongst the insipid flowers,
Dawdling with the vacant Hours;
I — amidst the blazing night,
Have seen vast and deep delight, —
Pleasure, such as left its traces
On a thousand brightening faces, —
Brightening at the touch of Truth,
(Like Age remembering its own youth;)
For, be *sure*, — that noble Wine
Is Truth! — and, doubly thus, divine.

Wine! — It opes the heart's red sluices,
Letting forth those generous juices,
Which so fertilize our clay,
That the Night transcends the Day:
Virtues then spring up like flowers;
Joy comes gladdening all the hours;
Justice takes an aspect bland;
Friendship puts forth its kind hand:
Every thing both great and good
Is then confessed, and understood:

No more fear beside the flask ;
No dull spite in wisdom's mask :
No mean, simmering, simpering blushes : —
The great Soul all-radiant rushes
Forth, at once, on the social ground,
And laugheth as the glass runs round.

For these reasons, old December !
(For these reasons, and some more
Which I do not now remember,)
I 'll still love thee, as of yore.

When I knew no woes nor pains,
And the blood ran racing through my veins,
Stinging every nerve with pleasure,
I could tread the merriest measure,
Dancing till I met the Day ;
And could drain my cup alway ;
And could whisper — soft and low —
Under the mystic mistletoe.
So it was ; — and so, old friend,
When this year shall near its end,
If gray Age and Fate permit,
I will face thee in thy wit, —
In thy wit and wine arrayed.
What care I how many a maid
Laugheth in thy frosty train ;
I will dare their worst, again.
Let who will forsake the wine,
At *my* right hand it shall shine

Like a blessing, — as, in truth,
'T is to age as well as youth.

Now, farewell ! and for *my* sake,
Bid thy fellow Months be kind,
And not a merry Spirit take,
Nor one of true or gentle mind.
In requital, — Friends, remember !
We will all assemble round,
When next the winter strews the ground,
And drink a health to old December !

LXIII. — THE MODERN CYMON.

"The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet."

I.

You bid me tell you, why I rise
At midnight from my lonely bed,
And search amongst the coming clouds,
And talk as though I saw the dead :
You speak of madness — of the moon —
I 've heard such idle jeers before :
Give me your patience for my tale,
And you shall deem me mad no more.

II.

I was not born of noble race :
I know a peasant was my sire ;
But, from my mother's breast, I sucked
The milk that filled my blood with fire.

I ran, as wild as doth the wolf,
About the fields for many years:
But, in my twentieth summer, Thought
Sprang upwards, in a rain of tears.

III.

A sudden chance (if chance it were)
Flung me across a marriage train;
And there I saw a wretched girl
Forced onwards, while she wept in vain.
I never saw so fair a thing:
My eyes were hot within my head:
I heard her scream — I saw her forced
(By a brother) towards a brute — and wed.

IV.

I sought the hills, — I sought the woods;
My heart was bursting in my breast:
At last tears rushed in rivers forth,
And, for a time, I felt at rest.
Those tears! they washed from off my eyes
The cloudy film that on them lay;
And I awoke, and saw the light,
And knew I did behold the Day.

V.

Till then, I had but been a beast,
Had let mere savage will prevail;
Was ignorant — sullen — fierce; till Love —
(You have some fable, like my tale,)

Till Love flew forth and touched my heart :
Then, all at once, my Spirit strong
Swelled upwards, like a torrent dammed,
And forced its furious way along.

VI.

I read — I learned — I thought — I loved !
(For Love was all the motive then ;)
And one, who was a friend, gave help,
And I went forth and mixed with men :
I talked with him they called her lord :
I talked with *Her* — who was a bride
Through fraud and force and rapine ; — God !
She spoke : — I think I could have died !

VII.

I heard her words : I saw her eyes,
Where patient mingled with the sad :
I felt her breath upon my cheek ;
Its perfume did not drive me mad :
I listened dumbly to her wrongs, —
Imprisoned, struck, despised, deceived ;
And, in my heart, I heard a voice
Cry out " Revenge ! " — and I believed !

VIII.

Still, Time wore on ; and efforts vain
Were made to bend the Dæmon's will ;
To wean him from the wrong to right ;
But he was base and cruel still.

Such deeds he did! Romance hath bared
The truth of many a hellish crime;
But never yet did Fiction dream
Of half that I could tell in rhyme.

IX.

Suffice it; all things have an end.
There is an end, where mortal pain
Must stop, and can endure no more:
This limit did we now attain:
For Hope — sweet Patience — Virtue fled!
I did what she could never dare;
I cut the canker from her side;
And bore her off — to healthier air!

X.

Far — far away! She never knew
That I had blood upon my breast:
And yet, (although she loved me much,)
I know not why, she could not rest.
I strove to cheer her love, — to stir
Her pride, — but, ah, she had no pride!
We loved each other; — yet she pined:
We loved each other; — yet she died!

XI.

She died, as fading roses die,
Although the warm and healing air
Comes breathing forth and wraps them round:
She died, despite my love and care.

I placed her, gently, in the lead ;
I smoothed her hair, as it should be ;
And drew a promise, — what she vowed
Is a secret 'tween my soul and me !

XII.

She died ; and yet I have her still, —
Carved, softly, in Carrara stone ;
And in my chamber she abides,
Sitting in silence, — all alone ;
Alone, save when the midnight Moon
Her calm and spotless bosom seeks :
Then, she unclasps her marble hands,
And moves her marble lips, — and speaks !

XIII.

And this is why I restless seem ;
And *this* is why I always rise
At midnight still throughout the year,
And look for comfort in the skies :
For then the angel of my heart
Awakens from her sleep of stone ;
And we exchange sweet hopes and thoughts,
In words unto the earth unknown.

XIV.

Now, — tell me ; Am I mad ? — Who 's *He*
That stares, and gibbers at me there ?
I know him : — there 's his crookèd claw ;
His glittering eye ; his snaky hair :

Begone! — he 's gone. — Excuse me, Sir:
These fellows often pinch my brain;
(I know full well who spurs them on;)
But — as you see — they tease in vain.

LXIV. — THE POOR SCHOLAR'S SONG.

Death, old fellow! Have we then
Come at last so near each other?
Well, — shake hands; and be to me
A quiet friend, a faithful brother.

All those merry days are gone;
Gone with cash, and health, old fellow!
When I read long days and nights,
And sometimes (with a friend) got mellow.

Newton! Euclid! fine old ghosts!
Noble books of old Greek learning!
Ah! ye left huge aches behind;
Head and heart and brain all burning.

How I toiled! For one, now fled,
I wore down the midnight taper,
Laboring, — dreaming; till one day
I 'woke, and found my life — a vapor.

Yet, I hoped (ah, laugh not now)
For wealth, and health, and fame, — the bubble!

So I climbed up Wisdom's steeps,
And got a fall, boy, for my trouble.

Now all 's over: No one helped,
No one cheered my strong endeavor;
So I sank, and called on *thee;*
And *Thou 'lt* be my friend for ever.

LXV. — RIND AND FRUIT.

You may boast of jewels, — coronets, —
Ermine, — purple, — all you can:
There is that within them nobler; —
Something that we call — A Man!
Something all the rest surpassing:
As the flower is to the sod;
As to man is high archangel;
As is to archangel — God!

Running o'er with tears and weakness;
Flaming like a mountain fire;
Racked by hate and hateful passions;
Tossed about by wild desire;
There is, still, within him, (mingled
With each fault that dims or mars,)
Truth, and Pity, — Virtue, — Courage, —
Thoughts, — that fly beyond the stars!

You, who prize the book's poor paper
Above its thoughts of joy and pain;

You who love the cloud's bright vapor
More than its soul, — the blessing, rain ;

Take the gems, the crowns, the ermine ;
Use them nobly if you can :
But give *us* — (in rags or purple),
The true, warm, strong Heart of Man.

LXVI. — THE PROPHET.

I.

Day broke : — The Morning of a mighty year
Came forth, and smiled ;
And, in its sunny arms (like waters clear)
It bore — a child.

II.

Time flew : — Quick life along his arteries sang ;
Love's pulses beat :
And from his burning temples Thought outsprang,
And Truth, complete.

III.

Time flew : — The brightness of a Poet's sight
Enlarged his eye ;
And Strength and Courage knit his limbs for fight,
To live, — or die.

IV.

Time flew : — Sad Wisdom from his heart arose,
And touched his brain ;

And he stood up, 'midst all a prophet's woes,
And spoke, — in vain!

V.

He spoke: — Men hearkened to his piercing cry,
With smiles, with scorn;
But the dim FUTURE felt his threatenings nigh,
And shook, — unborn!

VI.

He died: and race to race did still succeed;
And suns did shine;
And Centuries passed; and still no eye could read
His awful line.

VII.

You mourn? — Mourn not; nor deem his history vain;
Nor vain his strife:
To breathe, to feel, to hope, are worth the pain
Of Death, and Life:

VIII.

And now, (as generations rise, and far
Like vapors roll,)
Some few begin to gaze, as on a star,
And scan his scroll:

IX.

And, in its inspiration, vaguely shown,
We seem to trace
The march of revolutions, come and flown;
And of man's race

X.

The history. Amidst blots, of blood and tears,
The verses run,
Until we lose their light in distant years,
And — all is done!

LXVII. — SIT NEAR! SIT NEAR!

Sit near! sit near! I kiss thy lips,
Ripe, richer than the crimson cherry.
Girl, canst thou love me in eclipse?
Tell me, and bid my soul be merry.

My light is dim, my fortune fled;
I 've nothing save the love I bear thee.
Give back *thy* love, or I am dead; —
A word, — a look, — whilst I can hear thee.

Sit nearer! near! I kiss thine eyes;
There, — where the white lids part asunder.
I love thee, — dost thou hear my sighs?
Love thee beyond the world, thou wonder?

My life is spent. I 've nothing left
To tender now, save love's soft duty;
Yet, gaze I, — of all else bereft, —
And feed till death upon thy beauty.

LXVIII. — THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

Sleep! — The ghostly winds are blowing:
No moon abroad, — no star is glowing:
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('T was melted away by his looks of fire;)
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we 'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, — the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly, — fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps — and die!

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

PART THE FIRST.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

PART THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTION TO A DRAMA (1821).

SCENE. — *A Wilderness in Spain. The place is dark with trees; and the ground hidden by fern and the entangled undergrowth of the forest. Various birds and animals are seen, scattered about.*

ANIMALI PARLANTI.

1 *Raven.* LOOK above thee, brother! — Look!
Crow. Cousin, quit the wizard's book.
Leave the adder to die alone:
Study no more the thunder-stone:
Quit the hemlock's seething must;
And Hell's black volcanic dust.
1 *Rav.* Look above thee, — in the air!
Crow. Ho, ho! Is it not a vision rare?
2 *Rav.* They hover, and hover,
Now under, now over

The cloud which is growing warm
With the kindling light of the coming storm.
Crow. Hark, i' the air!
1 *Rav.* And the earth!
2 *Rav.* Ah, ha! she starts at an evil birth.
She heaves, she heaves,
And the shaking leaves
Grow parched, and the wind a sad music weaves.
Crow. Look! One has shot down like a star.
2 *Rav.* But the other is soaring far,
Like a Spirit that seeks the sun,
When his errand below, in the dust, is done.
1 *Monkey.* Mark the raven: note the rook!
What do *they* with the Devil's book?
2 *Mon.* Stupid wretches!
1 *Mon.* And the crow?
What should such lumps of feathers know?
They 're fit for nought,
In my poor thought,
But to trick out a funeral raree-show.
2 *Mon.* Peace, son; they are but birds, you know:
They can't distinguish right from wrong.
1 *Mon.* I 'll teach 'em to subtract ere long.
2 *Mon.* We 'll try, some day, what can be done.
In the mean time, 't is fit, my son,
We *from* them get whate'er we can:
And much we may do,
If we mind our cue,
For a monkey is much on a par with man:
There 's a difference ——

Parrot. Ho! I shall crack my side.

2 *Mon.* Though few see 't, till we sit side by side.
On the one hand, a man has a longer nose,
And struts in clean linen, wherever he goes:
But what has he like to the monkey's *tail?*

Par. Ho, ho! — Ho, ho!

2 *Mon.* Then he has n't such grace,
Nor so fine a face:
These things must be thrown in the opposite scale.

Owls. Hur-ruh! — Hur-ruh! [*Distant thunder.*

Vulture. The tyrant Tempest is coming!
He strives to hold his breath:
But I smell him, and hear him humming
The beautiful, terrible tune of Death.

Starling. Death! — Death!

Snake. He is creeping amongst the leaves:
He ruffles the moss and flowers:
He is cunning; but who deceives
The snake in her watchful hours?

Dove. He cometh: yet I must stay;
For my lover will come, who is far away
In the distant showers.

Nightingale. And nothing shall force me fly;
For hither I came to die
In the dark pine bowers.

Rat. Dost hear 'em clatter? Let 's run, let 's run;
The ruin (I feel it) has just begun.
Save yourselves, brothers, and stay for none.

[*Clouds gather overhead.* — CHORUS.]

The sky is clothed in rain;
The clouds are big with thunder:
And the hills all shake with a spasm pain;
For Spirits, above and under,
Are shouting, — from steep to steep,
All over the airy deep;
And thorough the caves and veins,
Where Mammon the monarch reigns;
And witches are calling
From wood to wood;
And comets are falling
In swamp and flood!

Owls. Hur-ruh! — Hur-ruh!

[*A Shadow passes across.*]

A Voice. Make way!
And welcome the Spirit that floats this way:
Do ye hear, my slaves?

Snake. O Master gray!
Thy servants are listening: they obey.

[CHORUS *continues.*]

He comes! He comes! Rejoice, rejoice!
Great Forest, with all thy voice!

1 *Voice.* He comes!
The Master of mind and breath;
The Ghost that unlocketh the door of Death;

Who turneth the hinge of the coffin down;
Who laugheth at bauble and tinsel crown;
Who opens the lid,
And shows what 's hid,
Whether 't be king or a lowly clown.

2 *Voice.* He comes!
Arise, and shake off your tears,
Ashes and Oaks of a thousand years!
All Trees who have name, from Pine to Palm,
Be quick and strip off your sunset calm.
He comes, — with the evening pale;
Arise! and bid the Magician hail!

3 *Voice.* He comes!
Elements sleeping, awake again!
Shout with your voices of wind and rain!
And Thou in the cloud,
Alive and loud,
Come forth on the back of the Hurricane!
Thunder and Tempest and Lightning pale,
Leap from your caverns and cry, — "All Hail!"

* * * * * *

FRAGMENTS.

1. — *The Valley of Ladies.*

Neiph. Come on, come on. — A little further on,
And we shall reach a place where we may pause.
It is a meadow full of the early spring:
Tall grass is there which dallies with the wind,
And never-ending odorous lemon-trees;
Wild flowers in blossom, and sweet citron-buds,
And princely cedars; and the linden-boughs
Make arched walks for love to whisper in.
If you be tired, lie down, and you shall hear
A river, which doth kiss irregular banks,
Enchant your senses with a sleepy tune.
If not, and merry blood doth stir your veins,
The place hath still a fair and pleasant aspect:
For, in the midst of this green meadow, springs
A fountain of white marble; o'er whose sides
Run stories, graven by some cunning hand,
Of pastoral life, and tipsy revelry.
There will we, 'midst delicious cates, and wines
Sparkling and amorous, and sweet instruments,
Sing gentle mischief as the sun goes down.
Quick! but a few steps more, — 'round by this copse
Of olives and young chestnuts, (to whose arms
The vines seem clinging, like so many brides,)
And you will reach 't. Ha! — Stay! — Look! here it is.

Fiamet. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! — Look! how Philostratus
Buries his forehead in the fresh green grass.
Pamphilus. Hail, vernal spot! We bear to thy em-
brace
Pleasures that ask for calm; Love, and Delight;
Harmonious pulses where no evil dwells;
Smiles without treach'ry; words all soft and true;
Music like morning, fresh and full of youth,
And all else that belongs to gentleness.

2. — *An Utilitarian.*

He is a *slave* to Science. He would pull
Great Heaven to pieces; and anatomize
Each fragment of its crystal battlements;
Weigh out its hymns; divide its light, and class
The radiant feathers of Archangels' wings.
Do we not know, — doth *he* not know, that still
Mysterious Wonder aye must reign above us;
Struggle howe'er we may? Doth he not know
That Adoration and great Wonder, (like
Good deeds which bless the giver,) ever lift
The Soul above the dust, and strengthen us?

3. — *The Uses of Courage.*

Pity me not: I am not without joy.
Within the shadow of a grand Despair,
Proud thoughts abide; which with their stately strength
Maintain the Spirit in its resolute path.

Be sure of this: brave men do not resign
All Heaven with love. He who can walk alone
Unto his grave, and (conquering his own heart)
Force the black Future, till its seeming Void
Grows populous with shapes, and yields to him,
Its regions subject, is not without joy;
But like some warrior, who, the day being won,
Strides on triumphant amidst heaps of slain;
All pain and wounds forgot.

4. — *Life everywhere.*

Call not these things inanimate, — the trees,
The grass, the herbs, the flowers. A busy life
Dwells in their seething limbs; and, as soft blooms
Unfold themselves unto the alluring Sun,
Fond music, (which we hear not,) mystic odors,
Accompany their soft confessions. Thus,
One springs and fades, — then others come, — whilst sighs
Exhale from each unto the listening air,
Telling through all its course, (from life to death,
From verdant spring-time until autumn sere,)
The same eternal story.

5. — *Fame the Offspring of Fortune.*

A. Had he but lived
With Fortune for his mate, and such a stage
To play his part on, as some spirits have had,
He would have been ——

B. A king?
A. A *man!* what else,
King, Emperor, Tyrant, Shah, would matter not.
He would have been — a NAME; such as of old
Grew into Gods!
B. And so he died?
A. He died,
And not a verse did honor him. His doom
Was writ already; and his star was called
— *Oblivion!*

6. — *Love independent of Reason.*

LOVE follows not desert, but accident.
We love — because we love: I know no more.
'T is not great thoughts, nor noble qualities,
Nor conduct pure, compel it. These rather challenge
Our deep respect than Love: That sweet emotion
Owes to our tender hearts its gentle force,
And scorns all meaner reason.

7. — *A Jester; from the antique.*

A. YOU 'RE merry, Lovelace?
L. I am always merry.
When I came sprawling into this brave world,
My mother laughed, and could not feel her pains:
The midwife tittered, and the nurse did smooth
Her grave and wrinkled apron with a smile.
I grinned ere I could talk; reaped all my learning

Out of a jest-book ; and, ere I was man,
Was a felon by each law of gravity.
When I do right, I laugh ; 't is self-approval :
And when I 'm wrong, I laugh : it comforts me.
I laugh at folly, much ; at wisdom, more :
The first by common rule, the last because
'T is my peculiar game ; and I note often,
Beneath the shadow of a grave man's frown,
A foolscap dancing, — nay, I hear the bells,
And burst abroad in monstrous merriment.

A. You are the wiser man. If I could see
The Sun, as thou dost, through impervious clouds,
I might be happier. As it is, I bear
The grievous load of life, which poor men carry,
As loosely as I may.

L. What ails thee now ?
Come, thou hast lost a kitten in the mumps ?
Thy maid has cracked her garter ? Thou hast heard
Thy pig is gone astray, and 's put i' the pound ?
Not so ? Why then thy parsley-bed has failed ?
There are no hopes of apples ? The last clutch
Of chickens do not thrive as thou expect'st ?
Or else, some brown-skinned wench, whose eyebrows meet,
Has sworn a child to another, — and 't is thine ?

A. Peace, peace ! Wilt lend me a crown ?

L. Bah ! Is that all ?
Why, ay : I 'll do much more, for one like thee,
Whom I would fain laugh out of poverty.

8. — *A Case of Witchcraft.*

A. I REMEMBER,
When first she saw him, how her dark orbs drew
His soul aside. Her voice (that sweet witch-music)
Bound him in trance; and so she floated round,
Taking him prisoner with her golden hair; —

B. Almost a Parasite?

A. 'T was even so:
She wound about him, with her leaves and thorns;
Hid him in roses, preyed upon his strength;
And so at last he perished. Peace be with him!

9. — *Mésalliance.*

A. You ask, why am I sad? — Give ear to me: —
When I was young, I was a fool, — and married.
The girl I wed was like a bright June morning;
Fresh, fragrant, dewy-lipped, and azure-eyed,
And floated onward with a cloud-like motion;
And when she owned her love for me, her cheek
Out-blushed the burning sun at Midsummer.

B. And yet you were a fool?

A. Ay, a mad fool.
For, look, — she was more humble than the dust;
A peasant's daughter. I, who track my line
Even unto fable, and am honor-bound
To keep my golden lineage unalloyed,
Did wrong to heroes and to kings, my sires,
To mix their blood with baseness.

10. — *Resolution.*

Let us go forth and tread down fate together.
We 'll be companions of the gusty winds;
Laugh loud at hunger; conquer want; out-curse
The fierceness of the howling wilderness.
Firm here; or bolder onwards; that 's our way.
He who gives back a foot, gives vantage ground
To whatsoever is his enemy.

11. — *Ascending Visions.*

A. Within yon antique rooms
Great Powers abide, which guard this place from wrong;
The strength of Michael; Raffaelle's angel grace;
Grave Titian's splendor; Paolo's sunset dreams:
And Deities, who once (so poets write)
Dwelt on Olympus, from their heights come down,
And sit all round in marble!

B. Let us go in.

* * * * * *

A. Stand here, and gaze thy fill on beauteous Art!
— Now, look beyond, — beyond its deeds or dreams,
And thou wilt see the Spirits of human power,
Creators of the things which shine below.
Pause not! but let thine aspirations *still*
Ascend: for wondrous regions lie beyond;
Whose mystic heights, whose darkness calm and holy,
No star can penetrate. There dwells the Thought, —

The Power, the Spirit of Good, from whence all else
Derive their purpose and their origin.

12. — *The New Year.*

Time slips from under us. The Year is gone!
And now — what comes? Hark to the headlong bells,
Whose sudden cries shoot through the circling air,
Like lightning through the dark. What birth is next?
The Year, — the new-born Year! Cold, weak, and pale,
She enters on her round. No flowers awake
To herald her: no winds start forth, to pipe
Their Bacchanalian welcomes in her ear:
But Silence and inanimate Nature lie
In watch, awaiting her first look serene;
And, deep within her breast, what marvels sleep;
What deeds of good and ill; what dreams, — desires,
Flowers like the stars, and thoughts beyond the flowers;
Laughing delights, mute woes, passionate tears;
And kindness, human sunshine, softening all!

13. — *Life and Death.*

A. You, in your fierce desire to vanquish me,
Forget this truth: — *The Gods who give us life,*
Give us death also!

B. Both are good: — What better,
After tempestuous hours, than deep repose!

14. — *Autumn.*

THE melancholy Autumn comes on us :
Not red and stormy ; but in a shroud of rain,
Weeping for Summer fled. The fields lie bare ;
The orchards stripped ; the gardener's pride is o'er :
For all sweet-smelling flowers have lost their lives ;
Geranium ; heliotrope : Even the rose,
That was the queen of all the sunny year, —
She, in whose perfumed halls the wild bee lingered,
Lightening his toil with song, — is pale and dead !
So is 't with us : — Our spring is blown and gone :
Our manly summer, o'er whose moments Love
Threw lustre like the morning, fades at last !

15. — *The Sorrow of an Heir.*

Duke. GREAT tidings have come hither, — from the grave.
The Duke is dead : — nay, something more than that :
My Father 's dead ! — Well, — he was very old.
The seasons were familiar with his pains :
From vernal youth to wintry age, he saw
The melancholy months pour out their ills ;
And now, — the year 's at end ! These things are writ
Down on unalterable brass. No tears !
What use in grieving ? Will my cries charm back
The pale down-going Ghost which *was* my Sire,
And seat it upright in his crimson chair ? —
He has left us. Gray old man ! He was a bar

'Tween me and power: yet, I beheld him not
With an heir's loathing. Master of mine own,
Within my stormy circle still I reigned,
And left him to a throne.
. . . Soh, — now for life;
(Death being forgot awhile). We must assume
The sceptre of our sires, and take on us
The golden burthen of a ducal crown.
In place of petty thoughts and weak desires,
We 'll seek Ambition in her high retreat,
And take her for our mate. 'T is well that men,
Who march on humble ground, should match with dust:
But We, — whose homes are on the mountain tops,
Whose thoughts beyond, — must breathe fit air, and hold
Nothing beneath the stars in fellowship.

16. — *Unborn Flowers.*

How gentle is the sward! Tread soft! Perhaps
A blue-eyed creature, whom the Spring forgot
To sweeten, lies below. Perhaps she was
Too frail to unfold her bloom; so died i' the bud.

17. — *A Mother pleads to see her Children.*

Judge. You are accused ——
M. Accused? say you, accused?
Why so were saints and martyrs: Nay (hear this)
Christ was accused! The only Son of God, —
He was reviled and smitten: crowned with thorns,

Nailed to the cross, — murdered! Do you hear?
You judges of a mean and bloody law?
Who spell out, with cold tongues, accursed words,
That freeze my soul. — *Do* you say, — *dare* you say,
That I, — a mother, — ay, a fond one (back,
You blinding tears!) ——

Judge. The law ——

M. I want not law.
I ask for justice: — Such as Heaven doth teach
Unto wise hearts, and man metes out to man:
Such as doth keep the troubled world in quiet.
I ask for justice: do I ask too much?
A Mother, — I demand to see the babes
I bore in pain, and fed, and for some years
(A few, too few!) guided as they should go,
And taught them truth and gentle thoughts; and now
I ask to *see* them. God! I ask 't of thee;
For man denies me. Ah! God! — Father! Friend!
(I have no other;) from thine awful throne
Hear my petition. Give my children to me:
And other fortune, short of this, I 'll bear,
And thank your grace for ever.

18. — *A Superstition.*

'T is said, that in some land, I think in Spain,
(Rising upon you like an awful dream,)
A wondrous image stands. 'T is broad and gaunt;
Tall as a giant; with a stormy front;
And snaky hair, and large eyes all of stone;

And armed, or so it seems, from head to heel,
With a crook'd falchion, and enormous casque,
And mighty links of mail, which once were brass;
And spurs of marble, and marmoreal limbs;
All bent, like one who staggers. Full at the East
It glares, like a defiance, lowering, bold;
And scorn still lurks about its steadfast eye;
And on its brow a lordly courage sits.
— This statue, as 't is told, was once a king;
A fierce idolater; who cursed the moon,
And hated Heaven, yet owned some hellish sway: —
A strange religion this; and yet it was so.
Well, — he was born a king, as I have said,
And reigned o'er armed millions, without law.
He sold brave men for beggar gold, and stained
The innocent youth of virtue. He robbed altars;
Ate like Apicius; drank, like Afric sands,
Rivers of wine; then fell to frenzy. At last,
Swarming rebellions (like the Atlantic stirred
To madness, by the bellowing of great storms)
Rose up, and, lashed to wrath by horrid wrongs,
Hunted the tyrant from his brazen throne, —
Hunted him, like a wolf, from cave to cave;
Through rocks, and mountains, and deep perilous glens;
Day after day, night after night, until
His soul burst out in curses. On one dull dawn,
Which showed him lurking to relentless foes,
He flung some terrible reproach at Heaven;
Laughed at its God, 't is said, and cursed the Sun: —
Whereat the broad eye of the Day unclosed,
And stared him into stone!

19. — *A Page untranslatable.*

I GAZE into her eyes : — But who can see
Beyond the impenetrable stars ! I hear
The music of her steps, and of her sighs,
And of her presence, when she is most still :
Yet something 'scapes me. I could sooner read
The mysteries of the moon, when frenzy howls,
Than her all-potent silence.

20. — *Twilight.*

I LOVE this light :
'T is the old age of Day, methinks ; or haply
The infancy of Night : pleasant it is.
Shall we be dreaming ? — Hark ! The nightingale,
Queen of all music, to her listening heart
Speaks, and the woods are still.

21. — *Exiles.*

Man. A LITTLE farther on,
And thou shalt find a safe, sad resting-place.
It is a fallen palace, through whose gates,
Arches, and flapping casements, the wild rain
And gusty winds pour in. Long years ago,
It was a mansion of a Count of Spain ;
Who dealt with the dark Spirits, as 't is told,
And met a sudden doom. I have heard that he
Encountered his dusk master, as he sate

At supper by himself one winter's night,
And died in madness.

Arm. Is the place so lonely?

M. Ay, is it. The stork hath left it; and no thing
Comes there, beside the snake; save when, hard pressed
By savage hunters, or relentless cold,
The wild fox makes 't his dwelling through the night,
And flies at morning.

A. I am ready, now:
Give me our boy, and I will carry him.

M. Not so: I 'm stouter, — nay, I feel no pain.
He sleeps. Look on him, — little famished wretch!
Hunger disdains to tear him. Now, let 's on:
This way, beneath the pines. There is no track;
But I have sported there in brighter days,
And know the thickets.

A. Ha! you stagger? stay:
Now, give me thy sweet burthen.

M. Tush! 't was chance;
A straggling root from yon old chestnut-tree.
We 'll tread with greater care.

A. I 'll sing to thee;
And cheer thee on our melancholy march.
'T is said men fight the better when they hear
Sweet music; ay, endure fatigue and thirst.
Hunger and such poor wants. If so, I 'll strain
My throat until it shame the nightingale,
But I 'll do *thee* some service. Listen then. [*She sings.*

M. Go on: it cheers me. Well?

A. I had forgot.

The rest is sad: we 'll have 't another time.

M. Now, *now:* — although 't be darker than our lot;
Let 's hear it. When we cannot feel the sun,
Or hear the spring wind laugh, or babbling river,
There 's music in the rain.

22. — *Friends in Death.*

E. In some lone cemetery,
Distant from towns, (some wild, wood-girded spot,
Ruined and full of graves, all very old,
Over whose scarce-seen mounds the pine-tree sheds
Its solemn fruit, as giving dust to dust,)
He sleeps in quiet. Had he no friend? O, yes:
Pity which hates all noise, and Sorrow, like
The enamoring marble that wraps virgin mould,
And palest Silence, who will weep alone,
And all sad friends of Death, were friends to him!

23. — *A New Alcestis.*

Manuel. [*Watching the body of* Armida.] . . . It may not be!
I watch in vain. At dawn, at noon, at eve,
And ever through the mystic midnight hour,
I watch by her, who was so late my bride;
Yet see no change. Midway, 'tween life and death,
He stays; the tinct still red upon her lip;
And a hue, like that the blush-rose wears, when June
Bares her sweet breast to day, redeems her cheek

From everlasting death : and yet, — she 's dead !
I saw, (too well !) amidst my useless tears,
Her life dissolve away : so, — though she lies
As yet of no one beauty disarrayed,
We 'll give her tender burial. Open, earth !

[*Music. The following* INCANTATION *is heard.*]

Change ! — The clay is changing :
The Spirit is through its chambers ranging ;
And the blood begins to flow !
With his subtle and fiery breath,
He is waking the streams below,
And is flushing the face of Death.
He hurries from vein to vein,
Hither and thither, and back again,
All over the tingling nerves,
O'er muscles and bones, and never swerves ;
And now — he is in the brain,
With a sharp but a pleasant pain !

Awake, thou wonder of wonders,
Thou beautiful, ghastly bride ;
For the ground is shaken by thunders,
And swells with a gloomy pride ;
That the soul which so lately fled
Should return on the wings of life,
And escape from the ghostly dead ;
And mingle again in the tearing strife ;
Where Power and Sin, allied,
Go triumphing still through the regions wide ;

Where Hunger is left to die,
And Grief, with the streaming eye,
And Beauty and Youth, and Fear and Pain,
Fall down at the Conqueror's feet, in vain.

[*She revives.*]

Man. Ha! — God!

Arm. What seest thou? — Manuel, dear Manuel!

Man. Speak! earth-like, tomb-like! — Speak! a word, a word;
Low as the whisper of death.

Arm. Dear Manuel!

Man. The music comes again. Like sighing cypress, —
Like organ dirges, heard midst tears and prayer,
It floats about my brain: — But she is dead!

Arm. Have I slept long?

Man. A life! — thy feet have trod
The bubbling, burning waters, and come back
From Hell, like Orpheus' lover, whom the gods
Dashed into death once more.

Arm. Thy reason 's troubled:
Sit by me, and we 'll talk.

Man. Darest thou betray
The dumb, dark secrets thou hast learned below?
Beware! their gods may stir: dæmons may rise,
Armed with revenge and hate; and, passing the bound
That doth divide us from the worlds of fire,
Seize on thee for their own. Art thou not theirs?
Their right? their prey? their subject? O, if so,

They 'll drag thee down to torment (o' that be sure)
Though I stand strong beside thee. Look, she smiles.
Arm. If thou 'rt unhappy, if thy dreams be wild,
Thy heart in anger, or thine honor hurt,
Come unto *me*. Am I not she who swore
To love thee ever?
Man. Ay; through life and death, —
Through death, and through all dim eternity.
Thou swor'st to follow me, — above, — below, —
Forsaking all things, Heaven itself, if Love
Might be o'er Time triumphant.
Arm. And it is.
Man. It is, it is. O heart, be calm! she lives!
Arm. I live: I love. — I love; what more should be?
Man. Nothing: the world 's complete.

24. — *Old Romance.*

Dost thou not love the golden antique time,
When knights and heroes, for a lady's love,
Would spear the dragon?
Or when Boccaccio's dames, now long ago,
Lay laughing on the grass, hearing and telling
Wild love adventures, witty, merry tales,
That made the heart leap high? And yet even they
Would sadden amidst their flowers, when that some story
(Like a rose unfolded) was betrayed, which shewed
What Love *indeed* was made of, — when the world —
Chance — falsehood — danger tried its truth till death,
And proved its hues unaltered.

25. — *An Agrarian Law.*

D. We will divide
The treasures of the land amongst us all:
Nature made all men equal.
A. Soh! what 's here?
Divide what we have earned by our hard labor?
Let all men share alike? The idle take
The industrious laborer's mite? The drunkard swill
The drink that we have bought with sober toil?
The robber come into our doors, and cry,
"Half of your loaf is mine"? — If we divide
Our neighbor's goods to-day, why not divide
Again to-morrow? Will our wealth become
Aught the more sacred, 'cause 't was plundered first?
Why may not one, to-morrow, come and claim
What we have stol'n to-day? How can we keep,
Save by our strength of arm, the gold we get,
A week, — a day, — an hour? How can we tell
The very food we earn shall be our own,
When we have ta'en another's?
B. That is true.
D. All will be right, in future.
A. Who will work,
If what he earns be never safe? who 'll sow,
That they who trade in plunder still may reap
The corn he ought to gather? One great end
Of all Laws is Security: — That lost,
A country doth become a robber's den,
Bloody and base, where nought but bad men thrive.

26. — *Aggrandizement by the Passions.*

Tut, tut! all 's vanity. Not I alone;
Ambition, Courage, Hate, Revenge, Despair,
All seem to exceed the measure of themselves,
When each is lofty. Hast e'er heard the wind
Run blustering through the forests, and make tremble
The aspen and the birch? Why, who would dream
That 't was the selfsame air which fanned the flowers
So delicately i' the spring? Hast seen the sea
Come swaggering on the land, till the land shook,
And all the shores and echoing caverns lost
Their dumbness in affright? Look well upon 't:
'T is the same murmuring creature scarce surmounts
The pebbles on our beach; only, being wrought
To madness by some wrong, or the moon's scorn,
'T jumps from its calm, and scales the sky, to show
What strength 't may have when angered. So it is
With the Passions, which are all irregular,
Bound by no limit, tending to no end,
Unless to show how high the Spirit of man
May soar beyond its puny dwelling-place.

27. — *Advice on Marriage.*

Never, boy, wed a wit. Man does not marry
To poise his reason 'gainst a quarrelling tongue;
But for sweet idleness. Chose I a wife,
I 'd have her, — perhaps fair, — certainly gentle;
True, if 't were possible; and tender — oh!

As daylight when it melts in evening seas,
The waves all dark with slumber.

28. — *Death in Youth.*

My brother 's dead! He was a man to seize
The eagle Greatness in its flight, and wear
Its feather in his casque. He 's dead: — he died
Young; as the great will die; as Summer dies,
By drought and its own fevers burned to death.

29. — *Hopefulness of Love.*

Look, where she stands! Hath the magician Love
Touched her to stone? No, no: she breathes, she moves:
Beauty sits bravely in her glittering eye;
And passion stains her cheek. What thoughts are these,
Unfolding like rose-flowers at dawn of day? —
Methinks she sees the sunny Future lie
Basking before her.

30. — *Good in every Heart.*

Nature never made
A heart all marble; but, in 'ts fissures, sows
The wild flower Love; from whose rich seeds spring forth
A world of mercies and sweet charities.

31. — *A Lover's Memory.*

They call her beautiful: It may be so:
All that I know is, when she leaves me, Dreams
Rise up, and Visions, of some glory passed,
Encompass me; and I remember soon,
How planet-struck I was when she was by;
Although I then saw nothing.

32. — *Polyphemus.*

J. This "Triumph" * by our friend is wanton soft:
But there 's high matter in the sea-nymph's story,
Which might become a painter's pencil well.
He should have drawn the Cyclop, — as he sate
Uplifted like a crag, and piped his songs
Of Galatea to the watery shores.
Some say that, Orpheus-like, he charmed dull stones,
Made Ocean murmur, and the airy winds
Took captive; and 't is known, he sighed and sang
The deathful ditties which belong to love;
And called on Galatea: — She, the while,
Lay mute, and closed (if e'er she heard his strains)
Her soul against his passion. Day by day
He sang; and, like the mateless lark, called forth
The dawn; and underneath the burning noon
Held fiery celebration; and at eve,
Fatigued by sorrow and wild song, he wept.

---

* The Triumph of Galatea, by Raffaelle.

33. — *Parents' Love: Value of Reproof.*

The love of parents hath a deep, still source;
And falleth like a flood upon their child.
Sometimes the child is grateful: then his love
Comes like the spray returning. — In this case,
A father, full of truth, has checked his son;
Harshly, perhaps; for many a benefit
Puts on the visor of a stern reproof;
But, O, within, (as roughest rinds conceal
The tenderest kernels,) gentle thoughts abide;
Sweet meanings; seeds that, if the soil be sure,
Will bring forth fruits of wisdom.

34. — *Goodness comes without Parade.*

A. The Music, then,
A rainbow of sweet sounds, did steal upon me,
Arching my cloudy thoughts with brighter hopes.
B. Is it not ever thus? The gifts of Gods
Come not in thunder, but all silent: — Thus
Comes forth the Flower, and thus the summer Dawn
With noiseless steps moves up the eastern sky,
And brings us light and comfort. Thanks for all!

35. — *Evening Music.*

Ja. I thought I heard my husband's footstep? No.
Girl. 'T was but a deer crossing the path.
Ja. You 're right;

My wish outran my judgment. Come, — a song:
My heart is painful, and I cannot sleep.
A song! Let it be soft, yet nowise sad;
Some air that floats upon the edge of silence,
But enters not its bound. The world 's at rest!
Why cannot I (poor watcher) lose my pains
In sweet oblivion, like the happy world?

Girl. What shall I sing, madam?

Ja. Whate'er you will;
Some verse you love, girl. — Well, if I must choose,
Let it be some such old, sweet household song
As a mother, rocking her sick child to rest,
Sings through the night. Or, — if you will, — recount
How all wild thoughts and cares of feverish life
Find refuge at last in sleep. See! day is past,
And night already here.

(*Music.*)

Girl (sings). Day is over; Night is here:
Closèd are the eye and ear
In sleep, in sleep!
Pain is silent; Toil reposes:
Love is hid amongst his roses:
Let the murmuring music creep
Into silence, and remain
Till the morning smiles again!
Neither moan, nor weep:
Dreams, and all the race of Fear,
Fade away, and disappear
In the deepest deep!

Ja. Thanks, little one: You have a voice might grieve
The nightingale, could she but hear you sing.
Or, — was 't the theme? Soft, gentlest, friendly Sleep!
Sweet holiday! Of all earth's good the help, —
Or origin: thyself a midnight Hymn,
Which weary Nature, when her work is done,
Breathes to the God of all!

36. — *Fancy thrives in Darkness.*

In happy daylight, child, our fancy 's dull;
Quelled, dazzled by the sunshine. In the storm,
And in the night, and on the turbulent sea, —
When thunder and the winds wage war together,
And, underneath, the vast black heaving Deep
Bears up the sailor to the clouds, he sees,
Far off, the beauty of his flowery home,
Where, fenced by humble walls, his children sleep;
Their mother watching o'er.

37. — *Children.*

Sigh not for Children. Thou wilt love them much;
And Care will follow Love, and then Despair.
First, one will sicken; then, another leave thee
For the base world; and he thou lov'st the most, —
The light o' thy life, girl, will go out at last,
Like fading starlight; leaving thee, alone,
To sordid thoughts and childless misery.

38. — *Pride of Birth.*

I WAS *born* high. I did not spring from mire,
Like the foul fungus: but, from airy heights,
Descended with my branches, and let men
Gather my golden fruits to comfort them.

39. — *A Discovery. Confidential Talk.*

A. You said you wished to trust some secret to me?
Y. Sit down, and let us talk. Is the door fast?
A. 'T is ne'er left open. I don't sleep o' nights
With my throat bare for every knife that comes.
No: I know better.
Y. Ay; you know there are some
Will knock a man o' the head for half a dollar;
And dream that night the merrier?
A. No, not so:
Not for so little.
Y. You interpret me
Too literally. I meant for some small sum:
A slight annuity, now?
A. Ha! — well? what then?
Y. Why, nothing, — nothing. We 've forgot the secret.
A. I heard a noise.
Y. 'T was but the wind. — Now, listen.
— Some years ago, before I went abroad —
'T was on a winter's night: — The storm that had vexed
The evening, now was hushed: The ground, late crisp

With frost, grew soft; and footsteps made no noise.
'T was dark, pitch dark; and not a sound was heard;
Save when some murderer, struggling with his dreams,
Babbled of blood, or some child-robber groaned —

A. S' Death, what 's all this? Go to your tale at once.

Y. Patience! On such a night I lay awake,
Amidst the silence: Midnight might be past;
When you and your late wife ——

A. Your mother: well?

Y. Crept nearer to the ashes, then nigh dead;
And, after words more stormy than the wind,
Fell talking of old times. You — (look at me!)
You spoke together, loosely, of some deed,
Done years before; of some rich man's desire
To jump into his elder brother's seat,
And lose some — reptile brat that troubled him.
And then you whispered, (whilst your wife peered round,
Shaking like Horror,) "Safe, 'gainst all the world"!
You swore (I hear your hoarse words now) you had trod
The earth on "the body," and made all things sure.
Then followed a strange fact (I had wellnigh laughed
Right through the crevice, where I watched, unknown);
'T was of a child, stolen from his home; brought up
In workhouse poverty; and taken, at last,
Into your house. Ha, ha! — I hurried back
Into my bed, and there laughed out my fill:
The tale was so like my own.

A. Stay here, a moment.

Y. No, by my soul; not I. You shall not pass.
Look! I have pistols in my belt. You know
I am not a man to trifle.

A. Would you kill
Your father?

Y. Ha, ha, ha! Am I a fool?
Did you not say "the child" wore on its throat
A mark? Look? — What am I? *I* am the child:
And I will know my parentage.

A. Be calm.

Y. Dost think — had I not done a foolish thing,
That I 'd have slept so long upon this tale?
Not I, by Hell. I was compelled to starve
Ten years abroad, to cheat our cursed laws:
But time has run; and they who might have thrust me,
A culprit, out to the burning colonies,
Can do 't no more. Their power is dead: Dost mark?
And now I come upon you, and will ungrave
The bloody secret. I *will* know the worst.
If you speak fairly, all may still go well:
If not, I 'll straight before some magistrate,
And make my oath against you.

A. Ha, ha, ha!
You have been dreaming.

Y. We will search — a field!
And we will know whose purse now feeds your wants.
You were not born to live on others' toil:
But, bred a servant, — what has raised you thus?
Look on me? Who am I? Do I not know

That creatures, whom some wrong (as damnable
As mine) hath crushed in youth, though hid in rags,
Have felt their spirits mount up to the clouds,
And forced their way to fortune : — So will I.
Confess ; or I am gone.
A. Give me a day.
Y. I will not give an hour. This minute 's thine,
To yield, or dare : — the next belongs to Fate.

40. — *Constancy in Crime.*

Sir Ph. Fellow, look on me. Dost thou think I laid
A spot upon my soul, risked fame, and hired
A well-paid ruffian to achieve this deed,
But to draw back ? Know better. It is done :
And shall not be repented. Shouldst thou dare
To babble but a word of what is past,
Count on your death. 'T will be a patriot deed,
To hire a villain's knife to kill a villain :
There 'll be a rogue the less. Think well upon it.
Bra. You will not be so bloody ?
Sir Ph. Think upon it.
I 'm here, high seated, firmly seated, too.
But if a foot be stirred, why, I shall think
A robber comes ; —
Bra. And then ?
Sir Ph. Then he 'll be — shot ;
And no time lost i' the doing. Think upon it.

41. — *Popular Commotions.*

About this time the Trumpet talked of war.
On which, I set my books in decent order;
Took leave of friends; bequeathed a gift or two;
And, though till then I had battled but with words,
I buckled on my sword like other men,
And plunged in action. 'T was called "civil" war.
The people were abroad, — like a mighty fleet
Wrenched from its moorings, by some sudden storm;
Tossed to and fro, — past counsel, — blind and deaf
To all things, save the roaring hurricane.

42. — *Battles.*

Then all bad Passions mingled in the strife:
Hate, with closed lips and cold, unaltered eye,
Defied his enemy: Black Revenge rushed forth:
And Envy with his hidden knife came on,
Stealing behind his prey. This way and that,
(Scared by the trumpet or the sullen drum,)
Fled Beauty, mocked by Vice; and helpless Age;
And timorous Youth; whilst Murder, with hot eyes,
Spent breath, and staggering through the slippery streets,
Paused for a while, and with red dripping fingers
Wiped from his sweating brow his cloud of hair,
And reckoned his harvest 'round.

43. — *Animal Love.*

Rod. What kind of witch was this?

Mor. Um—ph! You may see
Her like in some old picture. Look! — I' the distance
Are skies of deepest blue: Near, overhead,
Hang clouds of cool, green leaves, and tendrils heavy
With bloomy grapes: Beneath, Nymphs or Bacchantes,
With pulpy lips, and glances full of heat,
Sporting about, (careless of Fauns hard by,)
Their rich, brown, burnished skins, kissed by the Sun,
And naked in the merry vintage-time.
Well, — such was she: and I — I loved her, 'faith,
As I should, then, have loved some luscious peach, —

Rod. How?

Mor. I must needs confess it, uncle Roderick:
Her large, luxurious bosom and bold eyes
Shot fire upon my flesh and maddened me.
Reproach me not: I was a foolish boy,
(A fool,) and cast body and soul away
In those love-squandering days. *Now*, — I am man;
And have man's reason, man's maturer taste.
Instead of languid rooms and rose-fed air,
I front the roaring Boreas where he blows:
In place of dances, I look out for wars;
Converse on battles; mark how squadrons wheel;
And hope to live out life in nobleness.

44. — *Wisdom, a Problem.*

I CAME into the world as others do;
Life quickening in my limbs, the burning blood
Racing through every vein and artery;
Free, vigorous, healthy; turned to passionate themes,
And born for pleasure. I grew up — a man,
My spirit ripening as my limbs waxed strong;
I read, marked, hoarded; heaped up word on word,
And thought on thought; and, when severer years
Banished bright Hope and quelled my April laugh,
And hung the Future round with clouds of care,
Men dreamed that I was wise. Alas! I lost
The fruit of wisdom, — joy. I smiled, indeed,
As, day by day, I reckoned up my gains,
And learned how I had toiled, as sage men do,
Accumulating riches for no end: —
But still I was called wise, and that sufficed.
Now, look upon me! Didst thou ever see
OLD AGE, girl? Look upon him, — face to face!
Observe, how white and withered is his skin:
How his lean limbs go tottering: how his tongue
Stammers forth sadness! From his eyes the light
Of love and intellect is quenched and gone:
And every thing about him, body and mind,
Tells a foul tale of Time.

45. — *Comfort in Nature.*

Art sick? — art sad? — art angry with the world?
Do all friends fail thee? Why, then, give thyself
Unto the forests and the ambrosial fields:
Commerce with them, and with the eternal sky.
Despair not, fellow. He who casts himself
On Nature's fair, full bosom, and draws food,
Drinks from a fountain that is never dry.
The Poet haunts there: Youth that ne'er grows old
Dwells with her and her flowers; and Beauty sleeps
In her most green recesses, to be found
By all who seek her truly.

46. — *Mute Confession.*

Dost thou deny it? I have seen thee look
Into the sunny region of his hair;
And gaze upon his brow. O, shut thy lips!
I want no words: thou dost confess it now.
There, — on thy painted cheeks and glittering eyes,
The story 's writ: — Be silent; all is well.

47. — *A Lily.*

A. She is not fresh in color, like the rose;
Nor bright like morning. On her cheek there lies
Such paleness as becomes the maiden moon,
When clouds are threatening, and the angry storm
Mutters of death to come.

B. She is not dead?
A. Death could not kill her: he but kissed her cheek,
And made 't a little paler. So, she lives,
And fades, — and fades; and in the end, (as day
Dies into evening,) she 'll some summer night
Shrink and be seen no more.

48. — *Uninspired Music.*

There should be inspiration still in Art;
Raising the artist's toil, and sweetening it.
These ponderous labors yield me no delight.
I am not learned in Music; yet I know
That the Art whose skill must mean to move the soul,
And echo Nature, should be true to it.
Now Nature's voice is not like this vast strain,
Monotonously grand: Some sounds there are
In dignity below the thunder; some
Tender as Love; some gay as bridal thoughts;
Some stern as justice; others, more serene,
Which (mute by day) awake when Evening wakes,
And soothe the setting sun with harmony.

49. — *Fellowship.*

A. Now, fellow?
B. Fellow me not.
A. How now, good friend!
Are we not fellows? Do not morn and eve
Bring the same hunger to our scanty boards?

Come not warm Summer, bleak December's cold,
Darkness and dreaming sleep, to both, — alike?
In what strange transit of the laboring moon
Wast thou sent forth, that thou shouldst soar beyond
The regular flight of men? — Give me thy hand.

50. — *The Rise of a Favorite.*

Ten years ago I knew this favorite;
And we were friends: such friends as young men are,
Who 're bound together by some wild pursuit.
But we fell off at last, when I grew grave,
And turned to study: he, being then, indeed,
Ambitious, but not winged with soaring thoughts,
Clung to some genius rising. He became
A Courtier; laid in wait for princes' smiles;
Talked soft to noble dames; flattered rich men;
And so, by dint of such poor palace tricks,
Surmounted his low birthright, and at last
Sprang on the back of Fortune.
. . . I, too, rose;
And fell, alas! Yet, wherefore should I grieve?
What difference is there 'twixt the now and then?
The sun shines on me as 't was wont to do;
My strength the same, my appetite; my body
Throws down as large a shadow. Is my voice shriller?
My eye less quick? or any natural power
More dull than when I stood second to none,
Except an ungrateful master?

51. — *Fate of the Daring.*

Fame and an early death: that is the doom
Of all who greatly dare. I do not speak
Of men who have with cautious footsteps trod
The way to the heights of power; but such as plunged
At once into renown, and gave their blood
For reverence from unborn posterity.

52. — *A Father's Anger.*

Hear me, — Gods!
You, who give fathers' curses, give me now
A curse that has no mercy, — stunning, vast,
And deeper than despair! Now let me crush
The heart out of a base, ungrateful child!
O God, O God! I was so fond of her!
She was my only one. The world was else
A blank, — a Hell! dark, barren, hopeless, pitiless!
And now — she 's gone!
Come hither. *You* are bereft
(You say) of fortune — health — life's light — men's praise,
And swear you have endured some mighty loss?
I laugh at you. Turn here, and look on *me.*
I had — a world; and I have lost it all!
All, — not an atom left, — or shred of joy,
No hope, no resignation, — only death!

53. — *Good never ceases.*

A. I CANNOT bring him back; — for he is dead.
I cannot re-illuminate his clay:
The Spirit, which once shone through it like flame,
And soared up to the brain and said, Be wise,
Is flown beyond the stars! With him departed
The beauty of the world, — truth, — genius, — all
That lent this orb its lustre.
B. You are young;
And years will bring you calm. Meantime, take comfort.
Think not that all of good has passed away:
There is no hour but hath its noble deed:
Each minute is rich in worth, — heroic thoughts,
High, gentle, generous acts: — All that Time lacks
Is — an historian!

54. — *The Limit of a Hero.*

NOTHING may now be done. Our fellows, here,
Slumber in ignorant night. *One* man, albeit
He should rise star-like and so set, can shew
Only the course of his own luminous orb.
Some impulse he may lend, indeed; yet he
Is master but of his sole destiny.
To bear a people sunwards, there must be
Time and just laws, commerce and useful arts
(Civilization being expressed in these);
For from such sources gentle manners flow;

And leisure, wherein Thought doth dwell and thrive,
A Spirit of many names, — as Science, Art,
And Meditation, which doth lead to truth.

55 — *A Prophet.*

Man. The melancholy prophet, — there he sits ;
Dark-eyed, deep-browed, deep-thoughted ; tranquil, too,
As though his terrible oracles did not sound
Damnation to the land, and overturn.
I hear his voice ;
Like Darkness murmuring forth her eastern song, —
Ruin to wealth, and punishment to pride,
Its awful burthen. Twenty years ago
I knew this man. I did not think he held
So large a mind, nor such grave, earnest soul.
(I do repent in ashes.) He was then
Simply a scholar ; and (as I fancy) felt
The place he trod on was too low for him ;
Or else, he scorned the sordid crowds he met ;
Or had ambition ; or desired to breathe
His Soul upon the world, and brighten it.
Whate'er he was, he *is* a man to lead
The true and nobler Spirits in his train ;
Amongst the rest — myself ; a humble man
Who, as yet, have but the *wish* to serve for truth.

56. — *A Sceptic in Happiness.*

A. Look on her. Is she not most beautiful?
Most happy, too? for rank, and youth, and health,
Are hers; and suppliant Fortune waits to ask
Where lies her choice. Can you foresee what Earth
Has more to yield?

B. Methinks a "more" might be.

A. I know not what. Look, how the sunny smiles,
Like golden meshes, wind about her brow!
How airily, yet with what state, she walks!
Your eyes are dim to-day.

B. I see, I see.
The rose grows on her cheek: — is there no thorn?

57. — *False Worship.*

Y. With what respect
Yon burgher bows to you.

A. He is a fool:
He ducks unto my purse, which will not open;
Passing *you* by, whom radiant youth and love,
And hope and health, (the kingly wine of life,)
And earnest thoughts of noble deeds to come,
Sustain and strengthen. Yet, be not too proud:
For dreams are fading. As you sit beside
The stream that flows into oblivion,
Gathering the golden pebbles from its banks,
Summer will pass, and Autumn, moaning low,
(And you will hear them not;) and suddenly

Down like a curse December's frost will fall,
And strip your strength away, and shrivel you up,
Until you grow the weakly thing that I am.
I cheat men of respect. What have I? — Gold!
The God of pauper spirits: nought beside.
Give me your pity: but respect yourself;
And strive to earn what ought to force respect.

58. — *The Test of Love.*

Loves she? She loves *not:* she hath never loved.
Her walk is easy; her discourse is neat:
She sigheth not; her smile has mirth in it:
Her gaze is firm, untroubled, cloudless, cold:
No fear makes pale her cheek: No hopeless pain
Lies there; nor hope, half-hidden: No sweet trouble
Stains it with beauty like the rose's leaf: —
But all is free as air, as fresh as youth,
As clear from care as untouched innocence.

59. — *A Truism.*

See, — Morning, in the East, unbinds her hair,
Loosening its lustre on the dewy ground,
And springs upon her blue aërial way!
Thus we spring lightly onward; but, when Night
Flows in upon the ocean of the sky, —
Or when, in sullen mood, Orion turns
His starry shoulder from the lowering world,
We seem to obey the Spirit of the Time,

Forsaking our own God-given strength, and bend
The slaves o' the season.

60. — *Silence.*

You err: I am resigned. I yield due praise
Unto your bellowing orator. And yet —
How grand is Silence! In her tranquil deeps
What mighty things are born! — Thought, Beauty, Faith,
All Good; — bright Thought, which springeth forth, at once,
Like sudden sunrise; Faith, the angel-eyed,
Who takes her rest beside the heart of man,
Serene and still; eternal Beauty, crowned
With flowers, that with the changing seasons change;
And Good of all kinds. Whilst the babbling verse
Of the vain poet frets its restless way,
In stately strength the Sage's mind flows on,
Making no noise: — and so, when clamorous crowds
Rush forth, — or tedious wits 'waken the senate-house, —
Or some fierce actor stamps upon his stage, —
With what a gentle foot doth silent Time
Steal on his everlasting journey!

61. — *A Conqueror's Account of Himself.*

Nap. The good of France and mine are mixed. I am
The leaf of laurel on her tree, — no more:

One of her sons. I stand, indeed, the First,
Because necessity will have a man
To front the aspect of alarming times.
Still am I one o' the people. I claim not
A line stretched backwards beyond Nimrod's reign ;
Nor call on Cæsar, or Semiramis,
To answer for a weak or daring son.
I am — myself; the first, — perhaps the last
Of all my race who won or wore a crown.
Yet have I ambition still ; for I would feel
My soldiers' tears raining upon my grave ;
And have, on lasting brass, my nobler deeds
Thus written : — "*Here lies Napoleon, Emperor ;*
Who rose by courage, and the people's will,
Up to a throne : — He won a hundred battles, —
At Arcola, at Rivoli, at Marengo,
At Austerlitz, at Jena, and by the snows
Of Moscow, and the Libyan pyramids :
He cut (like Hannibal) the white Alps through :
Learning he raised ; built public roads and fountains ;
And made one equal Law for all the land."

62. — *Parish Law-givers.*

Jul. I MUST dissent from this. Nothing so bad
As these close, paltry, parish governments ;
Wherein some butcher Cæsar rules the realm, —
Or publican, with quart in hand, gives law, —
Or tailor, talking by the yard, deludes
His stitching and beer-vanquished auditors.

Look on their *deeds!* They do abhor the rich;
And scorn the poor: between which two, they ride
Triumphant in their puny oligarchy.
If we must bend to tyranny, let it be grand!
I spit upon a slave who serves a slave.
Besides, — in these times, no *One* man can keep
The despot's summit; save in barbarous realms.
Our danger is "confederacy": Bands of rich,
Or bands of poor, who join their wits for ill,
And tyrannize above the good and meek.

63. — *Kindness is Power.*

A CONQUEROR is Kindness; far beyond
The armed Victor, who doth thundering preach
Civilization with the cannon's tongue,
Woe-bought delights, and bloody benefits.
A gentle word begets a gentle thought;
Drawing the sting from malice. Better thus,
Than bruise with hate the ignorant Serpent's head;
Who knoweth nothing till you teach it him.

64 — *Soldier's Love.*

COUSIN, I wear
This bluntness as a shield. But when *you* come,
Straightway I strip my bull-hide armor off,
And bare my heart before you. Should you kill me,
Why so; I 'll die more loyally than the fool
Who whispers of love through tears. I never weep.

Sometimes I shake, indeed, as oaks rent down
Shake in the blast; but not a groan comes forth,
To tell what pain dwells inwards. Pity me!
Love me, sweet cousin! If thou 'lt lend me a grain
Of that same precious heart, I 'll pay thee back
With tons of trouble.

65. — *A Poet's Reply.*

Jeer me no more. What would you have? Speak out!
You bid me "Dare!" Well, then, *I dare!* What more?
You bid me fear: You dread lest other men
"Shall write their fame in lightning; shall stand forth,
Laurelled with glory, whilst I lie i' the dark."
In God's name, is there not wide room for all?
I envy no man; and no man I fear.
Let them go on. Some day, *I 'll* burst abroad;
And take a flight, as the wild eagles do,
When from the summit of some giddiest crag
They plunge into the immeasurable air,
And dare all things, and never turn aside,
Nor shrink, nor stop, nor close their orbs, until
They rest upon the chariot of the Sun!

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

PART THE SECOND.

DRAMATIC FRAGMENTS.

PART THE SECOND.

66. — *A Murderer reproaches his Employer; — the Retort.*

Sir Philip. You come o' the sudden?
Brand. Ay, Sir, — unannounced,
As doth the wind, or raging waters, when
They burst their bonds, and on the hearths of men
Rush down with cries of ruin!
Sir Philip. You are learned:
What is 't you want?
Brand. Sir, the philosopher's stone, —
Justice; long sought, ne'er found. I 've kept sad watch,
In hopes your pity would dissolve at last,
And flow upon us: But your heart is steel,
(Hard, cold, thrice-tempered in an orphan's tears,)
And will not melt, nor bend.
Sir Philip. Where doth this lead?
Brand. I 'll tell you, so you 've patience. — Let us turn

Our thoughts back through the crimes of thirty years,
And we shall see each other as we were;
Both young, and one imprudent. I — (let loose
By manhood from the bondage of my youth,)
Plunged into riot: You, more wise, lent out
Your wisdom to great men, who paid you back
(With something better than the courtier's coin)
With place and profit; on which helps you rose
To greatness. Then, — a sudden tempest wrecked
The vessel where your fortunes lay embayed,
And hurled you down to your ancient poverty.
— Tired of the toil of rising, and long used
To silken pleasures, you could not put on
Your youthful habits; but, with discontent
(The villain's sword) walked thoughtful up and down,
Seeking some wretch still needier than yourself,
And came on — *me!* I was — ('t was my black hour!)
So closely knit to every basest grief,
So famished, and in such frightful beggary,
That I have quarrelled with the houseless cur
For scraps the stomach sickens at. You saw this;
And (though you had before refused my wants)
Proffered — I know not what: 't was wealth, — 't was life;
(For from my bones the lean and traitorous flesh
Had fled, and left a desperate skeleton;)
And ready was I to do aught 'gainst earth,
Nay, 'gainst high Heaven, — if 't were but for a meal!
But, what 's all this? You know 't, as well as I.
You had a dying brother, — he a son,

Whose life eclipsed and hid you from the light: —
'T was but a little blood, and all was over!
You tempted, and — I fell.
Sir Philip. Why, you were *then*
A murderer, ready made. What cant is this?
Were you not *paid?* Your bones well armed with flesh?
That flesh apparelled like a gentleman?
Dog that you are, why, — when all 's fairly done,
The bargain consummate, the coin paid down,
And you still fattening at my yearly cost, —
Why do you come, and with your diseased tongue
Howl at bright Fortune? Will you starve again?
Shrink into bone? Swear yourself out aloud
The butcher of a child? Wilt hang? Wilt kneel, —
And let the scoffing crowd spit scorn upon thee?
What is 't you ask? What end do you propose, —
That thus, with insolent, useless, base remorse,
You beard me in my house, and bid me shake
Your vulgar hand in bloody fellowship?

67. — *A Man without Repentance.*

I do not grieve that I am here alone;
Nor grieve I for what 's done. Could I now will
That Time might tread his weary footsteps back,
And earth grow bright again, I would not have 't.
What use? What end? My soul again would welcome
Her terrible choice: Again would I, undismayed,
Wed my dark fortune, — live in ghastly dreams;
Rather than bear the weight of beggary,

The curse of hunger, — toil, contempt, and shame,
And die, at last, — a felon, or a slave.

68. — *A Jew's Use for Riches.*

Jew. My Lord, I live here in perpetual fear;
My only friend being gold. Five times already
I 've bought this wintered body from the flames;
As oft, repeals from exile. Scorn I endure,
And hatred bear, from all. Were I but poor,
I should be trod on like the common dust,
Gibbeted, tortured; — I must keep my gold!
It is my arms, — my shield. The Christian wolves
Would worry me, did I not cast them down
The yellow bait, which bids them say, "Dog, — Jew!
Live, till we come to-morrow!"

Rod. You could lend
Count Gomez on his bond — how much I know not —
But twenty times the weight I ask of thee.

Jew. He 's an —— Inquisitor, (doth no one hear?)
Hath power; — can help me, crush me. When they drag me,
Blindfold and shaking, through the horrid dark,
'T is sweet, as I go down the dungeon steps,
And through the long, cold, silent, vaulted places,
To think I have a friend who 's judge to-night,
Whom gold has bought, and gold can ever buy.
So, when I 'm questioned, I reply with tears,
And humble prayers, and swear I 've made a vow
To give in Christian alms a thousand ducats,
And straight — my cords are loosened!

69. — *Consolation in Poverty.*

Arm. Why do we murmur? Are we poor? What 's that?
'T is but to breathe the air of industry;
To use sweet exercise from morn till eve, —
Earn health, content, rude strength, and appetite;
And, when Night draws her curtains round us, sleep
Through all the unbroken silence.

Man. Thou 'rt a sweet comforter. 'T is not so bad,
Methinks, to toil before the eye of day.

Arm. If there be angels watching ——

Man. They shall see
I will dig lustily.

Arm. They shall see, too,
We 'll not repine, because we have no longer
A little leisure that we lost in dreams!

70. — *The same subject.*

Man. If we had never known each other, sweet,
We both might have been happy.

Arm. Think not thus.
It was the unerring sense of happiness
That led us gently to each other's arms;
A prophecy more sure than hope can be;
And we obeyed it.

Man. Therefore are we here,
Starving, — half-dead, — despairing!

Arm. Loving, too:
Thou must not forget that.
Man. O sweet, sweet woman!
Never! The subtle world will find its road
Into the deeps o' the heart. It is a worm,
Winding its way through every obstacle, —
Grief, joy, dark fortune, — till it finds the core,
And there — ill luck! — it preys.

71. — *The Exultation of an Heir.*

Jac. He sleeps upon his marble pillow, now,
Pale as a peasant.
Giul. O, a million times
I give thee joy.
Jac. Ay, Giulio, I am heir
To lordships, mansions, forests, parks, and gems.
He had three mighty manors in Castile;
Two broad estates in Leon; two amidst
The mulberry-trees of Murcia, and huge chests
Crammed full of ingots, dug by naked slaves
Who famished on coarse bread. Besides all these,
There bloom plantations in the East, whose fruits
Are pearls, and spice, and princely diamonds;
And in Brazil Pactolus floods, ne'er dumb,
Whose waves all talk in gold!

72. — *Love.*

A. The tide of love sets from me!
B. Pshaw! 't may turn.
Love 's not a petty stream, runs all one way;
But like the Ocean, — deep, and vast, and swayed
By Phantasy, its moon! This hour it rolls
Inward upon a rough and barren beach;
To-morrow far away. Dost thou despair
'T will ever reach thee? O, there 's none so base,
But have their worshippers. Dost thou not know
The corse which one unmannered wave rejects,
The next will ravish. Thou mayst see it borne
Far out from sight of land, and there 't will ride
Triumphant on the shoulders of the main;
All winds and billows making music for 't,
As though 't were the Jove of waters!

73. — *Revenge.*

My Revenge
Was born in laughter (as our highest delights
Oft blush at first through tears); — but 't will endure, —
Like oaks which, born in May, seem slight and weak,
But having a score of winters on their heads,
Grow strong and rugged, — so doth my Revenge!
Nought shall impoverish it. The bounteous years
Shall lend their seasons and apparel it,
And, lest its roots should e'er be loosed by pity,
We 'll water it well with blood!

74. — *A Blush.*

Look, look! The summer rises in her cheeks.
A blush, as hot as June, comes flooding o'er
Her too proud paleness. Burning modesty
Warms all her brow, and Beauty, quite abashed,
Droops her twin stars to earthward.

75. — *A Butt.*

A. Yon fellow is a fool, Sir: he indeed
Doth not profess so much; but 't is his trade,
His calling, to be the butt of other men.
He thrives by 't. You may kick him: — but, to-morrow,
Be sure he 'll borrow money! If you cast
A jibe upon him that would shame a dog,
He 'll ask what time you dine. A laugh to him
Is worth a supper; and a blow — 't is wealth!
To look at these things philosophically ——

B. At present were misplaced: — Dost mean so much?

A. Pardon me, Sir. The air of folly best
Doth nourish in the cynic keenest thoughts:
Dwells he 'midst men of sense his spirit dies,
Having no food for his fierce scorn to live on.

76. — *Specimen of Courtiers.*

A. Didst ever see such a bundle of base weeds?

B. Dost think there 's one of all this useless tribe
Is worth a real?

A. Not one; and yet the varlets
Demand a lawyer's fee in brave pistoles,
Ere they will serve you. Look on him who bows!
Satin-faced villain! — for his help he asks
A double bribe, with twice as soft a tongue
As he who talks plain Spanish.

B. Who is that?

A. That frothy thing? — a blank, Sir: but the next, —
Whose acid visage wrinkles into frowns,
Gains favor of the Duke (who dreads his jibes)
By slandering all who 're honest. He perhaps
May do us some sour service. Do not dream
He 's not a knave because he frowns on you;
For that 's his fashion. He will purse a bribe
As readily as he who 's bathed in smiles.
They 're villains both, — born, bred; even-paced rogues;
The difference lies in the manner; nothing more.

77. — *Account of a Boaster.*

B. Sir, he 's a fellow
To take the Devil by the sinister horn,
And twirl him like a top. Some years ago,
He needs must fly this honest, wholesome country,
To sniff bad air in France. 'T was there (he swore 't!)
He slew a regiment; and — with his eyes —
Murdered a world of women! Thence he went
To Rome; and for some threepence did propose
To drink up brimming Tiber till 't was dry.

A. And did he do 't?
B. Egad, Sir, I can 't tell you:
But I lean much to doubt: for spite o' the bet, —
I 've heard that still the river's bed runs moist,
And Rome does not lack water.

78. — *A Bridal Couple.*

Knit up thy spirit! Men should go faced in brass,
In these high unabashed bridal times.
Observe thou when the virgin wife dawns forth,
Like blushing morning; — Ha! look where she comes,
In sweetness like the hawthorn buds unblown;
While the proud bridegroom, like the month of May,
Steps on 'midst flowers.

79. — *A Mature Taste.*

Jac. It is not every man prefers an apple;
For some like best the crab. 'T is thus with thee.
Rod. Well, well! I own I do not care for women
Whose kiss is like a peach. Give me a touch
O' the austere flavor. Too much sweet will spoil
The daintiest dish. That taste is immature,
And young, which feeds, like flies, on treacle, cousin:
Salt, spice, hot flavors, suit the learned tongue;
And such a one is mine.

80. — *The Schoolmaster abroad.*

Caraf. I AM the bard ——

Man. Peace, peace ! I know you well.
I 've heard your verses, by the hour, Sir, twanged
To rascal viols, through rogues' noses, — pah !
Just at my hour of sleep. I 'll have thee hanged
For scurvy rhymes. Thou 'st spread a plague so foul,
So foolish, that our women learn to spell ;
Nay, kings decipher ; and our lords are mad
Until they can write nonsense. Till thou cam'st,
We were all pure in happy ignorance, —
Content, — with love, sport, wine ; and thought of *nothing*,
Save what should be for dinner.

81. — *Nothing perfect.*

SCORN not our verse, because it might soar higher.
What 's perfect on poor earth ? Is not the bird
At whose sweet song the forests ache with love,
Shorn of all beauty ? Is the bittern's cry
As merry as the lark's ? the lark's as soft
As the lost cuckoo's ? Nay, the lion hath
His fault ? and the elephant, (though sage as wisdom,)
May grieve he lack the velvet of the pard.

82. — *Remonstrance.*

THE Heavens themselves,
Which throw their shadows on the floor o' the earth,
Show, in their nature, blackness: Storms and rains
Chequer the glory of their brightest hours.
How then canst thou, who walk'st 'neath changeful skies,
E'er hope for cloudless fortune?

83. — *The Intellect strengthened by Study.*

A. IF I do this, what further can I do?
B. Why, more than ever. Every task thou dost
Brings strength and capability to act.
He who doth climb the difficult mountain's top,
Will the next day outstrip an idler man.
Dip thy young brain in wise men's deep discourse, —
In books, which, though they freeze thy wit awhile,
Will knit thee, i' the end, with wisdom.

84. — *Taste in Vice.*

HE is too hard for such sweet pleasures, Sir.
None ever relish (even the raciest) vice,
'Less they 've a little virtue. 'T is the sense
Of *wrong* that sends the tingling blood abroad.
They who do ill, yet feel no preference for 't,
Do it in base and tasteless ignorance.
Sin should be seen to blush through Virtue's cheeks,
Mingling the rose and lily.

85. — *A Rich Man.*

Rich? ask'st thou if he 's rich? Observe me, Sir!
His money-bags are *torpid*, — they 're so full!
Crammed, glutton-like, with lumps of spendthrift gold,
They swell their sides and sleep!

86. — *Sadness avoided by the Wealthy.*

A. "What will I wear" when I do visit the Duke?
Why, black, — the color of my fortunes, — black.
B. Tush! thou shouldst go all gay and bridegroom-like;
Smiling in gold.
C. The lady, Sir, speaks well.
Men of a pampered lot care not to look
On aught that 's mournful. They recoil from woe,
As sickly natures from the sight of pain.
They want the healthy, sinewy spirit, that makes
Endurance pleasant like to exercise.

87. — *Loss of Strength.*

When I was young, I was as hot as wrath,
Swift, like the wind, and thoughtless. My hair fell
In coal-black curls upon my brawny neck,
And sunshine filled my eyes. My voice was clear;
But stern as storms are, when they scare the sea!
Now — *now* — look on me! Couldst thou think despair
Could so deform, and with remorseless showers

Wash all my strength away? I, who could once
Strike dead the hydra, — split the oak, — now cannot
Outwrestle the summer urchin in his play!

88. — *Questions to one restored from Death.*

Sit down beside me, — thou, who hast left so lately
The calm, dark regions, for this fretful world, —
Come back to sorrow, like the unthinking bird
Who seeks once more its cage! Sit down beside me;
And tell me what dim dreams have fallen on thee,
And what blank aspects and unbodied things
Thou met'st, in thy pale march! Didst thou not see
The — Dead? Methinks, I saw them, once! Some were there
By their own serpent passions stung to death;
Some whom too little love, or too much care,
Made white as winter; pining skeletons,
Whom hunger turned to stone; mad parents, — O,
Who watched, for aye, some little corse — in vain;
A ghastly brotherhood, who hung together,
Knit firm by misery or some common wrong!

89. — *The Grave.*

'T is fenced all round with fears, like triple brass:
Rocks of despair stand round it: Seas of woe
Shut out that region from the sunny world;
And diabolic Ghosts, (whose care it is,
And penalty, to keep that silent land

Untroubled until Doom,) like ghastly giants,
Stand armed beside rebellious bones, and scare
The restless back to slumber.

90. — *Knowledge.*

A. What 's knowledge?
B. Sorrow, — sorrow: little else.
All the black units which make up the amount
Of human life, (sad sum of deeds and thoughts!)
Together joined, form knowledge. The great marks,
Which guide us onwards through tempestuous seas,
Are beacons, currents, rocks. The sunny places
Teach nothing, save that now and then we sink,
By trusting what looks fair. The gibbet there
Blurts out a lesson; and the clamorous blast,
That shakes yon rattling felon in his chains,
Screams forth a dismal moral.

91. — *A Poor Man.*

Had I been born a stone, I might have been
Free from that curse, — a heart: but I bear in me
A throbbing devil, who will never sleep.
I am possessed! Care, Care, — the cruel pain
Which children bring upon the parents' soul,
Eats into mine, corrodes, and cankers it.
You laugh — "*I do not starve*" — not yet, not yet:
But wait to-morrow! Famine will be here.
In the mean time, we 've still grim Care, (whose tooth

Is like the tiger's, — sharp,) lest dreams should fall
And shadow us with sweet forgetfulness.

92. — *A Constant Soldier.*

Ay, *still* he loves
The lion-tressed Bellona, like a bride;
Woos her with blows; and when his limbs all sweat
With struggling through the iron ranks of war,
Down doth he tumble on the tired ground,
Wipes his red forehead; cries, "How brave is this!"
And dreams all night of bloody victory!

93. — *The Heathen Deities.*

Their Gods! What *were* their Gods?
There 's Mars, — all bloody-haired; and Hercules,
Whose soul was in his sinews; Pluto, blacker
Than his own hell; Vulcan, who shook his horns
At every limp he took! Great Bacchus rode
Upon a barrel; and in a cockle-shell
Neptune kept state. Then, Mercury — was a thief;
Juno — a shrew; Pallas — a prude, at best;
And Venus walked the clouds in search of lovers!
Only great Jove, the lord and thunderer,
Sate in the circle of his starry power,
And frowned "I will!" to all.

94. — *Might and Right.*

Rod. The lawful Right? The "lawful!" What
is that?
But I will tell thee. Might is Right; and when
'T is written in red letters, "This is law!"
Then might is law, and law is wise and right.
Who doubts? We 'll hang him by the statute, — straight!
S'death, there 's no use in strength of limbs or brain,
If they help not who owns them. When you catch
A trout, who has the right, and who the law?
Why, *you*, — who are the strong. If he could rise,
And shake his tail against your lawful right,
He 'd say, — "All this is 'gainst our marine laws!
"You rascals on dry land invade our realms,
"By wrong, and by no law. You send abroad
"No proclamations; prove no injuries;
"Quote no good reasons; no specific code;
"But straight, when you desire some trout to eat,
"You pounce upon us with your hell-barbed hooks,
"And treat us worse than we were Africans.
"We 'll not endure 't!"
Count. Ha, ha, ha!
Rod. Right, Count! Right!
You give th' old answer — ("Might is Right") — laugh
loud
At their remonstrance, and have, sans remorse,
The speaker grilled for supper.

95. — *Unions dangerous.*

F. His wit is duller than a priest's discourse;
And she seems coldly honest.
Gin. True! what then?
What seemeth nitre near the cannon's mouth?
Cold, cold. What the charred wood? Why, dull as death.
Yet, — married to each other, they will flame
Damnation through a land, and make it Hell.

96. — *Death stationary.*

Should we look on him now, he would be young;
Paler than stone, perhaps, — but young as when
No twice two hundred years had wintered him.
Life 't is alone grows old: Immortal Death
Takes no step nearer to the goal of Time:
One cold, brief tread, a sigh, and then to sleep: —
Magic ne'er moves him further.

97. — *A Lover's Likeness.*

Her walk is like the wind; her smile more sweet
Than sunshine, when it gilds the buds of May.
Rare words she has, and merry, like the lark;
And songs, — which were *too* sweet, but that sometimes
They droop and sadden like the pining flute;
And then her eyes, (soft planets,) lose their light

In bashful rain, o'er which her cloudy hair
Hangs, like the night, protecting.

98. — *Another.*

The blessings of the skies all wait about her :
Health, Grace, inimitable Beauty, wreathed
Round every motion : — On her lip, the rose
Has left its sweetness, (for what bee to kiss ?)
And from the darkening Heaven of her eyes,
A starry Spirit looks out : — Can it be Love ?

99 — *Music.*

Now Music feedeth on the silent air, —
Like Ocean, who upon the moonlight shores
Of lone Sigæum steals with murmuring noise, —
Devouring the bright sands and purple slopes,
And so, content, retires : — Yet music leaves
Her soul upon the silence, and our hearts
Hear, and for ever hoard those golden sounds,
And reproduce them sweet in after hours.

100. — *The Town.*

The Town ! what is there in the Town, to lure
Our household dreams away from the fresh flowers ?
Is not the Town a monster, ravenous ?
Fierce ? hydra-headed ? fed by peasants' strength ?
Decked out with plunder of the fields ? along

Whose limbs of stone, and marble arteries,
Innumerous emmets crawl, till they sink down
Dead with excess of feasting?

101. — *Specimen of a Cavalier.*

Her father leaned, from th' first, to Cromwell's side,
And was a rank and stern republican:
But *mine* was a Cavalier, — one of those Spirits
Born in all ages for the help of thrones;
A careless fellow, somewhat poor in virtue,
Whose blazing honor lit a stormy life,
That spent its latest puff in loyalty.
He followed the first Charles, and fought at Worcester:
Faced death and danger; saw his master die;
And after sought his son. He was the life
O' the banished court; laughed, danced, and played o' the cittern;
And, when he died, left me a handsome sword;
Two suits of silk, a sentence for the king
(In *my* behalf); and then set out on his journey,
To make good friends with Heaven's courtiers.

102. — *A Publican and his Customers.*

We publicans, Sir, ever lived on the edge
Of other secrets. 'T is our stock in trade,
To know what 's doing in our neighbor's house,
And deal 't out with our liquor. Some few rogues
With sun-scorched cheeks come here, 't is true, for nought

But to calm their stomachs with plain provender :
But *choice* Spirits love to mingle with their wine
Novelties, — scandal ! Rather than be dumb,
They 'll gossip of themselves. There 's Justice Bolster
Discharges him of all his wealth of words
Here, Sir, — in this poor room ! There 's not a case
Of note, but he 's its master. From the thoughts
Of ministers to actions at the assize, —
From a 'scaped murderer to a vagrant cat, —
Nought can escape. O, Sir, he *is* a jewel ;
And doth absorb my beer like summer sand !

103. — *A new Petruchio.*

Do I not know
That gentle blood (press 't down howe'er you will)
Will mount and make the world look gravely at it.
Dost deem that aught can hide in beggar rags
A heart so bold as mine ? Have I not seen
The sea come tumbling on our heads, and laughed ?
The lightnings on the line singe ships to ashes ?
Heard the wolves howling on my track ? and felt
That cannibals clustered round my hiding-place ?
Have I not stood on Etna, when she shot
Her fiery rivers 'gainst the affrighted clouds ?
And dream'st thou aught of common danger now
Shall daunt me from my way !

104. — *Death.*

A. Who, save Man,
E'er reckons on to-morrow? or dreads death?

B. Death! what is Death, — at whose pale picture men
Shake, and the blood grows cold? Is he *one* thing?
Dream? Substance? Shadow? or is Death more vague, —
Made up of many fears, which band together
And overthrow the soul? — Give me reply!
Is Death so terrible? Why, we do know
Philosophy, Religion, Fame, Revenge,
Despair, Ambition, Shame, all conquer it.
The Soldier who doth face it every day, —
The feathered Savage, and the Sailor, tossing
All night upon the loose, uncertain deep,
Laugh it to scorn. The fish, the bird, the brute,
(Though each doth apprehend the sense of pain,)
Never dread death. It is a weakness bred
Only in man. Methinks, if we build up
Our proud Distinction, sole supremacy,
Upon so slight foundation as our fears,
Our fame may totter.

105. — *Night Thoughts.*

'T is night, — still night! The murmuring world lies still!
All things which are lie still and whisper not:
The owl, the bat, the clock which strikes the hour,

And summons forgetful man to think of Heaven,
The midnight cricket on the ashy hearth,
Are quiet, — dumb ! Hope, Fear, lie drown'd in dreams ;
And conscience, calmer than a baby's breath,
Murders the heart no more. Who goes ? 'T is nought,—
Save the bird Echo, who comes back to me,
Afraid o' the silence. Love ! art thou asleep ?
Rose o' the night, on whom the soft dew lies, —
Here come I, Sweet, mocking the nightingale,
To sing of endless love, passionate pain,
And wishes that know no rest !

106. — *Mute Sorrow the most powerful.*

Let not thy tale tell but of stormy sorrows !
She — who was late a maid, but now doth lie
In Hymen's bosom like a rose grown pale,
A sad, sweet, wedded wife — why is *she* left
Out of the story ? Are good deeds, — great griefs,
That live, but ne'er complain, — nought ? What are tears ?
Remorse, — deceit, — at best weak water drops,
Which wash out the bloom of sorrow.

107. — *Flowers.*

We have left, behind us,
The riches of the meadows, — and now come
To visit the virgin Primrose where she dwells,
'Midst harebells and the wild-wood hyacinths.

'T is here she keeps her court. Dost see yon bank
The sun is kissing? Near, — go near! for there,
('Neath those broad leaves, amidst yon straggling grasses,)
Immaculate odors from the violet
Spring up for ever! Like sweet thoughts that come
Winged from the maiden fancy, and fly off
In music to the skies, and there are lost,
These ever-steaming odors seek the sun,
And fade in the light he scatters.

108. — *A Lover's Irresolution.*

My heart is mad: — why not my brain? O witch!
That flaming Hymen now would quench his torch,
Or Hate, betwixt thy fool and thee, would set
Double divorce for ever! Shall I go?
I *cannot* quit her: but, like men who mock
The voice of thunder, tarry until — I die!
Shall I not go? — I will not; though the tongues
Of chiding virtue rail me straight to stone.
Here will I stand, — a statue, fixed and firm,
Before the fiery altar of my love,
Both worshipper and martyr.

109. — *Useless Fear.*

O. There is a gloomy prophet at my ear:
He whispers, — sad and low.
F. Tush! Shake him off.

The shadow that each ill sends forward, ever
Is larger than the ill. When that the thing
You dread comes near, and you can measure it,
Then ruffle up thy Courage, — till it stands
'Tween thee and danger, like a champion!
Wait, till the peril come; then boldly look at 't.

110. — *A transient Thought.*

Sometimes a dark Thought crossed
My fancy, like the sullen bat that flies
Athwart the melancholy moon at eve.

111. — *Reproof to one who has no ear.*

L. I see small difference
'Tween one sound and its next. All seem a-kin,
And run on the same feet, ever.
I. Peace! Thou want'st
One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
Seest thou no differing shadows, which divide
The rose and poppy? 'T is the same with sounds.
There 's not a minute in the round of time,
But 's hinged with different music. In that small space,
Between the thought and its swift utterance, —
Ere silence buds to sound, — the angels listening
Hear infinite varieties of song!
And they who turn the lightning-rapid spheres
Have flown an evening's journey!

112. — *Grief fantastical.*

Nothing can vie with Sorrow in excess:
Hope 's gay, and Fear is strange, and Joy grows wild;
Yet each hath shows of reason. Grief alone
Amidst her pomp is high fantastical.

113. — *Dreams.*

A. Dream is the Soul of Sleep; and, when it strays
From its dark caverns in the inmost brain,
Then Sleep is dead: — But it returns, and then
The corpse awakens, — lives, — is born again ——
B. Then dream must be some God ——
A. I' faith, I know not.
'T is a strange fellow in a night-cap, Sir,
And at times a very wild somnambulist.

114. — *Age double-sighted.*

Let no one judge the worth of life, save he
Whose head is white with time. The youthful Spirit,
Set on the edge o' the world, hath but one sight,
And looks for beauty in the years to come;
But Age, like double-fronted Janus, gazes
All ways, and ponders wisely on the past.

115. — *Philosophers human.*

You brag, methinks, somewhat too much, of late,
Of your lamp-lit philosophy. One bite
Of a mad cat — (no more than kills a tailor,)
Will put an end to 't, and your dreams together.

116. — *Kings.*

. . . Methinks
There 's something lonely in the state of kings!
None dare come near them. As the eagle, poised
Upon his sightless throne in upper air,
Scares gentler birds away, so kings (cut off
From human kindred, by the curse of power)
Are shunned and live alone. Who dare come near
The region of a king? There is a wall
(Invisible, indeed, yet strong and high)
Which fences kings from close approach of men.
They live respected — O, that cheat, "respect"!
As if the homage which abases others
Could comfort him that has 't. Alone, — alone!
Prisoned in ermine and a velvet chair,
Shut out from hope, (the height being all attained,)
Yet touched by terrors, — what can soothe a king?

117. — *Revenge.*

Let loose your strength, blasts of the burning zone!
Join all, and scorch him with a blistering plague!

Rain damps upon his bones! Scald all his brain,
Till he go mad. Stay, — stop! I 'll have him bound
Fast to a frozen rock, till piercing winds
Stiffen his heart to ice. He shall endure
The terrible extremes of cold and fire,
For he himself was ever pitiless.

118. — *Picture of a Hypochondriac.*

There sits he, with his arms across his heart,
And melancholy eye-lids like the Dawn,
When she (the sun being yet unseen) doth gaze
Coldly upon the wet and frozen flowers.

119. — *Infirmity lies in the Mind.*

We do what we desire. 'T is not the sinews
Fail when we falter, but the infirm thought.
Thus the bald Roman, who trod down the world,
Unto his shuddering pilot cried, — "*What fear?*
Thou carriest Cæsar!" — Dare, — and it is done!

120. — *An Ancient Pile.*

Look straight before you. Thus, as now you see it,
Yon pile hath stood, in all its stony strength,
Through centuries forgotten. Ruinous Time,
The outrageous Thunder, and all wasting storms
Have striven to drag it down; yet, *still* it stands,
Enduring like a Truth, from age to age.

121. — *The Exaggeration of Grief.*

A. And this is all a fiction?

B. Ay, 't is thus
Men shadow out the truth when they are sad.
They say but ill, who tell us that Grief speaks
In household phrases. Friend, she is a queen,
Pale Tragedy by name, who sears our brain,
Until it fashions forth fantastic shapes,
Unnatural to the eye which hath no tears,
But, seen through those, are true like other things
Which misty distance veils and magnifies.

122. — *A Princess's Dishonor.*

She was a princess, — but she fell; and now
Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings!

123. — *A Desperate Man.*

You walk by day:
I with the negro, Night! — When all is dark,
The sick moon absent, and the stars all hid,
We curse together, — curse all shades of men,
Like brothers in one great calamity.
Am I not shorn of beams? Is not my fate
Black? starless? sunless? When warm airs come down
From heaven, what know I of the flowery times?
What of abundant harvest hours? — nought, nought!
I 'm cold; I 'm hard. The wolf, who has no mate,

And scarce a meal, and 's forced to howl all night
His hunger to Siberian snows, doth live
In a world too bleak for pity: — So do I.
I am a wolf, who prowl all night for prey,
Desperate, remorseless!

124. — *Suitable Music.*

A. Thou lov'dst this light and dancing music once?
B. That was when earth was quiet; now 't is mad.
Light music fits light times: — But, when wild Ocean
Goes bellowing to the moon, or flings her hair,
All white with wrath, upon the moaning sands, —
When winds come muttering, and the thickening Night
Grows solemn with alarm, as from its den
Some Earthquake, dragon-eyed, lifting its head,
Looks reddening on us from the inner world, —
Then love I *mighty* music!

125. — *A Tender Voice.*

Her voice is soft; not shrill and like the lark's,
But tenderer, — graver, — almost hoarse at times;
As though the earnestness of love prevailed,
And quelled all shriller music.

126. — *A Fancy.*

I 've sometimes thought that I could shoot me down
Unto the muddy bottoms of the sea,

And hold my breath there, — till, 'midst stones and shells,
And jewels yet unborn, and riches sleeping,
I tore up fortune by her golden hair,
And grew a God on earth.

127. — *A Young Man's Opinion of Age.*

Bid me not trust her hoary parent's smile!
I cannot; for I read foul falsehoods there.
O Guzman! Pity never wore gray hairs;
But died in 'ts youth! — Trust not a furrowed brow:
For Time digs pits where hate and cunning sleep;
And sixty winter winds can ne'er pass by,
And leave the heart still warm. Age is a grave;
Where Kindness, and quelled Passion, and mute Love,
Lie, hand in hand, cold, — dead, — perhaps forgotten!

128. — *A Sceptic in Virtue.*

Our blood will bear no lesson. All men know
That Job was patient, — that adulterous Sin
Writes Hell upon our foreheads, — that thieves' necks
Are forfeit to the grave and frowning Law:
Yet who is chaste, unless his veins be cold?
Who calm, if tempted? Who that wants, is honest?
Who lives, from mitred Pope to ragged monk,
That 's virtuous all for virtue? Tush, not one.
The mild and passionate are the same in this.
Sometimes a lure more potent bids man swerve
From the first sin, and turn to darker thoughts:

Sometimes he doth delay the accomplishment, —
But that 's for weightier pleasure ; or he 's driven
Back, by pale fear or cunning policy ;
But ne'er bribed by poor Virtue.

129. — *Slander of Women.*

Giul. They say the devil Snake did tempt the Woman !
But — ha, ha ! — who — who tempted *him* to tempt ?
Give me good answer there ! Why, *'t was* the Woman !
The Fiend had somewhat which did stir his blood,
(If blood he had,) some sting, — some appetite.
The love of evil ? Well, what caused the love ?
What was 't that first begot the insane touch,
Which crept amidst his bright and rancorous scales ?
What sight ? or sound ? or dream ? 'T was *she* — the Woman !
Still doth she act the serpent with our hearts :
Still doth she twine her 'round our hopes ; and kill,
With venomous looks, and words as sharp as death,
All the world's pleasure !
Jac. They are constant to us ——
Giul. They are as constant to their changing blood,
As the wild billow to the mounting moon !
No further. They come on, *swelling* with ruin,
And overtake the quiet soul of man.

130. — *No Love to be despised.*

Iol. I LAUGH at thy base verse.
Jul. That is not well.
You should have mercy on my desperate pain.
Disdain'st thou? Well, — so be it! I will love
Through all misfortune; even through thy disdain.
I 've striven — for years — against this frightful woe,
Though thou didst never know 't. The lonely Night
Has seen me wander 'midst her silent hours,
Darker than they, with my too great despair;
And the poor rhymes, which thou dost scorn so much,
Were dug out of my heart! — ay, forced, at times,
Through burning, blinding tears! Dost thou despise
A love like *this?* A lady should not scorn
One soul that loves her, howe'er lowly it be.
Love is an offering of the whole heart, Madam,
A sacrifice of *all* that poor life hath;
And he who gives his "all," whate'er that be,
Gives greatly, — and deserveth no one's scorn!

131. — *A Lover of Sentiment.*

Giul. SHE 's proud; but she 's a woman, and shall be
Thine own — dost hear? — thine own!
Jac. Estremaduran!
If *now* thou mock'st me, thou hadst better pull
The burning sky upon thee!
Giul. Listen to me.
She 's not (proud as she seems) *all* arrogance.

I know that she at times will sigh, — and weep ;
Tangle blue love-knots ; and sing out, by night,
The painfullest ditties — ha, ha, ha !
Jac. Great lady !
Canst thou be sad ? — then I forgive thee all !
Giul. Immedicable fool ! Sickness can 't cure thee.
Jac. O Giulio, Giulio ! while a sand is falling,
We turn from hate to pity. I, who late
Abhorred the crimsoning pride upon her cheek,
Now read in it a different history.
Urge me no more. Henceforth I am her friend.

132. — *A Protégé.*

A. I HAVE a worm, a little, petted thing,
Which I rear up. I see 't not ; yet I know
'T is ashy like the adder, and has fangs.
Seldom it sleeps, and then it dreams of food ;
So gnaws for ever. I have fed this worm
With mine own heart, like the fond pelican.
B. Smother it, Count : 't is a misshapen child,
Which may beget new monsters.
A. I will let
My heart's stream out upon it, some loud night,
When winds grow clamorous, and rough Nature knits
Our resolution up to deeds of daring.

133. — *The General Law.*

All things which live and are, love quiet hours.
Sometimes, indeed, the waves, caught up by storms,
Kiss Heaven and murmur, but they straight retire.
Sometimes, the red and busy Earthquake lifts
His head above the hills and looks on us.
Sometimes a star drops. Sometimes Heaven itself
Grows dark, and loses its celestial blue.
But calm returneth. Thus doth man (made fit
To league with Fortune in her varying moods)
Rise on the wings of fear, or grow love-mad,
Yet sinks at last to earth, and dreams in quiet.

134. — *A Bold Man.*

Fear?
I know not Fear. It is a ghost that haunts
The timid heart. 'T is a dream, which waking men
Should scorn and put aside. A girl — a child —
A thing that *was* a man, — (but now is grown
A shaking palsy, winter-white with age,) —
These may bow down to Fear: but I am — man!
The image of the Gods who know not fear, —
Far from the cradle, farther from the grave!

135. — *A Brother.*

When the Sun walks upon the blue sea-waters,
Smiling the shadows from yon purple hills,

We pace this shore, — I and my brother here,
Good Gerald. We arise with the shrill lark,
And both unbind our brows from sullen dreams;
And then doth my dear Brother, who hath worn
His cheek all pallid with perpetual thought,
Enrich me with sweet words; and oft a smile
Will stray amidst his lessons, as he marks
New wonder paint my cheek, or fondly reads,
Upon the burning page of my black eyes,
The truth reflected which he casts on me: —
For he is like the Sun, — giving me light;
Pouring into the caves of my young brain
Knowledge from his bright fountains! Thus it is
I drink in the starry truth. Science and Art,
And Learning pale, all crown my thoughts with flowers;
And Music waiteth on me, sad and sweet;
And great Imagination, for *my* sake,
Lets loose her dreams, and bids her wonders flow
By me, — until I talk in poetry!

136. — *An Epitaph.*

Mark, when he died, his tombs, his epitaphs!
Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake;
Nor dye 't in sable. No black steeds were there,
Caparisoned in woe; no hired crowds;
No hearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprisoned
Like ammunition in a tumbril) rolled
Rattling along the street, and silenced grief;
No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung;

No stone ; no gilded verse ; — poor common shows !
But tears, and tearful words, and sighs as deep
As sorrow is, — these were *his* epitaphs !
Thus, (fitly graced,) he lieth now, inurned
In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides
Are graved his many virtues. When they perish, —
He 's lost ! — and so 't should be. The poet's name
And hero's — on the brazen book of Time,
Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand ;
But none record the household virtues there.
These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)
In endless and serene oblivion !

137. — *We love one different from ourselves.*

Giul. I HUNGER for her, and am all athirst !
Her scorn affronts me, and doth make me mad.
Mine eyes — *these* eyes, are wet with heavy drops !
Would'st think me such a fool ?
Ferd. If she disdain thee,
Love, and be quiet, coz.
Giul. How ? What ? Be still ?
Dost think I am a wild beast *tamed* by wrongs ?
If one, I am the hyæna ! — for he sheds tears,
And bites the while he 's howling : — but I 'm quiet !
Ferd. I thought thou lov'dst a rose-cheek'd girl, and merry ;
A laugher of sixteen summers ; such there are :
But *she* is paler than a primrose morning,
When Winter weds with Spring !

Giul. 'T is all the better.
It is my nature to abhor in others
That lightness which doth please me in myself.
I love not mine own parallel. The old giants,
Who stood as tall as trees, loved little women,
Or there 's no truth in fable. Thus do I:
I love a sober face, a modest eye,
A step demure, a mien as grave as virtue.

138. — *Satisfaction in a Blow.*

Giul. You say, "We 'll have no blood." Then let us wash
His throat with poison. I know rogues who deal in
Black aconite, and such like lazy drinks;
But *one* sells a quicker juice, whereof a drop
Will kill — in a breath — a giant!
Ferd. That is good.
Giul. Yet steel is surer: and a blow (while 't sends
Life through our limbs, like a swift race) doth calm
The turbulent spirits, and gives time for vengeance.
I hate to see the brute I hate fall dead
Without a struggle. Let 's kill him like men,
And stand up freshened from the exercise!

139. — *A Lady drowned.*

Is she dead? . . .
Why so shall I be, — ere these Autumn blasts
Have blown on the beard of Winter. Is she dead?

Ay, she *is* dead, — quite dead! The wild Sea kissed her
With its cold white lips, and then — put her to sleep:
She has a sand pillow, and a water sheet,
And never turns her head or knows 't is morning!

THE END.

JUL 5 1916